ANTIQUARIAN BOOKS : AUCTIONS : BOOKS FOR SALE AND WANTED : CATALOGUES

Sotheby's
FOUNDED 1744

MONDAY 23rd FEBRUARY
at 11 am and 2.30 pm at New Bond Street

Printed Books Mainly Relating to Medicine and Science

including the first portion of the extensive library illustrating The History of Medicine and Science collected by the late Dr E. Ashworth Underwood, F.R.C.P., London, with some general Bibliography and Literature, and Medical and Scientific Books from other sources.

Catalogue £1

THURSDAY 26th FEBRUARY
at 10.30 am at Sotheby King and Chasemore, Station Road, Pulborough, West Sussex RH20 1AJ. Telephone (07982) 3831

Antiquarian and Modern Books, Maps, Atlases, Ephemera and Drawings

Viewing Friday 20th February from 10 am to 4 pm, following day from 9 am to 12 noon, and Monday 23rd February from 10 am to 4 pm.

Illustrated Catalogue £1 (£1.30 by post)

WEDNESDAY 4th MARCH
at 2 pm at Sotheby Beresford Adams, Booth Mansions, 28-30 Watergate Street, Chester CH1 2NA. Telephone (0244) 315531

Printed Books

comprising English and Continental Literature from the 16th to the 20th Century. Books on Travel and Topography including some maps and atlases, Sport, the Fine Arts and Architecture, Science and Natural History, with a selection of Children's Books.

Illustrated Catalogue £2.50

Thursday 5th March
and following day at 1 pm at 115 Chancery Lane

Printed Books

including Art Reference, Bibliography, Literature, Travel and other miscellaneous subjects, also an extensive collection of books on Coins.

Catalogue £1

Sotheby Parke Bernet & Co., 34-35 New Bond Street, London W1A 2AA *Telephone:* (01) 493 8080
Hodgson's Rooms, 115 Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1PX *Telephone:* (01) 405 7233

LIBRARIANS

ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN

Qualified LIBRARIAN to work in the Library of Nursing at the Royal College of Nursing of the United Kingdom. The work includes assisting with information and indexing services and the maintenance of a periodicals collection. Salary scale £3,717 to £7,326 inclusive of London weighting. Further details and application forms are available from the Personnel Officer, The Royal College of Nursing, Henrietta Place, London W1M 0AB.

BIRKBECK COLLEGE
(University of London)

SENIOR LIBRARY ASSISTANT

APPLICATIONS are invited from professionally qualified LIBRARIANS for the post of SENIOR LIBRARY ASSISTANT (Acquisitions) to work in the Periodicals Section of the College Library. Salary scale £5,934 to £6,871 (inclusive London weighting).

Further details and application form is available from the Librarian, Birkbeck College, Malet Street, London, WC1E 7HX (telephone: 01-580 6822, ext. 253). Closing date is two weeks from the appearance of this advertisement.

CHESHIRE COUNTY COUNCIL

LIBRARIAN—CHESTER LIBRARY

The successful applicant will form part of a professional team with particular responsibility for Local History.

Candidates should be Chartered Librarians and be able to demonstrate an interest in and knowledge of local history books and have a working knowledge of Cheshire and skills in indexing. A willingness to work with the public is essential.

Salary £5,301 to £6,552 to £7,316 per annum.

Further details and application form from the Personnel Officer, County Library and Museums, Grosvenor Museum, Chester CH1 2JG. Telephone 24616. Closing date, March 2, 1981.

EAST DEVON
COLLEGE OF FURTHER EDUCATION

HEAD OF LEARNING SERVICES/ LIBRARY

Applications are invited for the post of Head of Learning Services/Library, which is available immediately.

Applicants should preferably hold a degree in a professional qualification in librarianship.

The appointment will be made on the Lecturer Scale 3 (£5,301 to £7,167) plus responsibility allowance. Salary Scale will be subject to review.

Application forms and further particulars from the Principal, East Devon College of Further Education, Station Road, Tiverton, Devon.

THE UNIVERSITY OF LANCASTER

SENIOR LIBRARY ASSISTANT (CATALOGUING)

Applications are invited from graduates with a minimum of two years' professional experience for the post of Senior Library Assistant (Cataloguing) in the Cataloguing Section of the University Library. Duties will include responsibility for the cataloguing of individual items and collections in all subject areas.

Salary will be £4,767 to £5,301 per annum.

Applications should be sent to the Librarian, University Library, Lancaster LA1 4YH, from whom further information may be obtained. Closing date for receipt of applications will be announced later.

LONDON
TEMPORARY LIBRARIAN
UP TO £11,667 p.a.

One of Britain's largest petrochemicals and plastics manufacturing companies and a major worldwide group of companies requires a temporary Librarian to work based in our London office for an initial period of six months with the Librarian away on maternity leave.

The Librarian provides a service to the head office staff, controlling acquisitions and reference sales. The library purchases and distributes publications required by staff, maintaining a card index system and some of the more specialised publications. Besides indexing periodicals, the work and responsibility for the periodicals collection.

Application forms and further details (B.A.S. marked with ref. (reference) obtainable from the Personnel Southgate Technical College, High Street, Southgate, London N14 6BS, to whom they should be returned within two weeks of the appearance of this advertisement.

LIVERPOOL POLYTECHNIC

LIBRARY SERVICES

SENIOR CATALOGUER
CENTRAL SERVICES UNIT

£5,958 to £6,537 per annum

To take charge of classification, cataloguing and subject indexing. The catalogue is to COM Profile integrated union catalogue. Candidates should be Chartered Librarians with a thorough knowledge of DCS and MARC.

Please quote Reference Number LP/2084.

Closing date is 14 days from the appearance of this advertisement.

Application forms and further particulars from Personnel Office, Liverpool Polytechnic, Byrom Street, Liverpool L3 3AF. Tel: 051 709 6233 extension 35.

ROYAL College of Veterinary Surgeons Wellcome Library requires services of clinical librarian. Apply in writing for full details and application form to Librarian, Royal College of Veterinary Surgeons, Belgrave Square, London SW1X 8QR.

NORTH WARWICKSHIRE COLLEGE OF TECHNOLOGY AND ART

Hinckley Road, Nuneaton CV11 6DR

DEPUTY LIBRARIAN

Present Salary Scale A.P.5 (as from 1 Aug. 1981) £6,369 to £7,065

APPLICATIONS are invited from men or women for the above post. Applicants should be qualified librarians, preferably with some experience of working in a College Library or Resources work.

Application forms and further particulars can be obtained from the Principal's Senior Administrative Officer, North Warwickshire College of Technology and Art, Hinckley Road, Nuneaton CV11 6DR, to whom when completed they should be returned as soon as possible.

WIMBLEDON SCHOOL OF ART

Merton Hall Road, London SW19 3QA

SLIDE LIBRARIAN

This is a part-time post for 22½ hours a week during terms (32 weeks per annum). Duties will include responsibility for the Slide Library (some general library duties, and clerical work. Good typing ability essential).

Salary will be pro rata approximately 60 per cent on the scale A.P.2 £4,038 to £4,698, plus London allowance of £440.

Further information and application form from the Principal (tel. no. 01-540 0231) to whom enquiries for replies by February 27

Reading Matters

Order your U.S. books throughout. Personal service on all American titles in print at U.S. list prices.

Contact Nancy Rosen
and Laurel Slavin
c/o Reading Matters
30 Brattle Street
Cambridge, MA 02138 USA.

ANY American books, new or out-of-print.—Dressy Books, 86-32 Elliott Avenue, Hugo Park, New York, NY 11374.

THE GREENLIST FORTNIGHTLY.—1,000 old books in each issue. Sample copy free.—Wrigleys Books, Ecclesfield, Sheffield.

REVIEW copies and other books in fine condition bought by Persimon Books, 37 Red Lion Street, London WC1. 01-405 7952.

HALF a PRICE closing down sale. 25,000 old books on all subjects. Shepperds, 328 Royal College Street, NW1. Every day 10.6.30.

BOOKS.—Send for list of miscellaneous antiquarian and secondhand books.—E. J. Tulley, 8 Clarence Road, Brighton BN1 4AD.

BIOGRAPHY 01? free search.—Biography Bookroom, 45 Station Road, Swanley, Kent. Telephone Swanley 63858.

BOOKS.—From America: any U.S. book or publication. Send list: Overseas Books, 14 Kings Place, Great Neck, New York 11024, U.S.A.

INDUSTRIAL History Catalogues issued.—C. Hall, 103 Holmes Road, Twickenham, Middlesex.

LEARNED, Scientific and Art Illustrated books wanted.—W. H. Heaton Ltd., 24-60 Stamford Hill, London, N.16. 01-800 1981.

ACADEMIC

The City University of New York, Graduate School

FULL PROFESSOR

with primary responsibility in the Graduate Programme in Philosophy.

Candidates should have a distinguished record of scholarship. Interdisciplinary interest or strength in several areas of philosophy is desirable. Among areas of special interest are ancient philosophy and contemporary epistemology, metaphysics and philosophy of language.

The University supports a number of Distinguished Professorships. The appointment could start as early as September 1, 1981.

Curriculum vitae and the names of five references should be sent to Marshall Cohen, Executive Officer, Program in Philosophy, C.U.N.Y. Graduate School, 33 West 42 Street, New York, New York 10036, U.S.A. To be guaranteed full consideration, applications must be postmarked by April 1, 1981.

An Equal Opportunity Employer Male/Female.

ARCHIVISTS

YORK MINSTER

ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN/ ARCHIVIST

The Minster Library is the greatest Cathedral library in the country, and has also a considerable archival collection. A vacancy exists for a person who is academically qualified to undertake work in the library or alternatively on the archives and who would also be able to take a share in shelving the offices as Vicar Choral at the Minster. The opportunity to pursue academic research would be available. Accommodation could be provided; salary on Diocesan Incumbents' Scale, plus superannuation.

Further details and application forms may be obtained from the Chapter Clerk, 9 Dreamery Court, York YO1 2JN. Closing date Monday, March 9, 1981.

LECTURES & MEETINGS

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE LONDON (Gower Street, WC1E 6BT) Inaugural lecture: Professor of G. S. Millar, "The Arts of Glass" on Wednesday, March 4 at 5.30 in Chemistry Lecture Theatre I. Admission free, without ticket.

PUBLISHING

SCHOOLS COUNCIL PUBLIC RELATIONS AND INFORMATION SERVICES

WRITER/EDITOR

The writing team of this busy section handles a wide range of literature, from prestige publications to simple information sheets.

The post is demanding and calls for sound writing and editing skills and the ability to glean information from a variety of sources. Some knowledge of print buying would be useful.

Salary £5,916-£7,761. Further details and application forms from Ann Stewart, Schools Council, 160 Great Portland St, London W1N 6LL. Telephone 01-580 0352, ext. 331. Closing date, March 6, 1981.

MAN
THE JOURNAL OF THE ROYAL ANTHROPOLOGICAL INSTITUTE

AFRICA & THE ORIENT
Send for free catalogue
William H. Allen, Bookseller
2031 Walnut Street
Philadelphia, Pa. 19103, U.S.A.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

READY-MADE COMPANIES
FOR EXPERT ATTENTION CONTACT BRITISH COMPANY REGISTRATION AGENTS LIMITED
(Member of The Association of Company Registration Agents)
37-45 Paul St., London EC2A 4PB
Telephone 01-253 3400
Price complete including fee, postage and V.A.T. **£99**

THEATRES

Dario Fo's farce
accidental death of an anarchist
"Amazingly successful" (Newsweek)
Wyndham's Theatre
01-836 3028

PUBLIC & UNIVERSITY

UNIVERSITY OF ZAMBIA

APPLICATIONS are invited for the post of SENIOR ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN/ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN with special responsibilities for the Medical Library. Candidates should have a degree in basic sciences plus postgraduate or professional qualifications or A.L.A. or U.L.A. and at least two years' experience in a medical library.

Salary scale: Senior Assistant Librarian, K9,264 to K9,648 per annum; Assistant Librarian, K6,216 to K7,464 per annum (K1 = £1.00). The salary government may provide certain benefits, accommodation at reasonable rent, and associated benefits on a two-year contract; biennial overseas leave; study leave; family passages; baggage allowance.

Applications (two copies) including a curriculum vitae and the names of referees should be sent to the University Secretary, P.O. Box RW 320, Ridgeway, Lusaka, Zambia, to arrive not later than March 19, 1981.

Applicants resident in U.K. should apply to one copy to Inter-University Council, 90-91 Tottenham Court Road, London, W1P 0BT for further details are available from either address.

GENERAL VACANCIES

GOOD PRACTICES IN MENTAL HEALTH

INFORMATION OFFICER required to help to set up and develop proposed information service. Salary £6,000 p.a. plus threshold payments now starting at £1,200 per annum. Applicants should be with a small team in Camden Town, London, concerned with collecting information specialist services. Must have varied work routine and ability to relate to people at all levels, ability to write in popular style and voluntary mind (or willingness to acquire one). Graduate or equivalent preferred. Responsible to Director. Salary scale £5,301 to £7,167 according to qualifications and experience. Further details from Personnel Department, National Association for Mental Health, 22 Harley Street, London W1N 2ED.

NATIONAL ARMY MUSEUM CHELSEA

CURATOR GRADE 2

Applications for the DEPARTMENT of RECORDS, duties include day-to-day management of the Search Room, which provides a service for the use of documents in the Museum and for the public; personal records, accessioning, classification and listing of books and periodicals; supervision of the Search Room Assistants; and other duties. Qualifications: G.C.E. 'O' level or equivalent in English and at least 3 other subjects, qualifications or experience in archive work, librarianship or museum work, and/or military service.

Salary Scale £6,603 to £8,376 (under review). Generous pension scheme. Assistance with removal expenses. Application forms and further particulars from the Secretary, National Army Museum, Royal Hospital Road, London SW3 4HT.

WATERFIELD'S
Catalogue 39
A SPRING MISCELLANY
ready shortly
36 Park End St., Oxford.
0865 721809

EXHIBITIONS

BRITISH LIBRARY (in British Museum): George Eliot. Until 26 April. Tudor map-making. Until 31 Dec. Weekdays 10-5. Suns. 2.30-5. Adm. free.

PERSONAL

IMMEDIATE ADVANCES
£100 to £20,000
written terms on request
REGIONAL TRUST LTD.
51 Dover St., Piccadilly, London W1X 4HP.
Phone: 01-491 2624

RESEARCH Assistance, translation, catalogues, archives; experienced qualified staff: London and U.K.—Routledge Associates, 29 Woodhayes Rd., London S.W.19. Phone: 01-947 5614.

UNUSUAL self-contained furnished studio flat with Franklin stove, North Somerset, between Bath and Wells. Bristol 16 miles, £50 p.w. short term, inc. heat, for literary person. Contact Masters Solicitors, Kilmaredon, Shepton Mallet, Somerset BA3 5BY. Tel. 07812 34482.

BUSINESS SERVICES

MANUSCRIPTS typed, edited, corrected and indexed by word processor. Routledge Associates, 29 Woodhayes Road, London S.W.19. Phone 01-947 5614.

TRANSLATION problems? Perhaps I can help. Experienced translator seeks new assignments in Swiss German, Thanet (0843) 61983.

CATALOGUES

U.S. Poetry, British Small Presses, Poetry in Translation List 13 now available.—Alan Halsey, 19 Church Terrace, Hay-on-Wye, via Hereford HR3 5EE.

FOR SALE & WANTED

WANTED.—Kandy Kolored Tangerine Flake Streamlined Baby 1948 Wells, Hardback only. Cash paid. Collins, Visions Before Midnight. Clive James. Cape 1977. Ryan, Eric. Trion. Pan. Books Published 1947-1957. Carlyle, Fraser's Magazine. London SW10 0PG. 581 0093.

FELLOWSHIPS

OXFORD
LINCOLN COLLEGE

DARBY FELLOWSHIP IN ENGLISH LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE

The College invites APPLICATIONS from graduates or other persons with intimate knowledge of English before 1830 and English Language, for the Darby Fellowship in English Language and Literature, tenable for one year from October 1981. Applicants should normally be British by virtue of Sec. 11 (1) (a) of the 1981 Act. Preference regard will be given to the appointment of a candidate who can contribute to teaching potential as well as to research competence or interests.

Further particulars and application form may be obtained from the Secretary, Lincoln College, Oxford OX1 3DR, to whom applications should be submitted by March 13, 1981.

SEVENOAKS SCHOOL, KENT

LORD ANTHER FELLOWSHIP

Sevenoaks School offers a Fellowship worth £5,000 from September 1981 to the appointment of a distinguished person in the field of the arts, science, or public affairs, to enable him to pursue a project of his choice. The Fellow will be expected to reside in the School for one week in the autumn term and another in the spring term and to contribute to school life to the equivalent of about a third of the school year of normal duties, at a nominal salary.

Full details can be obtained on application to the Headmaster, Sevenoaks School, Sevenoaks, Kent TN13 1HU.

All advertisements are subject to the conditions of acceptance of Times Newspapers Ltd, copies of which are available on request.

© TIMES NEWSPAPERS LIMITED 1981

Published by Times Newspapers Limited, New Printing House Square, Gray's Inn Road, London WC1X 8EZ. England and printed by Northampton Mercury Co. Unit, Upper Priestgate, Northampton NN1 5PP. Friday, February 20, 1981. Registered as a newspaper at the Post Office. ISSN 0307-661X

T·L·S
THE TIMES LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

FRIDAY • 27 FEBRUARY 1981 • No 4,065 • 40p



Karl Valentin (1891-1968), the celebrated Munich cabaret-theatre artist, a programme of whose sketches is reviewed in Commentary on page 226.

In defence of sociology

The Welsh proletariat; Irish brief lives

M de Charlus and the bus-conductor

Philip Larkin on Auden and Britten

The literature of baseball

Chomsky versus Piaget; Sartre in Stalag 12D

Geoffrey Grigson on Edward FitzGerald

Commentary: Lulu, A Month in the Country

Fiction: 'Lanark', Caroline Blackwood

'The Lady Investigates'

SOME NEW TITLES ON LITERATURE AND HISTORY

Ideas and the Novel
MARY McCARTHY
'A ferocious attack on the post-modern novel, brilliantly and passionately argued' – NEW YORK SATURDAY REVIEW £4.95

Lectures on Literature
British, French and German Writers
VLADIMIR NABOKOV
'A delightful monument to literary discovery . . . he negotiates his chosen books with the confidence, coolness and superlegitimacy of the fellow practitioner' – SUNDAY TELEGRAPH £12.50

The World of Franz Kafka
Edited by J. P. STERN
'The contradictions and paradoxes of Kafka's nature are what make this book such exciting reading. They are reflected in the reactions of the distinguished contributors' – FINANCIAL TIMES £9.95

The Horror of Life
ROGER L. WILLIAMS
A wholly original explanation of the dark pessimism of nineteenth-century French literature: 'a scholarly, at times fascinating, investigation' – DAILY TELEGRAPH £15.00

Pompey: The Republican Prince
PETER GREENHALGH
'The scholarship, meticulously accurate though it is, is kept firmly in its place to serve a narrative which is as lucid and attractive in the second volume as it was in the first' – THE TIMES £18.50

James I of England
CAROLINE BINGHAM
The vivid sequel to *James VI of Scotland*, of which A. L. Rowse wrote: 'a book that is as scholarly as it is readable' £9.95

Raleigh's Lost Colony
DAVID N. DURANT
The dramatic story of the first English settlement in America, at Roanoke Island in 1585 £10.00

The Young Victoria
ALISON PLOWDEN
A lively and perceptive new appraisal of the early years of the great queen £9.95

The Vanished Worlds of Jewry
RAPHAEL PATAI
A fascinating photographic and documentary record of the great Jewish communities which flourished in Europe and the Moslem lands before the Nazi holocaust and the re-establishment of Israel £12.50

ALL ON SALE NOW

Weidenfeld & Nicolson

THE TIMES

THE TIMES LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

FEBRUARY 27, 1981

contents

ANTHONY GIDDENS	Anthony Heath : Social Mobility Raymond Williams : Culture Graeme Salaman : Class and Corporation	2156
DONALD HALL	Billy Martin and Peter Golenbock : Number 1 The Sports Classics Collection—Ten Volumes Art Hill : I Don't Care if I Never Come Back Kevin Kerrane and Richard Grossinger (Editors) : Baseball Diamonds Gerald Secor Couzens (Editor) : A Baseball Album Charles Einstein (Editor) : The Baseball Reader	217
T. J. BINYON JANET MORGAN	Patricia Craig and Mary Cadogan : The Lady Investigates Hubert Gregg : Agatha Christie and All That Mousetrap Robert Barnard : A Talent to Deceive	218
	Fiction	
WILLIAM BOYD	Alasdair Gray : Lanark	
PAUL MULDOON	Under Saturn (poem)	
PATRICIA CRAIG	Caroline Blackwood : The Fate of Mary Rose	
CRAIG BROWN	Julian Fane : Gentleman's Gentleman	
LINDSAY DUGUID	Sue Krisman : Ducks and Drakes	219-21
PHILIP LARKIN	Donald Mitchell : Britten and Auden in the Thirties—The Year 1936	
APRIL FITZLYON	William G. Atwood : The Lioness and the Little One—The Liaison of George Sand and Frédéric Chopin	222
MARCEL PROUST DOUGLAS JOHNSON	M de Charlus and the bus-conductor. Translated by Terence Kilmartin Marius Perrin : Avec Sartre au Stalag 12D	223-4
KENNETH O. MORGAN	David Smith (Editor) : A People and a Proletariat	225
	Commentary	
CHRISTOPHER WINTLE	Lulu (Royal Opera House, Covent Garden)	
TIMOTHY MCFARLAND	Karl Valentin's Komiker Kabarett (Half Moon Theatre, Whitechapel)	
LINDSAY DUGUID	A Life Kept Always Young (BBC Radio) Eleanor Farjeon, 1881-1965 (Burgh House, Hampstead)	
HENRY GIFFORD	A Month in the Country (Olivier Theatre)	
RUTH SILCOCK	Hospital Clothes (poem)	
ANDREW HISLOP	Raging Bull (various cinemas)	
CRAIG BROWN	Tarkovsky's film The Stalker (Academy Cinema, Oxford Street)	
PETER CLARKE	St Joan (Arts Theatre, Cambridge)	
	Among this week's contributors	226-4
	To The Editor	229
G. R. ELTON	Michael Van Cleave Alexander : The First of the Tudors	
R. L. STOREY	Bertram Wolffe : Henry VI	
JOHN BAYLEY	At the Memorial Service (poem)	230
GEOFFREY GRIGSON	The Letters of Edward FitzGerald, edited by Alfred McKinley Terhune and Annabelle Burdick Terhune	
U. A. FANTHORPE	Father in the Railway Buffet (poem)	
DAVID WRIGHT	John Wain : Poems for the Zodiac	231-3
ROY FOSTER	Leon O Broin : Michael Collins Patrick Buckland : James Craig T. Ryle Dwyer : Eamon De Valera Peter Costello : James Joyce Hugh Hunt : Sean O'Casey Paul Bew : C. S. Parnell:	233
JAMES CAMPBELL	James and Susan Kennaway : The Kennaway Papers James Kennaway : Some Gorgeous Accident. Household Ghosts	
GILLIAN WILCE	Sylvia Ashton-Warner : I Passed This Way. Spinster. Teacher	
BRIAN MONTGOMERY	John Ellis : The Sharp End of War	234
P. N. JOHNSON-LAIRD	Massimo Piattelli-Palmarini (Editor) : Language and Learning	
JOHN ROSS	David Crystal : A First Dictionary of Linguistics and Phonetics	235
TERENCE CAVE T. A. SHIPPEY	Marc Fumaroli : L'Age de l'éloquence Lotario De Segni (Pope Innocent III) : De Miseria Condicionis Humane. Edited by Robert E. Lewis Nicholas of Lynn : Kalendarium. Edited by Sigmund Eisner	236
AVISHAI MARGALIT GALEN STRAWSON	Isaac Levi : The Enterprise of Knowledge Adam Morton : Frames of Mind—Constraints on the Common-sense Conception of the Mental	237
JEREMY HARDIE ANDREW GRAHAM	Nicholas Kaldor : Reports on Taxation 1 Andrew Glyn and John Harrison : The British Economic Disaster	238
ROBERT HEWISON DAVID LANDELS MICHAEL HOFMANN	Raymond Williams : Problems in Materialism and Culture—Selected Essays William A. Galston : Justice and the Human Good Pilot of No Return (poem)	239

The state of sociology

By Anthony Giddens

ANTHONY HEATH :
Social Mobility
303pp.
0 00 635601 X

RAYMOND WILLIAMS :
Culture
284pp.
0 00 635627 3

GRAEME SALAMAN :
Class and Corporation
284pp.
0 00 635518 8
Fontana Paperbacks. £2.50 each.

Sociology was the whizz-kid subject of the 1960s. In the period following the creation of the new universities in this country, and at a time of the general expansion of higher education, sociology seemed at last to have found a respectable place in the academy. Most universities (Cambridge and Oxford being notable exceptions) acquired sociology departments, and those departments attracted large flocks of students. But while succumbing to popular demand, many of those in the more traditionally-established subjects remained hostile to what they regarded as an endeavour largely empty of intellectual content, a mere fad. Such suspicions were hardly allayed when sociology became the centre of rebellious youth movements both here and abroad; movements that today have for the most part faded into rapid oblivion.

The subject has emerged from all this with a curiously mixed reputation—although neither element of the mixture is particularly flattering to those who would call themselves "sociologists". On the one hand, sociology is still seen by some as a weakly elaborated intellectual endeavour associated with vibrant political rhetoric. *The History Man* view of sociology, one might call it. Even though they may have only the vaguest of notions about the topics studied in sociology, proponents of this view see sociology as the seducer of an otherwise innocent student population. Sociology means subversion, the shrill demands of unkempt student militants. On the other hand, what seems to be quite a contrary view of the subject is often maintained —perhaps more commonly than the first by those who have had some first-hand acquaintance with it in schools and universities. This is in fact that sociology is a rather dull and uninspiring grind through a range of theories and research monographs, which, far from propelling its students towards the barricades, is more likely to bore them to death with platitudes. Sociology, in this second view, is apt to purvey banalities under the heading of new discoveries.

One thing these views share is a deprecating opinion of the intellectual attainments of sociology, whether sociologists are seen as an execrable band of strutting Howard Kirks or a faceless company able to bore anyone to death with statistics. Sociology, it would appear, has yet to attain the comfortable niche in the academic world enjoyed by other subjects—even those which by any token must be ranked as very close in their concerns, such as politics. Moreover, it has lost a good deal of its popularity among students compared with ten years ago; many sociology departments are today as hard put to attract a full complement of students as they once were to fend off eager applicants.

On the face of it, this situation would appear to vindicate one or other of the derogatory assessments of sociology just mentioned. But to reach such a conclusion, I think, would be as specious as those assessments themselves. For in the 1960s sociology was far from being the collection of revolutionary doctrines that many have supposed. Moreover it would be quite mistaken to see the relative decline in the numbers of students in sociology departments as expressing a lack of progress in the subject itself. Ten to fifteen years ago, sociology in this country, as elsewhere, was characteristically dominated by a rather complacent conception that human social institutions can be analysed by methods parallel to those employed in the natural sciences; and that social research is "neutral" in respect of its practical implications. The student revolutionaries may quite often have been sociology students, but where this was the case they specifically set out to attack these sorts of ideas —the very ideas that tend to underlie the second attitude to the subject that I have mentioned, because sociology appears there as a pale, ineffective copy of natural science. The notion that sociology should be directly modelled on natural science used to be something of an orthodoxy, and was typically associated with a cosy, ethnocentric vision of an increasingly abundant future to be brought about through the progressive spread of industrialism.

These orthodox ideas not only proved quite unable to cope, with the turmoils of the late 1960s, they encapsulated a conception of sociology whose shallowness has become more and more apparent in the years that have followed. The result has been to set in train a series of transformations in sociological thought. First of all, there has been a new flowering of social theory, generating a range of novel theoretical standpoints. I say "social theory" rather than "sociological theory", because it has become clear that all the social sciences—including sociology, politics, anthropology, economics, human geography and history—share a common number of basic conceptual concerns. These are to do with how human action should be interpreted or explained, the relation between individual activities and the long-term development of social institutions, and so on. Second, partly as a result of developments in social theory, there has been an increasing and fruitful methodological merging between sociology and the other social sciences. If fewer students specialize in the study of "sociology" than used to be the case, a much greater number now encounter sociological methods and research in other contexts. Particularly important in this respect—although inevitably controversial—is the intrusion of sociological methods into the work of historians.

Respectable or not, sociology today is at the centre of a range of advances of major importance, and it is evidently the purpose of the *Fontana New Sociology* series to offer a forum in which these can be discussed and made available to a broad reading public. Anthony Heath's *Social Mobility*, Graeme Salaman's *Class and Corporation*, and Raymond Williams's *Culture* are the first books to appear in what is clearly an ambitious publishing venture, initiated and edited by Gavin Mackenzie. As Mackenzie points out in his preface to the books, the conventionally recognized boundaries between the social sciences mean much less now than they used to do. The contributions to the series are designed, he says, to acknowledge that "sociological explanation incorporates historical explanation"; and that "'social' institutions cannot be examined in isolation from 'economic' or 'political' ones". It is a sign of the times that one of the three first titles in the series is written by Raymond Williams, who seeks to outline a sociology of culture.

Anthony Heath's *Social Mobility* is concentrated mainly upon Britain, drawing in substantial degree upon the research carried out by the Oxford Social Mobility Group, but it does also incorporate a range of informative international comparisons and some interesting general reflections on the nature of inequality. The significance of social mobility as an index of inequality, and as a feature of class divisions, Heath indicates, has been much debated in political theory and in sociology. Social mobility is not given any particular attention in Marx's writings, and some contemporary Marxist authors have been inclined to dismiss the topic as irrelevant to class analysis. For class divisions, they say, have a fixity quite independent of the individuals who happen to move between particular class positions. Heath rejects this standpoint; divergent rates of social mobility, he asserts, are likely to have far-reaching consequences for class formation and class consciousness. The bulk of his book is concerned with posing, and tracing out the implications of the answers to, three main questions. Is Britain today a more "open" society than it has been in the past? What are the main influences that effect patterns of mobility, and are these similar in all industrialized countries? And does social mobility help undermine pre-existing class differences?

Using the Oxford Group's data, Heath argues that there is a considerable amount of mobility between the generations in post-War Britain; there is more upward than downward mobility, since there has occurred a relative expansion of professional and managerial jobs as compared to manual work. Heath displays a healthy scepticism about any interpretation that would endeavour to formalize such conclusions too precisely. For how much mobility there is depends upon how the lines are drawn between different occupations or different classes. This also leads him to be cautious in assessing how far there is a greater spread of mobility in Britain today than in previous decades; certainly there is no simple trend towards an increasing "openness" at all levels of the class structure. One of the useful aspects of Heath's book, as compared to most of the literature on social mobility, is that it is not wholly concerned with males. The mobility of women, Heath claims, takes two forms. Considered in terms of marriage, and thus assessed in respect of their husband's class position, women are somewhat more mobile than men. But if we look at women's employment, female labour is highly concentrated in lower white-collar employment, in jobs with few prospects of advancement. "Class discrimination", Heath concludes, "divides men, but sexual discrimination brings women together".

Heath offers a concise but illuminating discussion of international comparisons between mobility rates. Again a good dose of scepticism is necessary. Analysis of mobility figures might seem, on the face of things, to offer considerable accuracy in comparing inequality of opportunity in different societies. In fact, one encounters here a veritable mine-field of traps for the unwary. Picking his way gingerly through, the author is able to demonstrate that there do seem to be substantial variations internationally both in rates and forms of mobility. The book ends with a nibble at the third question, the relation between mobility and class divisions. I did not find this as carefully argued as the rest of the work, and hence a bit disappointing. All in all, though, this is a good book, sensible and illuminating; I cannot think of a better introduction that anyone could look to who wants to begin reading in this area of sociology.

A high standard is also maintained in Salaman's *Class and the Corporation*, which dovetails neatly with Heath's study. Salaman's book is aimed at complementary problems

Religion and Public Doctrine in Modern England
MAURICE COWLING
This book, a preliminary to a larger work, has a loose biographical structure which elucidates the development of Mr Cowling's opinions by describing the thoughts of thinkers to whom he has responded. Those discussed include Toynbee, T. S. Eliot, Collingwood, Butterfield, Oakeshott, David Knowles, Evelyn Waugh and Churchill.
£20.00 net
Cambridge Studies in the History and Theory of Politics

The Son of Man in the Teaching of Jesus
A. J. B. HIGGINS
This book supports the view that Jesus expected vindication of his earthly mission after his death by receiving a status of exaltation in the presence of God. This interpretation of the synoptic gospels has affinities with the Jewish concept of the Son of Man, and also involves the author in an examination of the preaching of Jesus.
£10.50 net
Society for New Testament Studies Monographs 39

Paperback edition
Fenland Chronicle
Recollections of William Henry and Kate Mary Edwards collected and edited by their daughter
SYBIL MARSHALL
A skilfully recorded account, virtually in their own words, of the early lives and reflections of two Fen 'tigers', a countryman and his wife born and bred in Huntingdonshire.
Paperback £4.95 net

Authority and Power
Studies on Medieval Law and Government presented to Walter Ullmann on his Seventieth Birthday
Edited by BRIAN TIERNEY and PETER LINEHAN
This collection of new essays on aspects of medieval law and government ranges from Visigothic Spain to Fifteenth-century Poland, and indicates fresh approaches and developments in a variety of historical and legal-historical fields.
£25.00 net

The Shakespearean Stage, 1574-1642
Second Edition
ANDREW GURR
'Professor Gurr ... has packed into one moderate-sized volume as much of the information and reasonable supposition as could possibly be expected. Here is a concise, compact, well-organised guide to the premises, practices and finances of the actors; I cannot imagine a handier labour-saving device for the student ...'
Drama
Hard covers £19.50 net
Paperback £6.95 net

The Ecology of Preschool Behaviour
P. K. SMITH and K. J. CONNOLLY
The authors present the results of a major enquiry designed to examine the effects and importance of resources and their deployment in preschool institutions. The details of their research are set out in full and related to other work in the field.
£25.00 net

Byzantium and the Rise of Russia
A Study of Byzantino-Russian Relations in the Fourteenth Century
JOHN MEYENDORFF
A study of 'the birth of Russia' and the role played by the Byzantine Empire and Orthodox Church. The author presents a comprehensive approach to the subject, using both Byzantine and Slavic sources, and he emphasises that the history of Eastern Europe at this time should be envisaged as a single development.
£30.00 net

Coal and Tobacco
The Lowthers and the Economic Development of West Cumberland, 1660-1760
J. V. BECKETT
An examination of the industrial development of west Cumberland, based on the family papers of Sir John and Sir James Lowther, landowning entrepreneurs 'par excellence'. The Lowthers' crucial involvement in the coal trade has long been recognised, but this is the first detailed study of their varied activities.
£19.50 net

Population Growth and Agrarian Change
An Historical Perspective
D. B. GRIGG
This book provides a framework for the study of the interrelationships between population growth and agrarian change, and considers the economic and demographic responses to the problems arising from the pressures of an expanding population in Europe at various times.
Hard covers £20.00 net
Paperback £7.95 net
Cambridge Geographical Studies 13

Further details available on request from Publicity Department

CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY PRESS
The Edinburgh Building, Shaftesbury Road, Cambridge CB2 2RU



Dover fiction

A selection of over 50 novels and stories by world famous English, European and American authors of the past, mainly in the fields of Detective, Mystery and Science fiction, Fantasy and Supernatural.

Many are illustrated and all are published in paperback at attractive prices and are available at all good bookshops or through Constable & Company Ltd, 10 Orange Street, London WC2H 7EG (01-930 0801/7).

F. A. ABBOTT
Flatland, 95p

E. F. BLEILER (editor)
Three Supernatural novels of the Victorian Period: Wilkie Collins's *The Haunted Hotel*, Mrs J. H. Riddell's *The Haunted House at Latchford*, J. Meade Falkner's *The Lost Stradivarius*, £2.50
Three Victorian Detective Novels: Wilkie Collins's *My Lady's Money*, Israel Zangwill's *The Big Bow Mystery*, Andrew Forrester's *The Unknown Weapon*, £2.85
Five Victorian Ghost Novels: Mrs J. H. Riddell's *The Uninhabited House*, J. Meinhold's *The Amber Witch*, Amelia Edwards's *Monsieur Maurice*, Vernon Lee's *A Phantom Lover*, Charles W. Beale's *The Ghost of Muir House*, £2.50

AMBROSE BIERCE
Ghost and Horror Stories, £1.45
Fantastic Tales, £1.10

MARY E. BRADDON
Lady Audley's Secret, £1.95

EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS
Three Martian Novels: *Thuria: Maid of Mars, The Chessman of Mars, The Master Mind of Mars*, £2.80

JAMES BRANCH CABELL
Jurgen, £2.60
The High Place, £2.50

ERSKINE CHILDERS
The Riddle of the Sands, £2.35

WILKIE COLLINS
Basil, £2.60
The Dead Secret, £2.50
Armadale, £2.80
Little Novels, £1.65
No Name, £3.35
Tales of Terror and the Supernatural, £2.05

CHARLES DICKENS AND OTHERS
Classic Ghost Stories, £2.20

LORD DUNSANY
Gods, Men and Ghosts, £2.45

GEORGE GISSING
Eve's Ransom, £1.75

H. RIDER HAGGARD
She, King Solomon's Mines, Allan Quartermain, £3.50
Ayesha: the Return of She, £1.95

LAFCADIO HEARN
Kwaidan, £1.40

E. T. A. HOFFMANN
The Best Tales of Hoffmann, £2.60

JORIS K. HUYSMANS
Against the Grain (A Rebours), £1.75
Down There (Là-bas), £1.95

PHILIP MACDONALD
The Rasp, £2.20

G. W. M. REYNOLDS
Wagner, the Wehr-Wolf, £2.50

'RICHMOND'
Richmond: Scenes in the Life of a Bow Street Runner, £3.15

MRS J. H. RIDDELL
The Collected Ghost Stories, £3.15

SAX - ROHMER
The Dream-Detective, £2.00

J. SHERIDAN LEFANU
Uncle Silas, £3.50
Wylder's Hand, £2.60
Best Ghost Stories, £3.00
Ghost Stories and Mysteries, £3.00

T. S. STRIBLING
Best Dr Poggioli Detective Stories, £2.30
Clues of the Caribbees, £2.35

ANTHONY TROLLOPE
The American Senator, £3.35
The Vicar of Bullhampton, £3.80
The Claverings, £2.90
Kept in the Dark, £1.50
Rachel Ray, £3.15
The Three Clerks, £3.50
Ralph the Heir, £2.80

MARK TWAIN
The Jumping Frog, £1.10

ROBERT VAN GULIK
Celebrated Cases of Judge Dee, £1.95
The Haunted Monastery, The Chinese Maze Murders, £2.80

ROY VICKERS
The Department of Dead Ends, £1.95

H. F. WOOD
Passenger from Scotland Yard, £1.95

Non-fiction

AMBROSE BIERCE
The Devil's Dictionary, £1.00
The Sardonic Humor, £1.65

H. P. LOVECRAFT
Supernatural Horror in Literature, £1.40

Prices are approximate and liable to change

from *The Claverings* by Anthony Trollope.

Constable Dover

in class analysis to those discussed by Heath, concentrating attention upon the organization of corporate power in the industrialized societies. His book is more theoretical than that of Heath, and ranges broadly across ideas drawn from various areas of the social sciences. As Salaman says, no one can doubt the importance of his subject matter in the contemporary world: a world in which some of the large transnational corporations are richer, and more powerful, than many nation-states. Salaman's book examines the contrasts between theories of organization established by the "classics", Marx, Weber and Durkheim, attempting to show what, if anything, remains relevant in their ideas today; but he also considers a broad spectrum of more recent theories and varieties of empirical research.

Salaman begins by looking at the parameters of the "great transformation": the transition in Western Europe from agrarian to industrial labour with the spread of industrial capitalism. We need constantly to remind ourselves, he emphasizes, just how massive were the changes in social life involved in that transition. The twentieth century may be the century of large-scale organizations, of bureaucratic hierarchies and routinized labour; but in the nineteenth century these were still only partially formed, and the habits of the majority of the population were attuned to a different way of life altogether. As Pollard and others have shown so well, the formation of a "disciplined" labour force, prepared to tolerate regularized work of a monotonous and repetitive kind in factory or office, was not easily achieved. In the early years of industrialism, convict and workhouse labour was not infrequently used by employers. The recent studies of Foucault have brought again to the fore the resemblances, and the direct connections, between the spread of prisons as correctional institutions, labour discipline in the workplace, and the disciplinary features of other organizations that originated or expanded in the late eighteenth and nineteenth centuries: barracks, schools, hospitals, mental institutions. Problems of modern "management" stem from the need of those who run these organizations to achieve and sustain authoritative control over subordinates who may receive little fulfilment from the tasks they are called upon to do.

Are hierarchy within organizations, and the prevalence of unrewarding labour-tasks, the necessary price to be paid for industrial production to exist at all? Or do they in fact represent a particular type of class-dominated social order which in principle can be radically altered? These issues, of course, pit Weber and his latter-day followers against Marx and his adherents, with Durkheim somewhere on the side-lines. The ideas of these writers may be archaic in some fundamental respects. Salaman accepts, but we cannot ignore the challenges they continue to raise in the present-day. His book provides a judicious and balanced survey of how these challenges might be best responded to. A good deal of sociological research, and of writing that is usually classified as "organization theory", is found to be deficient. This is especially so when it has implicitly adopted a managerial perspective; such literature tends to underestimate the degree to which workers in routinized labour recognize their jobs to be oppressive. Although he has reservations about some of the more prominent contemporary Marxist accounts of capitalist industrialism, Salaman insists that the authority systems of organizations must be linked to class analysis. His discussion of this problem comprises one of the best sections in an always instructive yet sober piece of work.

The books by Heath and Salaman deal with fields of sociological interest that can hardly be considered by anyone as unimportant or of only marginal interest. The sociology of culture, Raymond Williams submits in the introductory pages of his book, is not always so regarded. "In ordinary lists of the fields of sociology it gets in, if at all, as a very late entry", he writes; and this state of affairs is not without some reason, for the sociology of culture "both seems and is undeveloped". On the other hand, he continues, it is now becoming one of the most lively and innovative areas in the social sciences. There is a convergence of work on "literature", the "media" and "communications", the implications of which need to be drawn out and systematized: and it is to the furtherance of such a project that Williams regards his work as a contribution. Those who know his other writings, especially *Marxism and Literature*, will probably not find a large amount that is new here; but the book does give a pithy summary of what has now become something of a distinctive synthesis worked out by Williams in his more recent publications. I don't think the lay reader will find the book nearly as easy to follow as those by Heath and Salaman; but the effort that needs to be expended is likely to prove rewarding.

Williams refers to his position as "cultural materialism". It regards culture as a "signifying system", but not in the abstract way characteristic of structuralist thought; for Williams emphasizes strongly the need to analyse the ways in which signifying practices are constituted institutionally, and reproduced over time. Such a conception, he argues, is able to connect "culture", as works of literature or art, with the more general sense of "culture" as an inherent element of the intersubjectivity of day-to-day life. This connection can be amplified and examined by relating the main axes of cultural production to one another. Such axes include above all the various ties between what Williams terms the "cultural producers" and the modes in which their products become institutionalized; and the "formations" in which cultural producers have organized themselves. This sounds a formidably abstract classification, but Williams tries to use it to analyse specific types of cultural production, from folk art to the products of the modern "mass communications" industries. Consideration of the material means of artistic production, he stresses, has to play a major role in this analysis: this is why we must avoid contrasting the "material" and the "cultural" as is so often done.

At this point Williams confronts a perplexing but ever-present problem in the sociology of culture: how can an approach which involves examining art as production cope with aesthetics, with works of art as embodying autonomous characteristics of truth or beauty? The issue might seem to be a particularly acute one for Williams, since his early interest in culture was sparked in part by Leavis, whose views scarcely conform to this type of analysis. Williams, however, does not appear to be particularly worried by it, arguing that aesthetics cannot be severed from sociology on the contrary, the latter provides an indispensable basis for considering the former. What we must avoid is a reductive approach that supposes that the sociological analysis of culture can be carried on directly, as it were, regarding aesthetics, in the manner of the traditional "sociology of knowledge". Followers of the current debates in the English Faculty at Cambridge might be surprised to find that Williams is strongly critical of structuralism—as is everybody who is anybody in literary theory today, protestations of the ignorant to the contrary. One of the distinguishing features of Williams's "cultural materialism" is his unyielding insistence upon the diversity of cultural forms, that always have to be studied in the contexts of their creation and reception.

All in all, then, three important books, and a worthy beginning to the new Fontana series. What, however, of the obnoxious Howard Kirk and his opposing number, the characterless purveyor of inferior science? If I were to have to choose a figure to represent sociology, it would still be Kirk rather than the other. No doubt there are pretensions to radicalism that can be justifiably caricatured. But it does seem to me that not just sociology, but the social sciences as a whole, cannot avoid having practical implications for the social institutions or forms of behaviour they are concerned to analyse. The best social science is likely often to be subversive, and consequently not particularly popular with the powers that be. Let's hope sociology doesn't actually become too reputable.

Sociological Theory and Research: A Critical Approach edited by Hubert M. Blalock, Jr (448pp. The Free Press: Collier Macmillan, £15.50. 0 02 903630 5) contains thirty essays selected from papers delivered at the 1979 annual meeting of the American Sociological Association. The book concentrates on issues in the field and topics discussed include "Has Deviance a Future?" and "Where are the Streakers Now?".

Of words and pitchers

By Donald Hall

BILLY MARTIN and PETER GOLENBOCK:
Number 1
272pp. Delacorte Press. $11.95

The Sports Classics Collection
10 Volumes
Evanston, Illinois: Holtzman Press. $159.50

ART HILL:
I Don't Care If I Never Come Back
274pp. Simon and Schuster. $11.95

KEVIN KERRANE and RICHARD GROSSINGER (Editors):
Baseball Diamonds
419pp. Doubleday. $11.95

GERALD SECOR COUZENS (Editor):
A Baseball Album
241pp. Lippincott and Crowell. $14

CHARLES EINSTEIN (Editor):
The Baseball Reader
361pp. Lippincott and Crowell. $12.95

The poet Alfred Kreymborg, editor of *Others* (1915-1919), was dazzled by Marianne Moore's elegant and erudite speech. In his autobiography he tells how he declared to William Carlos Williams that he intended to discover a subject on which Miss Moore remained speechless. Kreymborg invited Moore to attend a baseball game between the Chicago Cubs and the New York Giants at the Polo Grounds, where the Giants played their home games. He had reason to believe that the great Christy Mathewson would pitch for the Giants.

As the two poets journeyed to the ballpark on the El, Miss Moore spoke in paragraph form on the subject of poetry. As they took their seats in the grandstand she continued; she continued as Mathewson warmed up to pitch to the first Cub batter. Finally Kreymborg interrupted her, calling attention to the field, where the handsome right-hander slipped a called strike past the first batter.

"Excellent," said Miss Moore.

Her approbation caught Kreymborg short. He asked her if she knew who was pitching.

"I've never seen him before," Miss Moore allowed, "but I take it it must be Mr Mathewson."

Kreymborg understood that he had failed to lead Miss Moore outside the range of her erudition. Overcome, he gasped, "Why?"

"I've read his instructive book on the art of pitching"—she said as the umpire called a second strike—"and it's a pleasure to note how unerringly his execution supports his theories."

Baseball is America's literary game, favourite sport of writers who fawn favour a sport. Boxing has been its rival for literary favour among writers like Hemingway and Mailer; but baseball is clearly the favourite. Robert Frost named Cap Anson, Chicago player from an era before Christy Mathewson's, as his boyhood hero when he wrote late in his life a rare prose piece about baseball for *Sports Illustrated*.

Of course Ring Lardner wrote stories about baseball; Bernard Malamud, Robert Coover, and Philip Roth have written baseball novels. Mark Harris has written a series of novels about a pitcher named Henry Wiggin; his *Bang the Drum Slowly* made the best baseball movie.

But fiction is only a part of baseball's literature. Ex-players, umpires, sports writers and belletristic essayists all contribute to the spate of baseball books. Maybe the *ecbat* baseball book remains the *ecbat*-to-be, henceforth known as the *att*, like Christy Mathewson's instructive book on the art of pitching, splendidly titled *Pitching in a Pinch*, which was ghostwritten by a baseball reporter named John Wheeler. The book was reprinted in 1977, allowing us to read witticisms that have been reattributed in the seventy years since. Here the young Mathewson, whose catcher that day was Jack Warner, discovers the only weakness of the great batter Honus Wagner:

"Wagner loomed up at the bat in a pinch, and I could not remember what Warner had said about his flaw. I walked out of the box to confer with the catcher.

"'What's his groove, Jack?' I asked him.

"'A base on balls', replied Warner, without cracking a smile.

That's always been Wagner's "groove".

It has often been observed, doubtless for centuries, that certain batters were best pitched where they could not hit the ball.

For the game in a sense is old; at least its name is old. The *OED*'s first citation comes from *Northanger Abbey* (1818), a passage which John Fowles uses as epigraph for an article comparing cricket and baseball: "It was not very wonderful that Catherine . . . should prefer cricket, baseball, riding on horseback, and running about the country at the age of fourteen, to books . . .". Actually, the word occurs in print earlier, in eighteenth-century references to children's games, but nowhere is it quite clear what "baseball" refers to. It seems safe to assume reference to something played with a ball that makes use of bases; probably it resembled rounders.

When I attended Oxford thirty years ago, missing my First World Series, English undergraduates asked me to define baseball almost as frequently as they asked the difference between Republicans and Democrats. When I began to explain baseball's conventions I was always interrupted by apparent comprehension: "It's rounders!"

Alas, baseball more or less *is* rounders. The American legend that Abner Doubleday, a Civil War General, invented baseball is a nationalist lie. Probably the game Jane Austen referred to was common ancestor to baseball, rounders, and other games which failed to evolve. (Of course cricket existed long before 1818; its ancestry is doubtless similar). In the American colonies children played One Old Cat, as well as Two and Three Old Cat—the name varied with the number of players—which resembled the ancestor-game. During the Revolution American troops played something they called "base ball" or "town ball". In 1786 a Princeton student wrote in his diary about playing "baste ball"; Longfellow wrote about playing "ball" at Bowdoin in 1824. During the Civil War troops from all over the country playing together acted to regularize the rules.

English literary people have been charitable to the American game. Rupert Brooke described it as played at Harvard College in 1913, writing in *Letters from America* that "Baseball is a good game to watch, and in outline easy to understand, as it is merely glorified rounders." P. G. Wodehouse became a fan and wrote a frequently anthologized story called "The Pitcher and the Plutocrat". It seems less predictable that William Empson, at Kenyon College in 1950, captained a team in softball—baseball slightly diminished—called "The Ambiguities" (Empson recalls John Crowe Ransom's suggestion that *Some Versions of Pastoral* might have included a section on games; Ransom had baseball in mind.) Robert Lowell and Delmore Schwartz took part in some of these games; opposition was supplied by L. C. Knights's "The Explorers".

Last year's baseball best-seller was an *att*, modestly titled *Number 1*, written by Billy Martin and Peter Golenbock. Mr Martin with Golenbockian aid recounts the years of his life; from humble origins, into the major leagues where he starred for the Yankees, and onwards to his brilliant, spasmodic career as a manager.

The book emphasizes character—a Billy Martin whom baseball observers have come to recognize: combative, self-justifying, vigorous, vulgar, shrewd, street-wise, self-pitying, scandalous. Shakespeare might have invented him as an inversion of Hotspur—a mock-heroic figure with Ancient Pistol's braggadocio and Falstaff's gregariousness. The game is a backdrop to the brash figure strutting before it. The book's major contribution is the portrait of Martin's maternal lineage. He says of his mother's mother: "If you said something she didn't like she'd grab you by the hand and start biting you." He tells how his mother kicked his father out of the house when she was pregnant because she discovered that her husband was chipping on her with a fifteen-year-old high school girl. "To this day", Martin writes, "and she's older than eighty, she hasn't forgiven him. She told me, 'I'm going to outlive that son of a bitch, and when they bury him, I'm going to go to the funeral, and in front of all his friends and relatives, I'm going to pull up my dress and piss on his grave.'"

In the literature of baseball we find books actually written by ball-players, we find books written from the point of view of the fan, and we find insider books by reporters and journalists. The *New Yorker*'s Roger Angell is a journalist who writes like a fan—with uncommon intelligence and an elegant prose style. Roger Kahn is best known for *The Boys of Summer*, written from a journalist's interviews with a fan's affectionate reminiscence. Kahn begins with a long memoir of growing up in New York with a baseball fan father; for many American males baseball is a clear link to their fathers and backwards to earlier American men.

This book is one of ten recently reissued as the Sports Classics, published by a Chicago sports writer named Jerome Holtzman. Gorgeously bound, these Classics include A. J. Liebling on boxing, two books on football, one collection of general sporting essays by Paul Gallico—and naturally enough six books on baseball. Besides Kahn, the authors include the maverick owner Bill Veeck (an *att*), the pitcher Jim Brosnan who himself wrote *The Long Season*, Robert Creamer with his biography *Babe*, and Elliot Asinov who tells the history of a famous betting scandal—*Eight Men Out*. Best of all are Lawrence Ritter's taped interviews with old-timers, *The Glory of Their Times*.

Kahn's ruined boys are the Brooklyn Dodgers of the 1950s; Ritter's old men recollect Christy Mathewson and Ty Cobb and Walter Big Train Johnson. Recollection remains the matter—which underscores the essential conservatism of most baseball writing, concerned not only to preserve a tintype of the past but to keep baseball's present a living tintype. Doubtless this latter endeavour is foredoomed by the tycoons who own the teams—and the newer tycoons who play the game—but foredoomed endeavours appeal to literary Quixotes.

Of course nostalgia is not the game's only literary appeal. Baseball, like other sports, may provide harmless dissipation for people who need on occasion to be less serious or ambitious than they usually are. We are aware of the spiritual leader who reads a mystery story every night of his life, letting the infant walk about lest its daytime cries disturb the quotidian serious routine.

Another appeal is formal: baseball as pastoral, baseball as grid. In *The Universal Baseball Association*, Robert Coover's obsessive hero constructs his life out of an imaginary league with its structure determined by the die's cast. The firm grid of baseball statistics props up many lives otherwise prone to chaos. If statistics are not the issue, there is at least the daily ritual of games and box-scores, strategy and planning, guessing and second-guessing. Baseball provides structure for the structureless.

For example: Art Hill is a Detroit Tigers fan who last year published *I Don't Care if I Never Come Back*. (The song, "Take Me Out to the Ball Game", speaks of the pleasures of the game and includes Hill's title.) The book is a pleasant rumination, the journal of a season or two. We read this man's book about his hobby, coming to know and enjoy the man, perhaps wishing he did not sound quite so much like E. B. White; and suddenly—after we register references to the author's alcoholism and other darknesses—we realize that the hobby is a desperate focus of attention outside the self; it keeps the world manageable. For Art Hill and many others, baseball is a clean, well-lit place which keeps the terrors off.

Last year there were at least three baseball anthologies. *Baseball Diamonds* is crazy and serious and entertaining. Edited by Kevin Kerrane and Richard Grossinger, this collection bears the subtitle, "Tales, Traces, Visions and Voodoo from a Native American Rite". It includes Angell, Kahn, and Pat Jordan who is the best writer among the ex-players; it includes sports journalists like Roy Blount; it includes Willie Morris, Philip Roth, Jack Kerouac—but it also contains experimental prose writers and Black Mountain poets, counter-culture jocks whose alienation from American culture stops short of baseball; Robert Kelly, Tom Clark, Lewis Warsh, Gilbert Sorrentino. . . .

Then there is *A Baseball Album*, edited or semi-edited by Gerald Secor Couzens. This book does not know what it is; sometimes it is an anthology reprinting remarkable and out-of-the-way pieces of prose; sometimes it interrupts itself to list trivia on some baseball subject or other. Yet I will keep the book for its best pieces: John Fowles in his article on cricket and baseball, Dr Harold Seymour on "How Baseball Began", a wonderful old-man's reminiscence of "How I Pitched the First Curve" by William Arthur Cummings, and the terrifying profile of dying Ty Cobb by Al Stump.

This Ty Cobb article is also printed in Charles Einstein's *The Baseball Reader*, which is the 1980 baseball book to read if you can read only one. Cobb was a great player, one of the best hitters and base stealers in the history of the game—and everyone in baseball hated him, and he hated everyone in baseball. In the rich old dying man, Al Stump observes the enduring characteristics: Cobb was vicious, energetic, brave, arrogant, unforgiving, angry, unyielding—and extreme in every humour.

The Baseball Reader reprints selections from the same editor's series of *Fireside Books of Baseball*, and adds new pieces. Einstein includes fiction, excerpts from autobiography, newspaper reporting, articles from magazines, even one transcription from radio commentary. Well-edited, the book continually surprises, as we turn each corner to find the unexpected: H. L. Mencken, Grantland Rice, Kenneth Patchen, sports journalists like Roy Blount; "Casey at the Bat . . .". The book includes John Updike's famous lyrical account of Ted Williams's last day at Fenway Park. Playing his last game for the Boston Red Sox, in his last time at bat, Williams hit a home run. "It was in the books while it was in the sky", says Updike.

> Like a feather caught in a vortex, Williams ran around the square of bases at the center of our beseeching screaming. He ran as he always ran out home runs—hurriedly, unsmiling, head down, as if our praise were a storm of rain to get out of. He didn't tip his cap. Though we thumped, wept, and chanted, "We want Ted," for minutes after he hid in the dugout, he did not come back. Our noise for some seconds passed beyond excitement into a kind of immense open anguish, a wailing, a cry to be saved. But immortality is nontransferable. The papers said that the other players, and even the umpires on the field, begged him to come out and acknowledge us in some way, but he never had and did not now. Gods do not answer letters.

And in this collection, valuably, is the same day seen from a different vantage. Updike writes from the stands, the fan who makes the myth. A reporter for *Sport* named Ed Lynn, on the other hand, hangs around the locker room and reports in workmanlike prose about a baseball player who is talented, sullen, complex, and definitely not a god.

The Baseball Reader also includes Marianne Moore's poem about the Brooklyn Dodgers, "Hometown Piece for Messrs Alston and Reese", written forty-odd years after Kreymborg enticed her cross-town to watch Christy Mathewson pitch for the Giants.

John Banville
KEPLER

"A tour de force. His prose fizzes and sparkles as he conjures up the background of intellectual excitement and physical squalor . . . a worthy successor to his prize-winning *Dr Copernicus*."
John Nicholson, The Times

"No one need know his Kepler from his Copernicus to marvel at the author's rich and impressive achievement. He conveys in the characterisation of the great astronomer not only the pain and wonder of scientific exploration but the sympathetic and intense reality of earthbound man."
Janice Elliott, Sunday Telegraph
£5.95

Walker Percy
THE SECOND COMING

"Percy has a minutely comprehensive awareness of his characters, inside as well as out . . . quite exceptionally well-written . . . Attentive, and inventive, packed with things to relish, it is an extremely rich and satisfying novel."
Peter Kemp, Times Literary Supplement

"It left me with a feeling of exhilaration . . . Mr Percy's remarkable gifts are seen at their best."
Bernard Levin, Sunday Times
£6.95

Carlos Fuentes
BURNT WATER

"A controlled virtuosity and a fascinating and mysterious richness . . . Fuentes' ability to project himself into his characters and their different linguistic worlds is impressive, and he writes in a wide range of styles with conviction."
John Rutherford, Times Literary Supplement

"Creates in perfectly exact prose, with humour and fearful effect, this doomed metropolis which will, by the end of the century, be the largest city in the world."
Janice Elliott, Sunday Telegraph
£6.50

Secker & Warburg

Crime and curiosity

By T. J. Binyon

PATRICIA CRAIG and MARY CADOGAN:
The Lady Investigates
Women Detectives and Spies in Fiction
252pp. Gollancz. £9.95.
0 575 02885 8

For some years now Patricia Craig and Mary Cadogan have been mining a rich and seemingly inexhaustible feminine seam in popular literature. They have shovelled up ton after ton of pulp, have tunnelled their way resolutely through yards of yellowing old magazines, have exhumed the fossilized corpses of several score writers, and have melted down their gains so far into three books. The first, *You're a Brick, Angela*, examines girls' fiction from the 1840s to the present; the second, *Women and Children First*, treats the portrayal of women and children in the fiction of the First and Second World Wars; the last and most recent takes on the subject of fictional female detectives and spies, beginning in 1861, when the widowed Mrs Paschal uses her "vigorous and subtle brain" to foil sinister Italians, a wicked countess and a sadistic Ursuline Abbess, and ending with Cordelia Gray, the private detective of P. D. James's *An Unsuitable Job for a Woman*, who turns the popular prejudice of the title on its head with the words: "Entirely suitable I should have thought, requiring, I imagine, infinite curiosity, infinite pains, and a penchant for interfering with other people."

The authors established their method in their very successful first book, and have stood by it ever since: writers are roughly grouped into chapters whose alliterative titles set a tone of determined jokiness, maintained by lavish and humorous quotation from the texts. As far as girls' fiction is concerned, their collective eye is almost as sharp as Arthur Marshall's in pricking out the unintentionally comic. Examples range from the dying boy of 1839, refusing laudanum with the explosive cigar to eliminate her husband.

"Spouses, Secretaries and Sparring Partners" clears away a brushwood of secondary characters, including some husband and wife teams such as Agatha Christie's annoying Tommy and Tuppence Beresford and Nick and Nora Charles, who first appeared in Dashiell Hammett's *The Thin Man*, but who are probably better known through the films with William Powell, Myrna Loy and Asta the terrier.

Two rather rag-bag chapters bring together a very varied selection of British and American sleuthesses: on the one hand Nigel Morland's Mrs Pym, Josephine Tey's Miss Pym (no relation), and Nancy Spain's delectable pair, Miriam Birdseye and Natasha Nevkorina ("'Are they *men* whom you catch?' . . . 'Oh dear no', says Miriam, 'My partner often catches women.'"); on the other Mignon Eberhart's Nurse Sarah Keates, Hulbert Footner's Rosika Storey ("Young, tall, exotic and always right"), H. H. Holmes's Sister Ursula and, by contrast, the stripper-detective of Gypsy Rose Lee's *The G-String Murders*.

English girl detectives (tend to have red hair; are assisted by large dogs) are dealt with expeditiously, and are followed by their American equivalents: Nancy Drew ("You're a regular detective, Nancy!"), Judy Bolton ("She's debaunted more houses than you could shake a stick at") and the sisters Jean and Louise Dana ("Louise quickly twisted the steering-wheel to the left, endeavouring to avoid the tremendous mass of cheese").

The real meat of the book, however, is contained in three chapters which deal respectively with three old ladies—Agatha Christie's Miss Marple, Patricia Wentworth's Miss Silver and Gladys Mitchell's Mrs (later Dame) Beatrice Adela Lestrange Bradley—with a selection of detectives' wives, and with a number of contemporary policewomen and female detectives.

Only by a stretch does the second of these chapters get into the book at all: if Dorothy Sayers's Harriet Vane does do some detecting—though always assisted and invariably out-thought by Lord Peter Wimsey—she cannot be said of Ngaio Marsh's artist Agatha Troy (married to Roderick Alleyn) or Margery Allingham's aeroplane designer Amanda Fitton (married to Albert Campion.) But it is hardly possible—and would certainly be uncomradely—to leave them out and ignore three of the best-known women writers of detective fiction. In addition, of course, *Gaudy Night*, as a detective story with a feminist subject, demands—and gets—detailed treatment.

Of the three old ladies mentioned above the authors infinitely prefer Mrs Bradley to Miss Marple and Miss Silver. Indeed, the latter two seem distinctly undervalued. This striking preference can be traced back to a passage in the introduction in which the authors distinguish between two types of investigator: "the person who succeeds, time and again, because of specialized 'feminine' knowledge"; and "the person who competes with male detectives on equal terms". "Both of these", they add, "contributed something to the evolving feminist ethic, though it is undeniable that the latter was the more radical and far-reaching." The crocodile-like Mrs Bradley belongs to the second group: "she exemplifies a type of professionalism which transcends sexual distinctions." With her, therefore, the female detective really breaks away for the first time from the conventional images of the fluffy-headed blonde or the interfering spinster, the investigator who always reaches her conclusions through feminine intuition rather than masculine logic.

In their final chapter the authors bring together a number of characters who, in their minds, represent this new type: Charmian Daniels, Jessica Melville's policewoman (*Murder Has a Pretty Face*, her latest case, has just appeared), Antonia Fraser's Jemima Shore, P. D. James's Cordelia Gray, already mentioned above, and Amanda Cross's Kate Fansler (Liza Cody's admirable first novel, *Dupe*, presumably was too recent for its heroine, Anna Lee, to be included in the list); and end with a stirring peroration

> Through all the changes in social attitudes, and through all her varied incarnations, the woman detective stands out as the most economical, the most striking and the most agreeable embodiment of two qualities often disallowed for women in the past: the power of action and practical intelligence.

Obviously a great deal of careful research has gone into this book. Mistakes are few and far between, and of these only three seem worth noting: when Wimsey calls the judge at Harriet Vane's trial "a beast in the house", he is quoting a real anonymous schoolboy on Dr Temple, headmaster of Rugby, not a fictional one on the master of the Remove at Billy Bunter's Greyfriars; Amanda Fitton, in *The Fashion in Shrouds* does not say that sex is "like the electric light supply, not worth thinking about but embarrassingly inconvenient if there's anything wrong with it", but that "Class is like sex or the electric light supply . . ."; and in Le Carré's *Call for the Dead* Elsa and Samuel Fennan are not both East German agents. Only Elsa is, and her husband is murdered in order to prevent him from exposing her to George Smiley.

It is disappointing, therefore, to record that the book does not really live up to its predecessors. It contains a vast amount of information—some interesting, some amusing, some neither—but no real synthesis is ever attempted; we are left with mounds of material to which only the most general ordering principle has been applied.

It would obviously be an eccentric enterprise to write a social history of women's emancipation using only the evidence which could be found in detective stories. The authors haven't done this, but they have very much divorced their history of the woman detective or spy from the history of the detective story or spy thriller in general. And in doing so they seem to have ignored some of the implications of Cordelia Gray's remark quoted above. That is, are not some of the qualities which they stigmatize as feminine in fact nevertheless necessary to the detective, who would be severely hampered were he or she forced to rely solely on "the power of action and practical intelligence"? In other words, is not Lord Peter Wimsey an interfering busybody, like all amateur detectives? Doesn't Chesterton's Father Brown proceed by means other than masculine logic? Or Ross Macdonald's Lew Archer, when he talks of getting in touch with the "unimportant" clues that "feelings of fayness . . . and other irrational impulses are reserved for female spies", but in *Greenmantle* (a book which they have a great deal of fun with) doesn't Richard Hannay have a very successful experience on the road to Erzerum, with a dream that foreshadows the future?



•Charles Laughton as the ruthless detective; Fredric March as his poignant victim; Cedric Hardwicke as the good Bishop Bienvenu in LES MISERABLES Victor Hugo's classic story—the most thrilling man-hunt which human genius has yet furnished or enacted. •TODAY—at the TIVOLI

These illustrations are taken from Grant Shipcott's beautifully produced typographical Periodicals Between the Wars (128pp. Oxford Polytechnic Press. £8.95. 0 900922 20 8) which concentrates on three major contributions to printing literature: The Fleuron (1923-30), Signature (1935-40) and Typography (1936-39). The advertisement for Les Misérables appeared in the first issue of Typography and the cockerel, by Eric Ravilious—the symbol of the Golden Cockerel Press—in the first issue of Signature. Other illustrations include a type specimen of Monotype Roman, the ornate rendering of John Betjeman's name for his article on "Ecclesiastical Typography" and the teutonic ordering of the German Reichs Kurshuch ("the best edited and the best printed timetable in the world").



Admiring Agatha

By Janet Morgan

HUBERT GREGG:
Agatha Christie and All That Mousetrap
170pp. William Kimber. £8.50.
0 7183 0427 6

ROBERT BARNARD:
A Talent to Deceive
An Appreciation of Agatha Christie
203pp. Collins. £5.95.
0 00 216190 7

It is always instructive to study an author's biographical—or autobiographical—note. Take Hubert Gregg. He has written songs (including "Maybe it's because I'm a Londoner"), broadcast what is puzzlingly described as "nostalgia and theatre" to what is, even more strangely, said to be a selective three million or so weekly" and directed five of Agatha Christie's plays: *The Hollow*, *The Mousetrap*, *The Unexpected Guest*, *Go Back For Murder*, and *Rule of Three*. When we are promised "devilry never quite ousting chivalry" and Dame Agatha served "on a festive dish, garnished for your delight", we suspect what is coming. When we see that the list of contents matches the Preamble with a "Postamble", we know our suspicions are right.

Agatha Christie and All That Mousetrap is not a book at all; it is a comic song. The author assures us that he worked closely with Agatha Christie—in fact, he is familiar with everybody, chattering about "booze-ups" and "going a bundle"; she actress who "drove us Hargle"; and "all Patience on that monument". When he is being serious (in all, for about 30 pages), Mr Gregg is very interesting. He explains, for instance, the techniques for lighting plays (though he "never got into electrics") and the purpose of lighting and shadow. He talks of theatrical niceties which may not have occurred to us: the fact, for example, that in the days when wirelesses had valves, an audience watching a character turning on a set had to be given some "visual interest" to carry them over the ten seconds or so that it took for the apparatus to warm up.

There are some thoughtful and comparatively modest descriptions of the way in which the director of Mrs Christie's plays had to invent theatrical means for guiding the detective-thinking of the audience discreetly but tenaciously towards the denouement, with pauses, inflections, lighting, bits of "business", artificial thunder and No 60 Grey to the floods. Gradually Mrs Christie herself learnt these tricks, suggesting new ones and ingenious devices. (They included the introduction of her own tape-recorded voice, asking, at the end of *The Patient* in *Rule of Three*, "Who do you think is behind the curtain?". This flopped in Aberdeen, apparently, and was therefore dropped in London.) Here and there, too, we come across a jolly story, like that of the railway company which labelled the carriage reserved for the cast of *Strange As It May Seem* "Strange as They may Soon", and the producer who named his house after his most successful hit, "a lovely little Tudor house called 'No, No, Nanette'". A better index would allow us to pick out such plums. As it is, we can only swallow quickly and turn to Robert Barnard.

Professor Barnard's qualifications could not be more different. This time we discover that the author has worked for the Fabian Society and at a technical college in Accrington, lectured in Northern New South Wales at "a prototype of the Open University in England", taught at the University of Bergen, published a book on Dickens (aha) and is now Professor of English Literature at the University of Tromsø, which, his publishers insistently tell us, is "Europe's most northerly university". He is, moreover—to get more to the point—a crime writer of distinction and has a critical interest in the genre".

Sure enough, the first half of *A Talent to Deceive* is a long critical essay, in which Professor Barnard discusses first the weaknesses and then the strengths of Agatha Christie's detective fiction. He is direct and blunt: "The burden of the Prosecution case, as a whole, then, is that these books are worthless, trivial, dated, class-bound, socially and intellectually dead." (Such strictures look even more severe printed in gluttonous black type on paper that seems to have been recycled from more than just a tree.) So far from unctuous is Barnard's style that we are now prepared to believe he is an honest man. As he moves to praising Miss Christie's work, we follow him with pleasure. Not just because he has found an adolescent girl in Tromsø ("above the Arctic Circle") reading about "Frøken Marple", but studied the intricacies of, appropriately, *Towards Zero*, but because his remarks are extremely sensible. He looks carefully at Agatha Christie's "strategies of deception", at her unerring placing of clues, her "deliberate and obsessive reticence" about character and situation, and her emphasis on fact and scrupulous fairness to the reader, who invariably feels he could have unravelled the mystery much earlier had he been quicker off the mark. What Barnard admires is the intellectual rigour of Agatha Christie, "especially in her classic phase", he maintains that the story she writes is "the *only* popular form whose appeal is primarily to the mind . . . rather than to the emotions". Whether we agree with the Professor or not, it is very pleasant to find him addressing the question in this way and, compared with Mr Gregg, treating his readers like adults.

Professor Barnard's elegantly written appreciation has no footnotes. Instead, his wife has compiled a set of appendices, immensely useful to those who are interested in this sort of thing, which give "an indispensable, definitive and up-to-date bibliography" of all Agatha Christie's work and, presumably, great satisfaction to Collins, her publishers, whose Crime Club celebrated its fiftieth birthday with the help of the Barnards' commemorative work.

The theocracies of Unthank

By William Boyd

ALASDAIR GRAY:
Lanark
560pp. Canongate Publishing. £7.95.
0 903937 74 3

Half way through this long and remarkable novel two characters contemplate the city of Glasgow. "Glasgow is a magnificent city", says one. "Why do we hardly ever notice that?" The other offers an explanation. "If a city hasn't been used by an artist not even the inhabitants like it there imaginatively. What is Glasgow to most of us? . . . Imaginatively Glasgow exists as a music hall song and a few bad novels." Not the least of Alasdair Gray's achievements in *Lanark* will be to put the city decisively on the literary map—as perhaps only Archie Hind's *The Dear Green Place* and Alan Sharp's *A Green Tree in Gedde* have tried to before. However, it is important to stress that this book is more than a provincial or regional classic. *Lanark*'s ambitions are large and so are its achievements. Its compass extends far beyond the Clyde valley: indeed it's rare to come across a novel so rooted in a particular city and yet so accessible to those outside.

At first glance *Lanark* appears redoubtably modernist. Subtitled "A life in four books", it contains allegorical illustrations, different typefaces, and chapter headings such as "Normal", "Nature" and "Genesis". Furthermore, the novel begins with Book Three, is followed by a prologue and then by Book One. But this, ultimately, is something of a smokescreen: for all its eclecticism, *Lanark*'s debt to modernist styles and genres is superficial. Of anything, it is the line of idiosyncratic visionary writing—owing more to such mavericks of literary history as Bunyan, Blake, Charles Kingsley and Lewis Carroll.

The novel opens in the city of Unthank, a drab, dull, rain-shrouded place that bears an uncanny resemblance to Glasgow during the late 1940s and 1950s. There the eponymous hero frets and rebels against the absence of light and sun, resentful of the vaguely futuristic constraints the omnipresent bureaucracy imposes. For reasons which he cannot divine, Lanark has found himself in Unthank with the added disadvantage that he remembers nothing of his past. He hangs around a seedy café called "The Elite" and, after some hesitation, is drawn into a clique of eccentric characters that patronize the place. There is Sludden, mysteriously in control; and there is Rima, dark and sexually enticing and, to Lanark's surprise, a pneumatic blonde whom he thinks he has killed in another life.

Unthank is vaguely reminiscent of Orwell's *1984*. There are trams and tenements but at the same time people suddenly disappear and powerful and ubiquitous government departments dispense jobs, status and houses. At one such establishment Lanark undergoes a medical examination and finds himself classified as a "dragonhide" because of a patch of hard black skin on his elbow. Further questioning elicits the information that there are three other types of disease in Unthank known respectively as "mouths", "softs" and "twittering rigor". "Diseases", the official informs Lanark, "identify people more accurately".

Lanark becomes steadily more miserable. His attempts to establish relationships with other members of the Elite prove useless and disappointing. He does, however, manage to get the alluring Rima to bed and finds her back and shoulders covered with a similar dragonhide excrescence. But his sex with Rima is soulless and unsatisfactory and, as if in some kind of response to this, his own dragonhide gets worse. One whole arm is infected. It lengthens, becomes covered in scales, his fingers transform themselves into claws. Not surprisingly his wish to leave the hateful city intensifies. After a particularly horrific encounter with a girl suffering from "mouths" this wish is granted. A huge disease-ridden enormity materializes, its gap inside. After some hesitation he does so, and, like Alice tumbling down the rabbit hole, he falls, buffeted and suffocated, as if being swallowed by a giant gullet.

He wakes up in the Institute, a massive clinic in the bowels of the earth where the human beings suffering from the various diseases contracted in Unthank are treated and is soon eradicated. He is enlisted on the medical staff and given patients of his own. One patient in particular exerts a strong fascination, a girl so encrusted in dragonhide she is almost all dragon—winged, humped, beaked and scaled. The crucial factor about delaying the progress of the disease is this: once the dragonhide takes over entirely the patient "goes salamander"—implodes in a burst of pure energy like a small fission bomb. Lanark keeps the girl's dragonhide at bay by reading her stories, but ultimately emancipation approaches. Lanark refuses to leave the girl—whom he has by now guessed is Rima—and this act of selflessness magically brings about a cure. The dragon crust cracks like an egg to reveal her naked and unscarred.

Reunited with his early love, Lanark's next ambition is to leave the Institute—which he sees as a corrupt and absurd irrelevance to the human suffering it is ostensibly there to relieve—and seek a place where the sun shines. But before he can do this he has to consult an oracle who begins to tell him a story about a Glaswegian artist called Duncan Thaw.

Thaw and Lanark are in fact one and the same. The dislocated time scheme of the novel becomes clearer, and Thaw's history is seen to be Lanark's before he came to Unthank. The next 200-plus pages are taken up with an account of Duncan Thaw's short life. What we have, in effect, is a small naturalistic novel within a large eclectic one. And the narration of Thaw's life turns out to be a brilliant and moving evocation of a talented and imaginative child growing up in working-class Glasgow. The style is limpid and classical elegant, the detail solidly documentary and in marked contrast to the fantastical and surrealistic accoutrements of the first 100 pages.

Thaw is a difficult and moody child, asthmatic and prone to eczema. His school career is erratic and contradictory: flashes of inspired brilliance combined with sullen apathy. On reaching adolescence Thaw's already advanced fantasy life enters a new and debilitating phase. Perfervid masturbation and recurrent sexual obsessions cause his asthma and skin disease to worsen. The eczema spreads to his scrotum, and only self-induced sexual dreams of the most perverse and violent sort seem to ease the ever-increasing asthma attacks. It becomes evident that Thaw's neurotic mental life has correlating physical side-effects. And the links between Thaw and Lanark also begin to emerge: eczema equals dragon-hide; the desperate need for sunlight parallels Thaw's frantically gauche search for love.

An intuitive and talented artist, Thaw wins a bursary to Glasgow art school where, for a while at least, he seems to find some peace and fulfilment. He meets a middle class girl called Marjory and a tentative courtship ensues. However, Thaw cannot cope with the pressures of either his artistic or love life and his asthma grows increasingly worse. Eventually he is admitted to hospital, where his illness is diagnosed and its psychosomatic roots noted. In hospital Thaw is commissioned by another patient—a minister—to paint a mural in a Glasgow church and on his release he sets about this task with maniacal singlemindedness. The mural, of the creation of the world, covers the ceiling and one wall. On its completion Thaw attracts a considerable amount of publicity. He is portrayed as a kind of mad atheist who, nonetheless, paints religious themes. Marjory visits him, accompanied by her fiancé, and Thaw again experiences the agony of rejection. In a hallucinatory half-starved state he wanders about the city:

> At the end of one street a rusty gate was chained shut and twined with convolvulus, but he squeezed between some bent railings. He saw the crimson planet between pagoda-shaped growths whose brittle fleshy stalks sweated white syrup.

He encounters a girl whom he takes to be Marjory and, totally out of control, he imagines he kills her. He wakes up in hospital but cannot be sure whether he has committed a murder or not. A few days later he drowns himself.

Thaw's story—Books One and Two—form a superb, self-contained, realistic novel about a disturbed child's education and his uncertain growth towards manhood. The blurb makes comparison with D. H. Lawrence but in tone and style *Lanark* is closer to Joyce's *Portrait of the Artist* than to *Sons and Lovers*. In each case a strong religious drive combats a sensual one and in both the protagonist's sense of alienation is a major theme. But where Stephen Dedalus arrives at the all-important affirmation of artistic faith, Gray's hapless artist succumbs to his own sad and tormented nature.

The novel, however, still has two hundred pages to go, and the scene shifts back to a point where Lanark and Rima are preparing to leave the clinic. After the sustained passion of Thaw's story, there is a distinct falling-off at this juncture. All the bizarre machinery of the world of feble reasserts itself, taking the place of the perfectly rendered naturalism of Books One and Two. Thaw and Rima are making for Provan—a city where the sun shines—but to reach it they have first to cross an Intercalendrical Zone and then travel via Unthank. In the Zone time slips and folds back on itself, vegetation sprouts with alarming fecundity, gradients and geography confound and betray. After many excursions (Rima by this time is heavily pregnant), the couple reach Unthank, which is strangely altered since the beginning of the book.

If the early Unthank was reminiscent of *1984* then this later version recalls Huxley's *Brave New World*. Lanark's erstwhile cronies from the Elite cafe now hold positions of gubernationals power within the complex cosmology and infrastructures of the dream world. Vaguely defined institutions known as the Creature and the Council exert a mysterious sway. There are drugs for maintaining the quiescent state of the population, massive advertising campaigns exhort the people to behave in socially acceptable ways, and the whole world is ruled by an ambiguous potentate called Monboddo.

There is no doubt that the "architecture" of this alternative world has been painstakingly and lovingly thought out by Gray. Unthank and Provan may resemble Glasgow and Edinburgh, but the Scottish context is more of a convenient microcosm than anything held up as interesting in itself. The function of this final section of the book, to put it at its most simple, is to extend the individual dilemmas of Thaw/Lanark into a wider sphere.

The illness-through-want-of-love theme, in particular, is broadened out. While one can see the significance of such a narrative ploy, it has to be said that the final scenes of Lanark's rise to power (he becomes Provost of Unthank), his confrontation with Monboddo in Provan, his decline, death and the apocalyptic near-destruction of Unthank, are among the least successful parts of this long and demanding book. For all the formal neatness of *Lanark*, the working out of the book's themes on a global scale prove a protracted and enervating adjunct to the trials and torments of the individual life so effectively portrayed in the first two-thirds.

The difficulties of this resolution rise directly out of the clash of genres contained within the novel. *Lanark* in effect, is made up of two novels: one traditional and naturalistic, the other a complex allegorical fable. And for all the numerous points of comparison and cross-reference in the end the two do not happily cohere. Gray, it seems, is fully aware of the problem and has sought to resolve it first through the dislocation of chronology and second through the addition of post-modernist note which asserts itself from time to time. This is most evident in an epilogue which is inserted, with characteristic disregard for sequence, about three-quarters of the way through the novel. Here Lanark confronts the author himself about his destiny and fate, while Gray, in a series of footnotes ranged down the side of the page, enumerates the literary allusions and borrowings contained in the novel as a whole.

Despite its charm and guile—and it is as skilful an exercise in metafictional technique as, for example, Vonnegut's prologue to *Jailbird*—the epilogue fails to unite the two disparate strands of the novel. Indeed it seems something of a superfluity for, as has been suggested, *Lanark* on the whole owes little to post-modernist fiction. Barth's *Giles Goat Boy*, Pynchon's *Gravity's Rainbow* and other huge exercises in quasi-allegorical fiction belong to another literary department.

For all its unevenness, *Lanark* is a work of loving and vivid imagination, yielding copious riches, especially in the two central books of Thaw's life, which, had they been presented on their own, would surely have been hailed as a minor classic of the literature of adolescence. Gray, not surprisingly, is too canny an artist not to realize this himself. When the young Thaw submits a story for the school magazine, it is rejected by his teacher on the grounds that "Thaw had tried a blend of realism and fantasy which even an adult would have found difficult. Thaw was stunned and resentful." There is no need for Gray to share his character's emotions.

Under Saturn

I am thinking of a child's vow
Sworn in all integrity.

A photograph from Voyager I
Before it veered towards Uranus
Of Saturn's rings and ringlets.

I am thinking of a child's vow
Sworn in vain
To a girl with hair in braids.

I grasp the nitty-gritty
Plait between her shoulder-blades.

My mouth on her faintly urinous
Mouth. Brisket-bone.

And now, blah-blah, now
At a snail's lick across a stone.

Paul Muldoon

Catherine Cookson
TILLY TROTTER WED

Lucilla Andrews
A WEEKEND IN THE GARDEN

Sue Krisman
DUCKS AND DRAKES
Author of 'The Thursby People'
"A promising and entertaining debut . . ."
Financial Times

Mary Hobson
OH LILY
Author of 'This Place is a Madhouse'
". . . a dauntingly accomplished first novel."
The Literary Review

R. K. Narayan
THE GUIDE
THE VENDOR OF SWEETS
THE MAN-EATER OF MALGUDI

Violet Powell
FLORA ANNIE STEEL
Novelist of India

Heinemann

THORNS AND ARABESQUES
Contexts for Conrad's Fictions
WILLIAM W. BONNEY
This book offers a series of new critical observations about the work of Joseph Conrad, based largely upon close readings of selected texts, many of which are rigorously analysed for the first time 272pp, £10.00

FOURTEEN STORIES
STEPHEN DIXON
The stories in this collection deal with people and with situations drawn from observations of Dixon's native New York which has served as "research laboratory" and staging area for much of his previous fiction. 156pp. £5.00

READER-RESPONSE CRITICISM
From Formalism to Post-Structuralism
JANE P. TOMPKINS
These essays reflect the development of reader-response criticism from its inception in formalist analyses of the "mock-reader" to its elaboration in structuralism, phenomenology, affective stylistics, and psychoanalysis. 320pp, £12.00 cloth, £4.25 paper

"A COUNTERPOINT OF DISSONANCE"
The Aesthetics and Poetry of Gerard Manley Hopkins
MICHAEL SPRINKER
Breaking away from traditional interpretations that see Hopkins's verse as an imitation of nature or a discourse on God's presence in the world, Sprinker contends that the chief foundation of Hopkins's work rests in the tension between author and text, between self and language. 180pp. £6.50

THE JOHNS HOPKINS UNIVERSITY PRESS
37 Dover Street, London W.1

Domestic evils

By Patricia Craig

CAROLINE BLACKWOOD:
The Fate of Mary Rose
208pp. Jonathan Cape. £5.95.
0 224 01791 8

With *The Fate of Mary Rose* Caroline Blackwood moves away from the rather sketchy, indirect method of her earlier novels. *The Stepdaughter* (1976) was composed of a series of urgent letters to an imaginary recipient, with only the briefest, most striking facts being passed on. The novel has a single theme—a change of heart—and nothing extraneous to this theme gets into the text. The result is a very thin book (only 100 pages). *Great Granny Webster*, which followed in 1977, also adopted a somewhat limiting framework; it is basically a collection of anecdotes about the narrator's relations and the forms of insanity which overtook them. It's a very compact, proficient and at times illuminating work which nevertheless lacks many of the qualities traditionally associated with successful fiction: narrative drive, for example, or cohesion.

The new novel resembles its predecessors in a number of ways, although these are perhaps less significant than the advances it makes. Like *The Stepdaughter*, it documents a change of feeling, in the course of which the narrator, Rowan, becomes less and less obnoxious. The change occurs as he loses control over the careful arrangements he has made to keep fuss and inconvenience out of his life. Mary Rose, like poor overweight, thirteen-year-old Renata in the earlier book, is an unprepossessing daughter who arouses ill-humour and despondency in at least one of her parents. Both novels evoke, in their final sentences (which, curiously, are almost identical), a state of unimaginable despair. The sense of moral corruption and contamination which permeated *Great Granny Webster* is also present in *Mary Rose*, and so, too, is the crisp, astringent tone the author uses to alleviate it. "Farce rather than tragedy", the phrase Blackwood's last narrator applied to her Aunt Lavinia's garish suicide attempts, is still the spirit in which the author's blackest episodes are constructed.

The Fate of Mary Rose, however, is technically more adept, more ambitious and substantial (more than twice the length of *The Stepdaughter*), and in the end more satisfactory than Blackwood's previous novels. Written with energy and wit, it progresses in a straightforward way, and it has a distinctive plot. At times it even pretends to be a thriller, merrily inviting the reader to make false assumptions, laying bogus clues, indulging in double ironies of a rather obvious kind, and withholding information. But the end of crime writing is the restoration of order, an easy resolution which is not available to the serious novelist; and these are only frivolous adjuncts to *Mary Rose*'s real purpose, which is to set out clearly the most extreme consequences of an act of violence. The crucial event in the book is the rape and murder of a six-year-old girl.

The narrator, Rowan Anderson, is a London-based historian who keeps his wife and child in a cottage in the country. For Cressida, his wife, married life is a dream of old-world cosiness and domesticity, it is a perfect spot, "a pretty little house" in an "adorable little village". The perky diminutives affront fastidious Rowan, who detests the village of Beckham and everything in it. Its "immaculate daintiness", a source of profound gratification to Cressida, fills him with revulsion. We are treated to the full comic effect of the discrepancy between Rowan's views and his behaviour, which on the surface is nearly as impeccable as his wife's ("I repeatedly asked Cressida how the child was doing at school and from my earnest and concerned tones no one could have realized how little it interested me").

Blackwood's first-person narrators do not unwittingly and complacently expose their callousness in the manner, say, of Raoul Duquette in Katherine Mansfield's "Je Ne Parle Pas Français"; the heroine of *The Stepdaughter* candidly deplores her sadistic actions, while Rowan is, more often than not, the butt of his own acerbic reflections: "Staying in her cottage I felt like a disgusting lounge lizard—a horrible male chauvinist pig who soaked on whisky while his wife devoted every waking second to attending to his crass and selfish needs." Poor Rowan, who knocks his head on the cottage's picturesque Elizabethan beams whenever he gets to his feet, is forced to watch his conscientious wife perform domestic chores at midnight, as she staggers from the woodshed with heavy baskets of logs or boils up sheets and towels in a large iron pot.

If Cressida keeps the cottage in an immaculate condition, it is largely for the benefit of her unresponsive daughter, who is being subjected, profitlessly it seems, to a model upbringing. Listless, spiritless little Mary Rose is, in fact, enduring a singularly joyless childhood in picture-book surroundings. At first it might seem that the child is to blame for her own deficiencies of will and stamina; but truly Mary Rose's heredity is not a happy one. Destructive forces are being mustered around her.

It is possible to complain that Caroline Blackwood has overdone the prettification, the emotionless courtesy, the ludicrous tidiness we find at the beginning of her novel, in order to make the most of the swift deterioration which sets in; but this is a failing only if the book is viewed as a work of absolute realism. Blackwood has, as usual, fallen on the most economical way to dramatize her central point about the provenance of evil.

The catalyst is a news item which concerns the disappearance of a child, Maureen Sutton, from a council estate on the borders of Beckham. Instant hysteria is generated among all the women whom Rowan knows. Cressida's reaction is the most disquieting; but Rowan's mistress, Gloria, soon joins in the chorus of outrage which the historian finds distasteful, because it is premature. "Children often disappear and then they turn up safe and sound", he states reasonably. Masculine impatience is opposed to "matriarchal female" fears. But something loathsome and devastating has got into the atmosphere. The child's shoe is found, then her body. The details are exceedingly grotesque and painful; but Caroline Blackwood, to her credit, never indulges in that kind of morbid feeling that is akin to sentimentality.

By this stage of the novel, pale, impassive Cressida, never exactly a steady character in spite of her apparent contentment, has gone into a state of lunacy. There is a religious element to her derangement. The housework suffers as her nights are given over to vigilance and prayer. The iron pot for the sheets and towels is now used to dye her own clothes, and her daughter's, black. The death of the strange child obsesses her. Indeed, it obsesses everyone in the book to a greater or lesser extent. Not even sturdy Mrs Butterburn, who is devoted to gardening, stays immune from the outbreak of venom which afflicts the village. Female fears find an outlet in scurrilous anger. Well, we knew the gentility of the place was only mullion-deep.

Distressing subjects are best treated coolly; the sharp, sardonic style of Blackwood's narrator is entirely appropriate. Only occasionally do we come across an infelicitous image like the one on p 122 ("As she discoursed on her drinking habits, I felt that once again she had made something mildly uninteresting flower into something blazingly dull"). *The Fate of Mary Rose* is never less than interesting; and now that she has added narrative control to her other attributes, Caroline Blackwood joins that small group of distinguished women novelists (Beryl Bainbridge, Fay Weldon and Alice Thomas Ellis among them) whose task is to comment obliquely on the dangers and infirmities of contemporary life.

Extra-mural activities

By Lindsay Duguid

SUE KRISMAN:
Ducks and Drakes
183pp. Heinemann. £6.95.
0 434 39750 3

Carrie Bellworthy, the heroine and narrator of *Ducks and Drakes*, is a well-heeled married woman with an expensive wardrobe, a good home structure and the sort of self-mockingly desperate need for a lover which is so often associated with these attributes—Isadora Wing has a lot to answer for. She recruits an assortment of potters, painters and weavers to her husband Bob's country mansion, Mayberry Hall, which she intends to turn into "an art centre for the gifted amateur" as a possible bolt for the six-foot male of her dreams. The irresistible Daniel Isaacs ("His skin was bronzed as though he had been working on the roads. A big muscled chest and a waist like mine dropped away into no hips at all. . . . He was for me") turns up in the unlikely guise of poetry tutor.

The first summer school at Mayberry Hall gets under way with Carrie casting a good many rueful glances at her own inefficiency. There are painting parties by the lake (Carrie studied at the Sorbonne) and some quasi-comic seminars. Among the characters are two drop-outs, J.B. and Jane; Dorry the painter, whom Carrie respects; the Captain, whose work is neat and uninspired; the pretty Melanie; and a garrulous cook, Mrs Vance, and her crockery-smashing assistant, Maureen. Some perfunctory classes and seminars are held. Carrie goes to bed with Daniel: "No need to ask if it was good. Fourteen on the Richter Scale, that sort of thing. Too soon it was time for lying staring at the ceiling . . . of the art and poetry group and at the end of term the students hold an exhibition and demonstrate how much they admire Carrie (one of the more unlikely things in the book): "I found it more moving than I had anticipated. The student who had had the greatest joy from Mayberry were in tears at parting from their new dimension. Most of them wore those without something or someone good to go back to, I suspected. I knew the feeling but reserved my right to weep until Tuesday."

Up to this point, *Ducks and Drakes* is an unsuccessful romp in an unusual setting with bits of artistic and self-analysis thrown in. In the final chapter however, the thriller struggles to get out. It transpires that Daniel is wanted by a gang of ruthless anti-Zionist terrorists and on their return to Mayberry Hall the Paris group plus Bob, Mrs Vance and Maureen are held hostage by "Pippa Hammond and her two brothers Softy and Bird" who want the release of some Arab terrorists. In the resulting shoot-out Daniel is killed. Bob is spared the rest of his life blaming himself and, because of the publicity, Mayberry Hall finds its courses for the next year heavily oversubscribed.

There is a sense of panic-stricken unreality to all this which is not helped by Sue Krisman's line in self-deflatory jokes ("The magnolia buds stood proudly like nipples ready to burst into bloom given the right touch. Weren't we all?") nor by the fact that all the characters use exactly the same kind of semi-formal speech. The less frivolous elements in the book are concerned with Carrie's extraneous "feminine" glimpses of Carrie's thoughts: we are given details of her clothes for the Paris trip, her trick of putting on lipstick so that it looks as though she is not wearing any, and at one stage she wonders why it is the female terrorists wolves trousers do not bag at the knees. This might not matter so much were Carrie not such a thoroughly unlikeable person. Sue Krisman's novel is without theme or purpose, though at least the title is explained by the fact that there are ducks on the lake at Mayberry and on two occasions someone skims a stone across the water.

Services rendered

By Craig Brown

JULIAN FANE:
Gentleman's Gentleman
182pp. Hamish Hamilton. £6.95.
0 241 10604 4

The butler is called Brownie, his master Hereward. From here on, the novel is much as you would expect. It is the biography of William Kitchener Brown, or Brownie, who "for thirty-odd years . . . was the manservant, butler, cook, valet, general factotum, jester and boon companion of my old friend and fellow-writer Hereward Watkins". If it were factual biography, one could safely call it "charming" or "affectionate" before scurrying on, but it is fiction and so one must instead wonder why it was written.

The usual joys of reading the history of someone's life and death in two hundred pages are absent from *Gentleman's Gentleman* for a number of reasons. The unnamed narrator seems to tell us little more than what he has picked up from other people's conversations. He is present in very few scenes, so that details of people and places are offered in only the most general terms. Brownie's birth and childhood are hardly investigated at all ("I say rats I feel sure his mother was Scottish") and his deeper forces of his mind also evade notice:

> To begin with he reminded me of films of the Great War—the 1914 war—showing stunted, wiry, invincibly cocky and cheery private soldiers marching, cooking, fooling about and chatting up the local populace. He was the same Tommy Atkins type, the quick-witted Cockney personified, irreverent, amoral, ever ready to laugh at life, and at death, eternally making the best of things. . . .

One's impression of Brownie never really gets beyond that initial description, no matter how many crises and acrobatic stunts Paul Hurst's inner him. Details, being the chronicle of a life, the book has remarkably little progression: again and again the same scenes return—scenes of salty humour, of the butler slouched drunk in the kitchen, of reconciliations between employer and employed. The scenes of salty humour are the most prolific, and alas they are not that funny. Confronted with Brownie's sub-*Carry On* jokes, readers may well find themselves feeling like one of Hereward's more stuffy guests:

> "What are pommos fantastiques anyway?"
> "Balls, sir."
> "What did you say?"
> "I said they're potato bulls, sir."

Gentleman's Gentleman was presumably intended as something more than a jolly ramble through the life of a drunken butler. And every now and then the author does hint at a serious purpose, one which the concluding passage tries to force home: "When he died he was not a boozy casualty of the class struggle, used and discarded, sacked and in disgrace . . . but a householder, a man of means and substance, still on the best of terms with his boss who had cared for him enough to make his dreams come true. . . ." The novel is thus a eulogy to the chummier aspects of the English class system. But there is an atmosphere of regret about it, as if Julian Fane understands that such happy relationships between the master and those "in harness" are now unique to the past. Unfortunately the author's prose style, usually elegant and reticent, sometimes falls into a fuddering rhetoric, the verbal equivalent of modern Georgian chairs manufactured in varnished balsawood: "He loved the challenge of it, and the drama, the thrills and spills, and the implicit snobbery". The jokes about Brownie's accent—and there are many—are underlined and repeated as if the writer suspected that his audience had forgotten the basis of the mispronunciation: "You soft-boil your *oeuf* . . . and pop it in an individual pot and cover it with a loo-warm asnic mixture"—loo-warm equalled lukewarm in his phraseology." It is said that a good joke can be taken too far, but *Gentleman's Gentleman* proves that a poor joke can be taken even further.

The University Press of New England announces books from Brown University

THE AMERICAN CONTROVERSY
A Bibliographical Study of the British Pamphlets on the American Disputes, 1764-1783
Thomas R. Adams
1,140pp, 2 vols, £36.00

THE DIARY OF ISAAC BACKUS
Edited by William G. McLoughlin
1,834pp, 2 vols, £72.00

THE SAINT
A Fictional Biography of Thomas Becket by Conrad Ferdinand Meyer
W. F. Twaddell
137pp. £4.50

FOUR HUNDRED SONGS AND DANCES FROM THE STUART MASQUE
Edited by Andrew J. Sabol
679pp, £50.00

UNIVERSITY PRESS OF NEW ENGLAND
37 Dover Street, W.1

NEW AND RECENT BOOKS FROM JOHN BENJAMINS IN LINGUISTICS & LITERATURE

Linguistics and Literary Studies in Eastern Europe
Founded by John Odmark

LANGUAGE, LITERATURE & MEANING I & II
Edited by John Odmark.—I. Problems of Literary Theory. 1979. x, 467 pp. f 100; II. Current Trends in Literary Research (containing a comprehensive bibliography on East European Structuralism). 1980. vi, 563 pp. f 125

FIZER, JOHN A.
Psychologism and Psychoaesthetics—A historical and critical view. 1981. ca 300 pp. ca. f 65

SEMIOTICS AND DIALECTICS:
Ideology and the Text. Edited by Peter V. Zima. 1981. ca. 600 pp. ca. f 130

STRUCTURE AND GESTALT:
Philosophy and Literature in Austria-Hungary and her Successor States. Edited by Barry J. Smith. 1981. x, 349 pp. f 75

THE STRUCTURE OF THE LITERARY PROCESS:
Studies dedicated to the Memory of Felix Vodicka. Edited by Peter Steiner, Miroslav Cervenka & Ronald Vroon. 1981. ca. 450 pp. ca. f 100

SEMIOTICS OF THE DRAMA AND THEATRE
Edited by Herta Schmid and Aloysius van Kesteren. 1981. ca. 450 pp. ca. f 100

HUNGARIAN GENERAL LINGUISTICS
Edited by Ferenc Kiefer. 1981. ca. 600 pp. ca. f 130

PRAGUE STUDIES IN MATHEMATICAL LINGUISTICS
Vol. 7, edited by Jan Horecky, Marie Tesitelova & Josef Machek. 1981. ca. 300 pp. ca. f 65

AUSGEWAHLTE RESUMIERENDE BIBLIOGRAPHIE ZUR NEUEREN SOWJETISCHEN SPRACHLEHRFORSCHUNG
(gesteuerter Fremdsprachenerwerb.) Edited by Rupprecht S. Baur, et al. 1981. lxvii, 316 pp. f 85

Studies in Language Companion Series
Editors: John W. M. Verhaar & Werner Abraham

VALENCE, SEMANTIC CASE, AND GRAMMATICAL RELATIONS
Workshop studies prepared for the 12th Int. Congress of Linguists, Vienna, Aug. 29th to Sept. 3rd, 1977. Edited by Werner Abraham. 1978. xiv, 729 pp. f 100

ANWAR, MOHAMED SAMI
Be and equational sentences in Egyptian Colloquial Arabic. 1979. vi, 128 pp. f 30

MALKIEL, YAKOV
From Particular to General Linguistics. Selected Essays 1965-1978. 1981. ca. 650 pp. ca. f 120

LLOYD, ALBERT L.
Anatomy of the verb: the Gothic verb as a model for a unified theory of aspect, actional types, and verbal velocity. 1979. x, 351 pp. f 70

HAIMAN, JOHN
Hua: A Papuan language of the Eastern Highlands of New Guinea. 1980. iv, 550 pp. f 100

ISSUES IN VOWEL HARMONY
Proceedings of the CUNY Linguistics Conference on Vowel Harmony, May 14, 1977. Edited by Robert Vago. 1980. xx 340 pp. f 85

POSSIBILITIES AND LIMITATIONS OF PRAGMATICS
Proceedings of the Conference on Pragmatics Urbino, July 8-14, 1979. Edited by Herman Parret, et al. 1981. ca. 700 pp. ca. f 140

ARGUMENTATION: APPROACHES TO THEORY FORMATION
Proceedings of a Symposium on Theory of Argumentation, Groningen, Oct. 16-18, 1978. Edited by E. M. Barth & J. L. Martens. 1981. ca. 250 pp. ca. f 55

LANG, EWALD
The Semantics of Coordination. 1981. ca. 350 pp. ca. f 95. English transl. by John Phieby of the German ed. Berlin, 1977.

Current Issues in Linguistic Theory
Editor: E. F. Konrad Koerner

A selection

STUDIES IN DESCRIPTIVE AND HISTORICAL LINGUISTICS:
Festschrift for Winfred P. Lehmann, edited by Paul J. Hopper. 1977. x, 602 pp. f 100

ITKONEN, ESA
Grammatical Theory and Metascience: A critical investigation into the methodological and philosophical foundations of "autonomous" linguistics. 1978. x, 355 pp. f 85

LINEAR ORDER AND GENERATIVE THEORY
Edited by Jurgen M. Meisel & Martin D. Pam. 1979. vii, 507 pp. f 100

CURRENT ISSUES IN THE PHONETIC SCIENCES
Proceedings of the IPS-77 Congress, Miami Beach, Fla. 17-19 Dec., 1977. Edited by Harry & Patricia Hollien. 1979. xx, 1,196 pp., with numerous illus. In 2 vols. f 250

STUDIES IN DIACHRONIC, SYNCHRONIC, AND TYPOLOGICAL LINGUISTICS
Festschrift for Oswald Szemerenyi on the occasion of his 65th Birthday, edited by Bela Brogyanyi. 1980. xiv, 996 pp. in 2 vols. f 200

THEORETICAL ISSUES IN CONTRASTIVE LINGUISTICS
Edited by Jacek Fisiak. 1980. x, 430 pp. f 95

PAPERS FROM THE FOURTH INTERNATIONAL CONFERENCE ON HISTORICAL LINGUISTICS
Stanford March 26-30, 1979. Edited by Elizabeth C. Traugott, et al. 1980. x, 437 pp. f 95

ITALIC AND ROMANCE
Linguistic Studies in Honour of Ernst Pulgram. Edited by Herbert J. Izzo. 1980. xxi, 338 pp. f 75

LINGUISTICS RECONSTRUCTION AND INDO-EUROPEAN SYNTAX
Procedings of the Colloquium of the "Indogermanische Gesellschaft", Univ. of Pavia, 6-7 Sept., 1979. Edited by Paolo Ramat, et al. 1980. viii, 263 pp. f 60

Studies in the History of Linguistics
Editor: E. F. Konrad Koerner

A selection

HUNT, R. W. (1908-1979)
The History of Grammar in the Middle Ages. Collected Papers, ed. by G. L. Bursill-Hall. 1980. xxxvi, 214 pp. f 55

PAULINUS a S. BARTHOLOMAEO
Dissertation on the Sanskrit Language, ed. by Ludo Rocher. 1977. xxvii, 224 pp. f 65

SIGERUS DE CORTRACO
Summa Modorum Significandi: Sophismata. New ed. by Jan Pinborg. 1977. xli, 108 pp. f 46

PSEUDO-ALBERTUS MAGNUS
Quaestiones Alberti de Modis Significandi. Ed. & transl. by L. G. Kelly. 1977. xxxvii, 191 pp. f 65

GODFREY OF FONTAINE'S ABRIDGEMENT OF BOETHIUS THE DANE'S MODI SIGNIFICANDI SIVE QUAESTIONES SUPER PRISCIANUM MAIOREM
Ed. & transl. by A. Charlene Senape McDermott. 1980. viii, 237 pp. f 65

SALMON, VIVIAN
The Study of Language in 17th Century England. 1979. x, 216 pp. f 65

HAYASHI, TETSURO
The Theory of English Lexicography 1530-1791. 1978. xii, 168 pp. f 45

PROGRESS IN LINGUISTIC HISTORIOGRAPHY
Papers from the Int. Conf. on the History of the Language Sciences, Ottawa, 28-31 August, 1978, ed. by E. F. Konrad Koerner. xiv, 421 pp. f 90

FIRST PERSON SINGULAR
Papers from the Conf. on an Oral Archive for the History of American Linguistics, Charlotte, N.C., 9-10 March, 1979, ed. by Boyd H. Davis & Raymond K. O'Cain. 1980. xiv, 239 pp. f 65

Library and Information Sources in Linguistics
Editor: E. F. Konrad Koerner

A selection

VERSCHUEREN, JEF
Pragmatics: an annotated bibliography, with particular reference to speech act theory. 1978. xvi, 270 pp. f 65

GUIMIER, CLAUDE
Presuppositions: an analytical bibliography. 1981. ca. 250 pp. ca. f 55

Lingvisticae Investigationes Supplementa
Editors: M. Gross, J.-C. Chevalier, C. Leclere

FOLEY, JAMES
Theoretical Morphology of the French Verb. 1979. iv, 292 pp. f 60

SALKOFF, MORRIS
Analyse syntaxique du Francais—grammaire en chaine. 1980. xvi, 334 pp. f 60

LE LANGAGE EN CONTEXTE:
Etudes Philosophiques et Linguistiques de Pragmatique, par H. Parret, et al. 1980. iv, 790 pp. f 150

LOVE, NIGEL H.
Generative Phonology: A Case Study from French. 1981. ca. 600 pp. ca. f 65

PURDUE UNIVERSITY MONOGRAPHS IN ROMANCE LANGUAGES
Editors: William M. Whitby, Allan H. Pasco, Enrique Caracciolo-Trejo

BEVERLEY, JOHN
Aspects of Gongora's "Soledades". 1980. iv, 139 pp. f 40

COOK, ROBERT FRANCIS
Chanson d'Antioche, chanson de geste: Le Cycle de la Croisade est-il epique? 1980. vi, 107 pp. f 30

PETREY, SANDY
History in the text "Quatrevingt-Treize" and the French Revolution. 1980. viii, 125 pp. f 40

KASELL, WALTER
Marcel Proust and the Strategy of Reading. 1980. x, 125 pp. f 40

AZAR, INEZ
Discurso retorico y mundo pastoral en la "Egloga Segunda" de Garcilaso. 1981. ca. 160 pp. ca. f 40

ARMES, ROY
The Films of Alain Robbe-Grillet. 1981. ca. 220 pp. ca. f 50

Amsterdam Classics in Linguistics 1800-1925.
Editor: E. F. Konrad Koerner

A selection

LEPSIUS, RICHARD (1810-84)
Standard alphabet for reducing unwritten languages and foreign graphic systems to a uniform Orthography in European Letters, ed. by J. A. Kemp. 1981. ca. 450 pp. ca. f 95

HEHN, VICTOR (1813-90)
Cultivated plants and domesticated animals in their migration from Asia to Europe: Historico-linguistic studies (1870). New ed. 1976. lxxv, 523 pp. f 125

TYTLER, ALEXANDER FRASER (Lord Woodhouselee 1747-1813)
Essay on the principles of translation. New ed. by J. Huntsman. 1978. li, xvi, 457 pp. f 100

WEIL, HENRI (1818-1909)
The order of words in the ancient languages compared with that of the modern languages. Transl. into Engl. by Charles W. Super. New ed. by Aldo Scaglione. 1978. xxxix, 114 pp. f 45

BOOKS NOT IN SERIES

HANDBOOK OF AUSTRALIAN LANGUAGES
Edited by R. M. W. Dixon & B. J. Blake. 3 vols. 1980/1981. Tog. ca. 1,200 pp. Per vol. f 90

DUTCH CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE EIGHTH INTERNATIONAL CONGRESS OF SLAVISTS
Zagreb, Ljubljana, Sept. 3-9, 1978, ed. by Jan M. Meijer. 1979. iv, 425 pp. Paperbd. f 90

NEW BOOK SERIES IN PREPARATION

Foundations of Semiotics
Editor: Achim Eschbach

STUDIES IN LOGIC
by Members of the Johns Hopkins University, ed. by Charles S. Peirce. vi, 203 pp. Reprint 1981. ca. f 40

WELBY, VICTORIA LADY
What is Meaning? Studies in the Development of Significance. 321 pp. Reprint 1981. ca. f 65
(All books are hardbound)

Journals

ARS SEMEIOTICA
International Journal of American Semiotic. Editor: Luigi Romeo. 3 x p.y. Vol. 4. 1981. f 110+16 postage

HISTORIOGRAPHIA LINGUISTICA
International Journal for the History of Linguistics. Editor: E. F. Konrad Koerner. 3 x p.y. Vol. 8. 1981. f 120+16 postage

LINGVISTICAE INVESTIGATIONES
Revue internationale de linguistique francaise et de linguistique generale. Editors: M. Gross, J. C. Chevalier, C. Leclere, 2 x p.y. Vol. 5. 1981. f 130+11 postage.

PRAGMATICS & BEYOND
An Interdisciplinary Series of Language Studies. Editors: Herman Parret and Jef Verschueren. 8 texts p.y. of each 100-130 pp. Vol. II. 1981 f 200+16 postage.
P & B is intended to contribute to a better understanding of linguistic activity in relation to human cognition and situational and personal context. It is interdisciplinary in nature, attracting authors from the fields of linguistics, psychology, sociology, philosophy and Artificial Intelligence.
Volumes I (1980) and II (1981) contain texts by Melvin J. Adler, Jacques Bouveresse, Benoit de Cornulier, Marcelo Dascal, John Dinsmore, Peter Eglin, Ivan Fonagy, Michael D. Fortescue, Joseph F. Kess, Geoffrey N. Leech, Anca M. Nemoianu, Herman Parret, Karl Sornig, Charles Travis, Johan Van der Auwera and Jef Verschueren, dealing with topics as truth, ambiguity, focus, presupposition, speech acts, conversation and language acquisition.

STUDIES IN LANGUAGE
International Journal sponsored by the Foundation "Foundations of Language". Eds.: John W. M. Verhaar & Werner Abraham. 3 x p.y. Vol. 5. 1981 f 120+16 postage.
Back vols. of all journals are available at current subscription price.

JOHN BENJAMINS BV, PUBLISHER
AMSTELDIJK 44, P.O.B. 52519
1007 HA AMSTERDAM/HOLLAND
Tel. (020)-738156/Telex 15798
(All prices are in Dutch guilders)

—NON-FICTION—

THE NORSE MYTHS
A retelling
Kevin Crossley-Holland
£8.95 320pp 233 97271 4

THE ALLIES AND THE RUSSIAN COLLAPSE
March 1917–March 1918
Michael Kettle
March 19 £14.95 288pp 12pp b/w photographs 233 97078 9

OIL
The missed opportunity or NAFT & SHAFT
Aubrey Jones
An examination of the policies and investments of the oil-producing countries
March 19 £14.95 288pp 233 97368 0

BIRD SEEKER'S GUIDE
John Gooders
The essential companion to bird-watching in Britain
March 19 £6.95 192pp 12pp b/w photographs 233 97297 8

ANOTHER ALMANAC OF WORDS AT PLAY
Willard R. Espy
An anthology of rebuses, anagrams, palindromes, limericks, poems, satires, puns and wordplay of every kind
March 19 £4.95 paperback 352pp 233 97288 9

THE CITY AT WORK
A guide to the institutions that make up the City of London and their roles
Joe Irving
April 16 £5.95 192pp 233 97328 1

COMING ALIVE!
China after Mao
Roger Garside
May 14 £8.95 496pp 233 97295 1

CHINA COMPANION
Evelyne Garside
A guide to 100 cities, resorts and places of interest in the People's Republic
May 14 £4.95 paperback 288pp 30 maps & charts 233 97270 6

HOW TO MAKE UP YOUR MIND ABOUT THE BOMB
Robert Neild
An examination of the case for and against nuclear weapons on British soil
May 14 £3.95 paperback 160pp 233 97382 6

THE GAME
My 40 years in tennis
Jack Kramer
May 14 £8.95 320pp 16pp b/w photographs 233 97307 9

LIBRARIES AND THE HANDICAPPED CHILD
Margaret R. Marshall
An authoritative handbook with detailed advice on stock selection, equipment and library design
A Grafton Book
£8.95 208pp 233 97299 4

—FICTION—

ODD'S END
Tim Wynne-Jones
£5.95 228pp 233 97323 0

ECHO
Kenneth Fupp
March 19 £6.50 224pp 233 97330 3

DOUBLE RED
David Jordan
May 14 £5.95 224pp 233 97339 X

SGT. VERITY AND THE SWELL MOB
Francis Selwyn
May 14 £5.95 256pp 233 97074 6

ANDRE DEUTSCH

Words for music, perhaps

By Philip Larkin

DONALD MITCHELL:
Britten and Auden in the Thirties: The Year 1936
176pp. Faber. £7.50.
0 571 11715 5

Collaboration in the arts is always interesting. And when the collaborators are major figures of their time, it is doubly so: what they produce should be the sum of its distinguished parts. Or if this is too much to hope, then at least it should realize aspects of their talents that would otherwise have lain hidden.

The combination of Auden and Britten was especially promising, for superficially at least they had much in common. Each was a virtuoso: Britten actually *liked* composing to order, however difficult the circumstances ("we have to record separately—me, having conduct from an improvised visual metronome"), while Isherwood's conviction that Auden could write anything, even a double ballade on a brand of toothpaste ("and it would be good"), is well known. They came from the same background, even the same school, and were both homosexual in what sound like different ways; Auden was six years older, but he loved music and was an enthusiastic amateur pianist. Above all, their artistic roles were running parallel: in the heady political Thirties, Auden was the progressives' poet, Britten their composer. They should have got on like a house on fire.

Their association was at any rate fruitful, starting with *Coal Face* and *Night Mail* for the GPO Film Unit, developing with settings of Auden's poems and cabaret songs, and expiring with the opera *Paul Bunyan* they wrote in America during the war. As an artistic partnership it covered a longer span of productive years than the more celebrated Auden-Isherwood duo. Whether it represented in any sense a marriage of minds is more questionable. Britten was deeply impressed by Auden, and admired his work, but the older poet was a dominating, even a domineering, character, and one gets the impression that Britten was sometimes an unhappy and even an unwilling follower. This seems to have been specially true when they both went to America, which Britten found he disliked, and lived in the celebrated Middagh Street household in New York that Auden directed and Britten eventually retreated from.

Such at least is the picture Donald Mitchell presents, and he supports it with a fascinating hitherto-unpublished letter from Auden to Britten from the Berg Collection in New York Public Library, in which Britten is taken to task (affectionately, but taken to task none the less) for "playing the lovable talented little boy" and being bourgeois, and so denying the "demands of disorder" that are so essential a part of an artist's life and were doubtless well satisfied at Middagh Street. It is the kind of letter Auden's friends must have been used to, and one would like to see Britten's reply. Dr Mitchell does not rebut the charge—indeed, he claims that this conflict of order and chaos was a principal theme of Britten's later creative life—but he rightly implies that it is no more than a symptom of the fact that Auden and Britten were developing into very different personalities.

But his book is not really, or not exclusively, about this. As a musicologist, and as Britten's official biographer, Donald Mitchell is chiefly concerned with the music the association produced, and the sides of Britten's character it exemplified. He uses Britten's diaries of the pre-war years (the book's mystifying sub-title is not adhered to) to demonstrate his political awareness, though this hardly seems sophisticated—"I like Fridays because apart from the daily paper there is the Radio Times (occasionally World Radio too) & New Statesman". In the fashion of the time, Britten was prepared to lend his talent to propagandist causes, writing music for Rotha's "Peace Film" and composing a "Pacifist March" with words by Ronald Duncan ("Corr-u-ga-ted iron for our roof"). But the picture he draws of Britten in general is of a tremendously hard, inventive and reliable worker, who would have given "the demands of disorder" very short shrift if he had ever noticed them. In fact the book is about Britten, not Auden, and reads a little like a draft of a chapter from the forthcoming biography (it is, of course, based on Dr Mitchell's four Eliot Memorial Lectures at the University of Kent in 1979).

What his thesis turns on is not so much the nature of the collaboration as the quality of the music it produced. At the very end he rather indignantly takes up Clive James's contention that "Auden never met his Kurt Weill. He met Britten, but the results were meagre". Dr Mitchell replies:

> If we added together all the Auden-Britten collaborations . . . we should find that we have answered a very large body of work which made a decisive contribution to the making of the Thirties. The joint work of composer and poet constitutes part of the very sight and sound of the Thirties.

This is supported by numerous musical quotations and their analysis. It is an area of debate a purely literary reviewer finds it hard to enter. I know one Brecht-Weill piece, "Mac the Knife", because I have a record of Louis Armstrong playing it; but Armstrong did not record "Out on the lawn I lie in bed" or even one of the cabaret songs, by which I mean that whatever the musical worth of these pieces they cannot be said to have penetrated the popular mind, and I take leave to doubt whether they do in fact constitute the very significant sound of the decade. The few recordings I have been able to borrow for the purpose of this review strike me (to quote Dr Mitchell from a different context) as "too clever, too sophisticated, too eclectic, too polished, too heartless even". But this is no doubt my fault.

In the last analysis, Donald Mitchell ascribes the breakdown of the partnership to Auden's increasing unsettability:

> I am not sure that Auden ever wholly comprehended that while words are words, words written for transformation into and by music—for consumption by music—are something entirely different.

I think this is very likely true: American Auden, as distinct from the Auden of *Look, Stranger!*, was a ponderous windbag. On the other hand, real poems are not meant to be set to music: they are not meant to be made into posters, or read at "happenings", or to be declaimed or distracted by anything that is not themselves. They are self-sufficient as cats. Therefore if successful setting requires "something entirely different" from the poem as poem, the parting of the ways between poet and composer is not hard to forecast. Henceforth Britten was happier with Montagu Slater, Eric Crozier and the rest.

Coughing and smoking

By April FitzLyon

WILLIAM G. ATWOOD:
The Lioness and the Little One
The Liaison of George Sand and Frédéric Chopin
316pp. New York: Columbia University Press. $21.20.
0 231 04942 0

Can yet another book on the liaison of Chopin and George Sand possibly throw any new light on that old story? With the publication of Chopin's *Korespondencja* by B. E. Sydow (Warsaw, 1955, and subsequent shorter versions in French and English), and George Lubin's monumental *Correspondance* of George Sand (Paris, 1968–), the main outlines of both sides of the story have been established, although as yet unpublished material may still come to light, it is unlikely to change the picture much, except perhaps in relatively minor detail. New interpretations of old material are always possible, of course, but in this particular case it does seem that there is little more to be said.

George Sand has been more fortunate than Chopin in her biographers, and it is not difficult to see why. Like most Romantics, she was eager to turn her own life into literature, and produced a flood of novels, many autobiographical, and a number of autobiographical works which are largely fiction. Life and work therefore go very well together. She had an interesting life, and was deeply involved in literary, social and political movements of her day. Ideas stimulated her, and she produced a good many of her own, which she shared with a very wide circle of friends. Her vast and revealing correspondence covers over a half a century of French intellectual life.

It was quite the reverse with Chopin. Unromantically reticent and fastidious, he led a fairly uninteresting life, and disliked intellectuals and conversations with them. He had few ideas, apart from musical ideas; his correspondence is relatively unrevealing. His music, the least autobiographical music of his epoch, is all the same the real key to his mind, which can only be discussed seriously in purely musical terms. This poses a problem for biographers, particularly if they are writing for a wide public.

Any dual biography of Chopin and George Sand, such as *The Lioness and the Little One*, is bound to be rather lop-sided; George Sand told all, and sometimes rather more than all; whereas Chopin's viewpoint can only be gleaned with difficulty from his letters and the memoirs of his close friends. The fact that many of these are in Polish is an added complication.

William G. Atwood is not concerned with his subjects' works, or ideas, but with their lives. No one reading this book will be much wiser, for example, about George Sand's theories concerning the place of the artist in society, which are very relevant to the love affair; nor will they learn anything about Chopin's musical development. Instead, the reader will have to spend the usual obligatory summer in Nohant, and yet another winter in Majorca; he will have to grow up with Solange's tantrums, and Marie d'Agoult's spitefulness, and eventually make the long, cold journey to Scotland and back. He will also have to suffer rather more than the usual amount of coughing by Chopin, and smoking by George Sand.

Atwood rightly remarks that many previous biographers have been biased: Chopin's biographers tend to see George as a malign influence on the composer, while some of George Sand's biographers dismiss Chopin as a petulant and neurasthenic invalid, a drain on the great writer's energy and time. Atwood implies that he, writing a dual biography, is not biased, the title of his book betrays his bias (and his ignorance of the use of diminutives in French). But at least we know what we are in for: George is the powerful mother-figure which she probably was in reality, but Chopin is the neurasthenic sickly creature of legend.

Atwood bases his narrative mainly on Chopin's and George Sand's letters. He adds nothing new to the story, except in the telling of it. In those days, apparently, people never spoke; instead they chirped, "burbled", "grumbled", "gasped" or "fumed". Among a number of odd statements, perhaps the oddest is the description of Lamartine as "poet and Saint Simonian". It would be guilty if the imprint of a distinguished university press were to mislead people about this book.

M de Charlus and the bus-conductor

By Marcel Proust

The episode published here is to be found in Proust's manuscript of Cities of the Plain *but was not included in the original edition of the novel. Translated by Terence Kilmartin, it is printed as an appendix to Volume II of his revised version of C. K. Scott-Moncrieff's* Remembrance of Things Past, *to be published in three volumes by Chatto and Windus on March 5.*

People in society noticed the Princess's febrility, and her fear, though she was still very far from ageing, lest the state of nervous agitation in which she now lived might prevent her from keeping her young appearance. Indeed one evening, at a dinner party to which M de Charlus was also invited and at which, for that reason, she arrived looking radiant but somehow strange, I realized that this strangeness arose from the fact that, thinking to improve her complexion and to look younger—and probably for the first time in her life—she was heavily made up. She exaggerated even further the eccentricity of dress which had always been a slight weakness of hers. She had only to hear M de Charlus speak of a portrait to have its sitter's elaborate finery copied and to wear it herself. One day when, thus backed with an immense hat copied from a Gainsborough portrait (*it would be better to think of a painter whose hats were really extraordinary*), she was harping on the theme, which had now become a familiar one with her, of how sad it must be to grow old, and quoted in this connection Mme Récamier's remark to the effect that she would know she was no longer beautiful when the little chimney-sweeps no longer turned to look at her in the street. "Don't worry, my dear little Marie", replied the Duchesse de Guermantes in a caressing voice, so that the affectionate gentleness of her tone should prevent her cousin from taking offence at the irony of the words, "you've only to go on wearing hats like the one you have on and you can be sure that they'll always turn round".

This love of hers for M de Charlus which was beginning to be bruited abroad, combined with what was gradually becoming known about the latter's way of life, was almost as much of a help to the anti-Dreyfusards as the Princess's Germanic origin. When some wavering spirit pointed out in favour of Dreyfus's innocence the fact that a nationalist and anti-semitic Christian like the Prince de Guermantes had been converted to a belief in it, people would reply: "But didn't he marry a German?" "Yes, but . . ." "And isn't that German woman rather highly strung? Isn't she infatuated with a man who has bizarre tastes?" And in spite of the fact that the Prince's Dreyfusism had not been prompted by his wife and had no connection with the Baron's sexual proclivities, the philosophical anti-Dreyfusards would conclude: "There, you see! The Prince de Guermantes may be Dreyfusist in the best of good faith; but foreign influence may have been brought to bear on him by occult means. That's the most dangerous way. But let me give you a piece of advice. Whenever you come across a Dreyfusard, just scratch a bit. Not far underneath, you'll find the ghetto, foreign blood, inversion or Wagneromania." And cravenly the subject would be dropped, for it had to be admitted that the Princess was a passionate Wagnerian.

Whenever the Princess was expecting a visit from me, since she knew that I often saw M de Charlus, she would evidently prepare in advance a certain number of questions which she then put to me adroitly enough for me not to detect what lay behind them and which must have been aimed at verifying whether such and such an assertion, such and such an excuse by M de Charlus in connection with a certain address or a certain evening, were true or not. Sometimes, throughout my entire visit, she would not ask me a single question, however insignificant it might have appeared, and would try to draw my attention to this. Then, having said good-bye to me, she would suddenly, on the doorstep, ask me five or six as though without premeditation. So it went on, until one evening she sent for me. I found her in a state of extraordinary agitation, scarcely able to hold back her tears. She asked if she could entrust me with a letter for M de Charlus and begged me to deliver it to him at all costs. I hurried round to his house, where I found him in front of the mirror wiping a few specks of powder from his face. He perused the letter—the most desperate appeal, I later learnt—and asked me to reply that it was physically impossible that evening, that he was ill. While he was talking to me, he plucked from a vase one after another a number of roses each of a different hue, tried them in his buttonhole, and looked in the mirror to see how they matched his complexion, without being able to decide on any of them. His valet came in to announce that the barber had arrived, and the Baron held out his hand to say good-bye to me. "But he's forgotten his curling tongs", said the valet. The Baron flew into a terrible rage; only the unsightly flush which threatened to ruin his complexion persuaded him to calm down a little, though he remained plunged in an even more bitter despair than before because not only would his hair be less wavy than it might have been but his face would be redder and his nose shiny with sweat. "He can go and get them", suggested the valet. "But I haven't the time", wailed the Baron in an ululation calculated to produce as terrifying an effect as the most violent rage while generating less heat in him who emitted it. "I haven't the time", he moaned. "I must leave in half an hour or I shall miss everything." "Would Monsieur le Baron like him to come in, then?" "I don't know, I can't do without a touch of the curling tongs. Tell him he's a brute, a scoundrel. Tell him . . ."

At this point I left and hurried back to the Princess. Her breast heaving with emotion, she scribbled another message and asked me to go round to him again: "I'm taking advantage of your friendship, but if you only knew why . . ." I returned to M de Charlus. Just before reaching his house, I saw him join Jupien beside a parked cab. The headlights of a passing car lit up for a moment the peaked cap and the face of a bus-conductor. Then I could see him no longer, for the cab had been halted in a dark corner near the entrance to a completely unlit cul-de-sac. I turned into this cul-de-sac so that M de Charlus should not see me.

"Give me a second before I get in", M de Charlus said to Jupien. "My moustache isn't ruffled?"

"No, you look superb."

"You're kidding me."

"Don't use such expressions, they don't suit you. They're all right for the fellow you're going to see."

"Ah, so he's a bit loutish! I'm not averse to that. But tell me, what sort of man is he, not too skinny?"

I realized from all this that if M de Charlus was failing to go to the help of a glorious princess who was wild with grief, it was not for the sake of a rendezvous with someone he loved, or even desired, but of an arranged introduction to someone he had never met before.

"No, he isn't skinny; in fact he's rather plump and fleshy. Don't worry, he's just your type, you'll see, you'll be very pleased with him, my little lambkin", Jupien added, employing a form of address which seemed as personally inappropriate, as ritual, as when the Russians call a passer-by "little father".

He got into the cab with M de Charlus, and I might have heard no more had not the Baron in his agitation omitted to shut the window and, moreover, unwittingly begun in order to appear at his ease, to speak in the shrill, reverberating tone of voice which he assumed when he was putting on a social performance.

"I'm delighted to make your acquaintance, and I really must apologise for keeping you waiting in this nasty cab", he said, in order to fill the vacuum in his anxious mind with words, and oblivious of the fact that the nasty cab must on the contrary seem perfectly nice to a bus-conductor. "I hope you will give me the pleasure of spending an evening, a comfortable evening with me. Are you never free except in the evenings?"

"Only on Sundays."

"Ah! you're free on Sunday afternoons? Excellent. That makes everything much simpler. Do you like music? Do you ever go to concerts?"

"Yes, I often goes."

"Ah! very good indeed. You see how nicely we're getting on already? I really am delighted to know you. We might go to a Colonne concert—I often have the use of my cousin de Guermantes's box, or my cousin Philippe de Coburg's" (he did not dare say the King of Bulgaria for fear of seeming to be "showing off", but although the bus-conductor had no idea what the Baron was talking about and had never heard of the Coburgs, this princely name seemed already too showy to M de Charlus, who in order not to give the impression of over-acting what he was offering, modestly proceeded to disparage it). "Yes, my cousin Philippe de Coburg—you don't know him?" and at once, as a rich man might say to a third-class traveller: "One's so much more comfortable than in first-class", he went on: "All the more reason for envying you, really, because he's a bit of a fool, poor fellow. Or rather, it's not so much that he's a fool, but he's irritating—all the Coburgs are. But in any case I envy you: that open-air life must be so agreeable, seeing so many different people, and in a charming spot, surrounded by trees—for I believe my friend Jupien told me that the terminus of your line was at La Muette. I've often wanted to live out there. There's nowhere more beautiful in the whole of Paris. So it's agreed, then: we'll go to a Colonne concert. We can have the box closed. Not that I shouldn't be extremely flattered to be seen with you, but we'd be more peaceful. . . . Society is so boring isn't it? Of course I don't mean my cousin Guermantes who is charming and so beautiful."

Just as shy scholars who are afraid of being accused of pedantry abbreviate an erudite allusion and only succeed in appearing more long-winded and becoming totally obscure, so the Baron, in seeking to belittle the splendour of the names he cited, made his discourse completely unintelligible to the bus-conductor. The latter, failing to understand its terms, tried to interpret it according to its tone, and as the tone was that of someone who is apologising, he was beginning to fear that he might not receive the sum that Jupien had led him to expect.

"When you go to concerts on Sunday, do you go to the Colonne ones, too?"

"Pardon?"

"What concert-hall do you go to on Sundays?" the Baron repeated, slightly irritated.

"Sometimes to Concordia, sometimes to the Apéritif Concert, or to the Concert Mayol. But I prefer to stretch me legs a bit. It ain't much fun having to stay sitting down all day long."

"I don't like Mayol. He has an effeminate manner that I find horribly unpleasant. On the whole I detest all men of that type."

Since Mayol was popular, the conductor understood what the Baron said, but was even more puzzled as to why he had wanted to see him, since it could not be for something he hated.

"We might go to a museum together", the Baron went on. "Have you ever been to a museum?"

"I only know the Louvre and the Musée Grevin [The waxwork museum]."

I returned to the Princess, bringing back her letter. In her disappointment, she burst out at me angrily, but apologized at once.

"You're going to hate me", she said. "I hardly dare ask you to go back a third time."

I stopped the cab a little before the cul-de-sac, and turned into it. The carriage was still there. M de Charlus was saying to Jupien: "Well, the most sensible thing is for you to get out first with him, and see him on his way, and then rejoin me here. . . . All right, then, I hope to see you again. How shall we arrange it?"

"Well, you could send me a message when you go out for a meal at noon", said the conductor.

If he used this expression, which applied less accurately to the life of M de Charlus, who did not "go out for a meal at noon", than to that of omnibus employees and others, this was doubtless not from lack of intelligence but from disregard for local colour. In the tradition of the old masters, he treated the character of M de Charlus as a Veronese or a Racine those of the bridegroom at the marriage feast of Cana or Oresteo, whom they depict as though this legendary Jew and this legendary Greek had belonged, the one to the luxury-loving patriciate of Venice, the other to the court of Louis XIV. M de Charlus was content to overlook the inaccuracy, and replied: "No, it would be simpler if you would arrange it with Jupien. I'll speak to him about it. Goodnight, it's been delightful", he added, unable to relinquish either his worldly courtesy or his aristocratic hauteur. Perhaps he was even more formally polite at such moments than he was in society; for when one steps outside one's habitual sphere, shyness renders one incapable of invention, and it is the memory of one's habits that one calls upon for practically everything; hence it is upon the actions whereby one hoped to emancipate oneself from one's habits that the latter are most forcibly brought to bear, almost in the manner of those toxic states which intensify when the toxin is withdrawn.

Jupien got out with the conductor.

"Well then, what did I tell you?"

"Ah, I wouldn't mind a few evenings like that! I quite like hearing someone chatting away like that, steady like, a chap who doesn't get worked up. He isn't a priest?"

"No, not at all."

"He looks like a photographer I went to one time to get my picture taken. It's not him?"

"No, not him either."

"Come off it", said the conductor, who thought that Jupien was trying to deceive him and feared, since M de Charlus had remained rather vague about future assignations, that he might "stand him up", "come off it, you can't tell me it isn't the photographer. I recognized him all right. He lives at 5, Rue de l'Echelle, and he's got a little black dog called Love, I think—so you see I know."

"You're talking rubbish", said Jupien. "I don't say there isn't a photographer who has a little black dog, but I do say he's not the man I introduced you to."

"All right, all right, you can say what you like, but I'm sticking to my own opinion."

"You can stick to it as long as you like for all I care. I'll call round to-morrow about the rendezvous."

Jupien returned to the cab, but the Baron, restive, had already got out of it.

"He's nice, most agreeable and well-mannered. But what's his hair like? He isn't bald, I hope? I didn't dare ask him to take his cap off. I was as nervous as a kitten."

"What a big baby you are!"

"Anyway we can discuss it, but the next time I should prefer to see him performing his professional functions. For instance I could take the corner seat beside him in his tram. And if it was possible by doubling the price, I should even like to see him do some rather cruel things—for example, pretend not to see the old ladies signalling to the tram and then having to go home on foot."

"You vicious thing! But that, dearie, would not be very easy, because there's also the driver, you see. He wants to be well thought of at work."

As I emerged from the cul-de-sac, I remembered the evening at the Princesse de Guermantes's (the evening which I interrupted in the middle of describing it, with this anticipatory digression, but to which I shall return) when M de Charlus denied being in love with the Comtesse Molé, and I thought to myself that if we could read the thoughts of the people we know we would often be astonished to find that the biggest space in them was occupied by something quite other than what

THE MAKING OF ELIZABETHAN FOREIGN POLICY, 1558-1603
R. B. WERNHAM
120pp, £9.25 cloth; £2.35 paper

THE VOICE OF THE TAMBARAN
Truth and Illusion in Ilahita Arapesh Religion
DONALD F. TUZIN
300pp, £12.00

CAMILLUS
A Study of Indo-European Religion as Roman History
GEORGES DUMEZIL
Edited, with an Introduction by UDO STRUTYNSKI
250pp. £10.20

THE POLITICAL ECONOMY OF GERMANY IN THE TWENTIETH CENTURY
KARL HARDACH
240pp, £13.50

ABSORPTION AND THEATRICALITY
Painting and Beholder in the Age of Diderot
MICHAEL FRIED
400pp. £16.50

THE POLITICS OF ELITE CULTURE
Explorations in the Dramaturgy of Power in a Modern African Society
ABNER COHEN
200pp, £10.00 cloth; £4.25 paper

KARMA AND REBIRTH IN CLASSICAL INDIAN TRADITIONS
Edited by WENDY DONIGER O'FLAHERTY
400pp, £16.50

ROBERT MUSIL AND THE CRISIS OF EUROPEAN CULTURE, 1880-1942
DAVID S. LUFT
336pp, £11.50

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA PRESS
Ely House,
37 Dover Street,
London W1.

Spring Books from Dent

Music

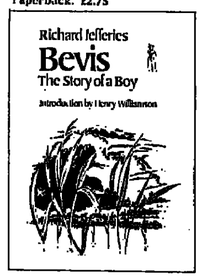
Modern Music
The avant garde since 1945
PAUL GRIFFITHS
The first comprehensive study of devslopments in music since 1945, including discussion of major works by Stockhausen, Boulez, Cage, Babbitt, Berio and many others. Publication and recording details are given for the works considered. An invaluable book both to the student and the general reader wanting a serious introduction to the music of our time. Illustrated with 80 music examples.
£15.00

War

The Liberation of the Riviera
PETER LESLIE
The first full account of the activities of a group of Resistance workers in the South of France who, under the leadership of Ange-Marie Miniconi, fought with great courage and effectiveness against the occupying Germans. £7.95

Now Re-issued in Everyman's Library

Bevis : The Story of a Boy
RICHARD JEFFERIES
A reissue of the well-known classic, not otherwise currently available, with Henry Williamson's introduction. Everyman Paperback. £2.75



A Book of the 'Bounty'
WILLIAM BLIGH and others
Edited by
GEORGE MACKANESS
New introduction by
GAVIN KENNEDY
This important and scholarly contribution to the continuing debate on the most famous mutiny in history, for many years unavailable, is now reissued with a new introduction by the author of a major biography of Bligh (1978). £5.95

Dent

Heinemann

My Command
An Account of the Nigerian Civil War 1967-70
GENERAL OLUSEGUN OBASANJO
This is the first book to be written about the Nigerian civil war by one of its top commanders – one who was eventually to become Head of State. Throughout, the author illuminates his narrative with anecdotes which reveal him not only as an outstanding commander, but as a man of great humanity.
cased £8.50 net

Latest Titles in the Caribbean Writers Series

Selected Poetry
DEREK WALCOTT
This book makes available a selection from the work of this distinguished poet whose reputation has grown steadily since *In a Green Night*.
(CWS 15) paper £2.50 net

Crick Crack Monkey
MERLE HODGE
A revealing novel of childhood about Tee who is being made socially acceptable by her Aunt Beatrice so that she can cope with the caste system of Trinidad.
(CWS 24) paper £1.45 net

Latest Titles in the African Writers Series

Black Sunlight
DAMBUDZO MARECHERA
'This phantasmagoric, verbally rich novel moves in a multiverse between Britain and an unspecified (conceivably Zimbabwean) time pocket where a male despot prolongs cruel chaos, and another urban guerrilla ambience. . . . Marechera passes through African and Oxford self-regard to a sensuous worldview.' *Tribune*
'. . . the barely contained anger of *The House of Hunger* with which Marechera made his impressive debut and won the *Guardian* fiction prize for 1979, has been fully unleased.' *New Statesman*
(AWS 23) paper £2.60 net

Selected Poetry
LENRIE PETERS
This book provides a selection from *Satellites* and *Katchikali* as well as from Lenrie Peters' more recent work.
'. . . Although Peters has not used the techniques of oral literature, or African linguistic devices ; his poems reflect the African spirit and sensibility in their handling of socio-political problems.'
(AWS 238) paper £2.75 net

Heinemann Educational Books
HEB 22 Bedford Square, London WC1B 3HH

we suspected. I walked round to M de Charlus's house. He had not yet returned. I left the letter. It was learned next day that the Princesse de Guermantes had poisoned herself by mistaking one medicine for another, an accident after which she was for several months at death's door and withdrew from society for several years. It sometimes happened to me also after that evening, on taking a bus, to pay my fare to the conductor whom Jupien had "introduced" to M de Charlus in the cab. He was a big man, with an ugly, pimpled face and a short-sightedness that made him now wear what Françoise called "specicles". I could never look at him without thinking of the perturbation followed by amazement which the Princesse de Guermantes would have shown if I had had her with me and had said to her: "Wait a minute, I'm going to show you the person for whose sake M de Charlus resisted your three appeals on the evening you poisoned yourself, the person responsible for all your misfortunes. You'll see him in a moment, he isn't far from here."

Doubtless the Princess's heart would have beaten wildly in anticipation. And her curiosity would perhaps have been mixed with a secret admiration for a person who had been so attractive as to make M de Charlus, as a rule so kind to her, deaf to her entreaties. How often, in her grief mingled with hatred and, in spite of everything, a certain fellow-feeling, must she not have attributed the most noble features to that person, whether she believed it to be a man or a woman! And then, on seeing this creature, ugly, pimpled, vulgar, with red-rimmed, myopic eyes, what a shock! Doubtless the cause of our sorrows, embodied in a human form beloved of another, is sometimes comprehensible to us ; the Trojan elders, seeing Helen pass by, said to one another :

> One glance from her eclipses all our griefs.

But the opposite is perhaps more common, because (just as, conversely, admirable and beautiful wives are always being abandoned by their husbands) it often happens that people who are ugly in the eyes of almost everyone excite inexplicable passions ; for what Leonardo said of painting can equally well be said of love, that it is *cosa mentale*, something in the mind. Moreover one cannot even say that the reaction of the Trojan elders is more or less common than the other (satisfaction on seeing the person who has caused our sorrows): for one has only to let a little time go by and the case of the Trojan elders almost always merges with the other ; in other words there is only one case. Had the Trojan elders never seen Helen, and had she been fated to grow old and ugly, if one had said to them one day: "You're about to see the famous Helen", it is probable that, confronted with a dumpy, red-faced, misshapen old woman, they would have been no less stupefied than the Princesse de Guermantes would have been at the sight of the bus conductor.

© Editions Gallimard 1954. Translation © Chatto and Windus and Random House, Inc. 1981.

On the road to freedom

By Douglas Johnson

MARIUS PERRIN :
Avec Sartre au Stalag 12D
168pp. Paris : Delarge.
2 7113 0184 2

Marius Perrin is a priest, and a specialist in English studies who is now Director of the Ecole Supérieure de Secrétaires-Traducrices in the Catholic Faculty of Lyon. From June 1940 until March 1941 he was a French prisoner-of-war in the German camp of Trier. Among his fellow-prisoners there were the Dominican Boisselot, one of the principal animators of *La Vie Intellectuelle* and other Catholic publications considered somewhat daring at the time, Pierre Bolleau, who had written a successful detective novel called *Le Repos de Bacchus*, and a writer and philosophy teacher, Jean-Paul Sartre.

Boisselot appears to have met Sartre before the war, with Gabriel Marcel, and Sartre already knew of Bolleau's reputation as a writer. Perrin had only a vague memory of having read a short story by him (it was "Le Mur") as well as a critical article on Mauriac, but it was he who formed the strongest relationship with Sartre. When he eventually escaped from the prison camp it was to Sartre's mother in Paris that he went first, and he and Sartre remained close friends afterwards. This journal and notes, written during the period of their captivity, are now published as a homage to Sartre.

It is clear that Sartre made an indelible impression on Perrin. While others were proud to have Sartre eating at their table because he was a *normalien* and *agrégé de philosophie*, (French snobbery does not seem to have been diluted by the experiences of defeat and imprisonment); Perrin was struck by the personality and ideas of his new friend. He tells us that he never forgot the lesson Sartre taught him, which he later expressed in the words, "L'important n'est pas ce qu'on a fait de vous, mais ce que vous faites de ce qu'on a fait de vous".

Perrin is also anxious to correct mistakes. He once wrote to the *TLS*, he tells us, to protest about the suggestion in a review that Sartre owed his release from the camp to the intervention of Drieu la Rochelle (a probability described as "instructive" in reality it was Perrin who had the idea of describing Sartre on his papers as being "inapt" for military service on account of defective eyesight, and Perrin again who wrote out this medical decision in red ink (ironically, Sartre, provided with this forgery, was able to pass through the rigid German controls and return to France while others with genuine certificates were turned back). Perrin is also anxious to nail the legend that Sartre lectured on Heidegger to a group of priests in the camp, a legend which is gaining credence for being so frequently repeated (it appeared, for example, in the special number of *Libération* published after Sartre's death).

According to Perrin he had, on Sartre's advice, succeeded in getting hold of a copy of Heidegger's *Sein und Zeit* through the agency of a Basque priest who went into Trier every day. Sartre—always "Monsieur Sartre" to Perrin, who in turn was always "Monsieur l'Abbé" to Sartre ; they were almost alone in avoiding the universal *tutoiement*—would spend an hour or two each day reading this book with Perrin, usually in the blanket store-room. Sartre commented on the text and would sometimes explain how he intended to develop some theme in a book he was planning to write.

Sartre also had the manuscript of *L'Age de raison* with him in the camp and several of the priests read it and discussed it among themselves. Their first real contact with him had been when Sartre gave a talk to a small group of prisoners on the theme of death, and how it was envisaged by Rilke, Malraux and Heidegger. The lecture was a great success in so far as the priests agreed that Sartre was "un homme à cultiver" and they invited him to lunch, a lunch specially prepared and spectacularly endowed with a bottle of Moselle wine (poured by the invaluable Basque priest). From this time on it would seem as if all the prisoners spent their time discussing Sartre, his experiences, his views and his projects. Was there a possibility that he might be converted ? Why was he reluctant to kill the fleas occasionally visible on his clothes—had he a Buddhist-like reluctance to destroy any form of life or was he determined to profit from this enforced experience and find out what it was really like to be down and out, a *clochard* ? Sartre, in his turn, appears to have learnt from the priests. He was surprised to discover that in the seminaries there was discussion about left-wing ideology and about pacifism, and he admitted that on the question of anti-Semitism he had not sufficiently reflected on the idea that the Jewish religion, with its insistence on a unique God, was not a challenge to all other religions. When in argument with the priests, his answer to what Perrin calls their "impérialisme théologique" was, in part, to insist upon his own pride, his "orgueil absolu".

But the key to this shared experience of the Stalag was the play *Bariona*, which Sartre wrote for the Christmas celebrations and in which he himself acted. For a long time Sartre would not allow this work to be published (although it seems that typescript versions had been circulating privately, possibly coming from one of the actors), because he regarded it as being so intimately addressed to the circumstances of its composition and performance that it could not properly be understood apart from them. The version that was eventually published was accompanied by a note in which Sartre explains that he took his subject from Christian mythology, not because the direction of his thought had undergone any change during captivity, but because he had made an agreement with the priests who were his fellow-prisoners to find a subject which would bring about, on Christmas Eve, the greatest unanimity between Christians and non-believers.

In the epilogue to his book, Perrin is inspired by this note to be rather sharp about Sartre's familiarity with Christian mythology, perhaps the only occasion on which he is hostile to his subject, and the notes which he made at the time suggest that the whole idea of writing the play came from Sartre himself. The priests were intrigued and they even speculated, apparently with some amusement, as to whether Sartre, like the Roman saint Genest, might not be converted since he played the part of a Christian believer.

The play was a success. Barlona (played by a Jesuit, Feller, who was to found a Musée de l'Outil at Troyes and who decides that the despair and revolt of his fellow-men should be expressed by a refusal to have any more children. The news that a child has been born who is a sign from God does not change Barlona's mind, but one of the Magi, Balthazar (played by Sartre himself), explains that man is always much more than he is, man is always elsewhere, man is free. Barlona accepts this freedom, accepts that his own child should be born, accepts to fight for the child-king of Bethlehem and announces that although life is suffering he will die in joy.

Perrin, who was busily reading the manuscript of *L'Age de Raison* at the same time, recognized that Sartre was there writing about the same theme that dominates *Bariona*. Sartre himself was to comment, more than thirty years later, "Everything that I have tried to write or do in my life was meant to stress the importance of freedom." It must have been fascinating, and moving, for Perrin to have read Sartre's subsequent works, and to have seen how frequently the ideas expressed in that hurriedly written Christmas play recur in a succession of different forms. What is shown most clearly in this short, valuable book is that Sartre, who is presented more as an Eastern wise man than as a classical philosopher, was not simply a thinking-machine who could convince, baffle or exasperate, nor simply a superior intellect who could not fail to interest and impress, but also a companion whose friendship was loyal and lasting.

Volume 187 of *Studies on Voltaire and the Eighteenth Century*, recently published, is devoted to Etienne Bonnot de Condillac's *Les Monades*, edited with an introduction by Laurence L. Bongie (316pp. Voltaire Foundation, Oxford. £26. 0 7294 0242 8). That *Les Monades*, first published "obscurely and anonymously" in 1748, is by Condillac is without doubt: he appends a note to a chapter of his *Traité des animaux* of 1755 entitled "Comment Thomas acquiert la connoissance de Dieu", in which he discloses that the chapter was "presque tiré tout entier d'une Dissertation que j'ai faite, il y a quelques années, qui est imprimé dans un recueil de l'Académie de Berlin, & à laquelle je n'ai pas mis mon nom". But Condillac—the "French Locke"—also took considerable pains to conceal his authorship of the evidently Leibniz-inspired *Les Monades*; with what success is apparent from the fact that the discovery of authorship is presented for the first time in this current work.

The essence of independence

By Kenneth O. Morgan

DAVID SMITH (Editor) :
A People and a Proletariat
Essays in the History of Wales 1780-1980
239pp. Pluto Press in association with Llafur, The Society for the Study of Welsh Labour History. £10. (paperback, £4.95).
0 86104 321 9

The Welsh present is bleak and full of foreboding. Burning cottages, threats of fasting unto death, civil disobedience, an economy being dismantled through a combination of misadventure and blind dogma, all testify to a nation in acute crisis. At least the Welsh past, however, is in much healthier condition. Indeed, for twenty-five years now there has been a dramatic upsurge of interest in the history of Wales, both among academic scholars and the general public. Monographs and learned journals flourish ; the Board of Celtic Studies is a hive of unwonted activity ; the media are awash with popularized versions of the recent and remoter Welsh past. Indeed, the renaissance in the study of Welsh history has been one of the most heartening features of the British intellectual scene for a generation or more.

This impressive upsurge is illustrated—and, indeed, taken further by *A People and a Proletariat*, a fascinating volume of essays edited by David Smith. Although the product of the thriving Welsh Labour History Society, it ranges far beyond the confines of the working-class experience in examining aspects of Welsh history from the late eighteenth century onwards. It is, indeed, concerned with a "people" rather than a "proletarian", and all the better for that. If many of the themes and personnel have been treated before, we also hear about conservatives, coal-owners, Anglo-Catholics, even the occasional proto-fascist, all less familiar figures in the populist exercise that Welsh history is usually taken to be. This book of eleven essays, then, demonstrates the extraordinary fertility that has been shown, especially in research into the two centuries since the first impact of mass industrialisation. The history of Wales in the recent past now needs no apology. No longer need it be seen in English terms, demarcated by a conquest in 1282 or an Act of Union in 1536, and coming to a whimpering end thereafter. On the contrary, the endless emergence of new social forces and a renewed sense of national identity have continued up to the present century. This book goes far towards explaining much of the essence of Wales in this later period, and David Smith deserves warm congratulation for the skill and sensitivity with which he has brought the whole enterprise to fruition.

The team assembled here is a strong one. The batting is opened by two established masters, Gwyn A. Williams and Ieuan Gwynedd Jones : both are at the peak of their form: presented more as an Eastern wise man than as a classical philosopher, was not simply a thinking-machine who could convince, baffle or exasperate, nor simply a superior intellect who could not fail to interest and impress, but also a companion whose friendship was loyal and lasting.

Volume 187 of *Studies on Voltaire and the Eighteenth Century*, recently published, is devoted to Etienne Bonnot de Condillac's *Les Monades*, edited with an introduction by Laurence L. Bongie (316pp. Voltaire Foundation, Oxford. £26. 0 7294 0242 8). That *Les Monades*, first published "obscurely and anonymously" in 1748, is by Condillac is without doubt: he appends a note to a chapter of his *Traité des animaux* of 1755 entitled "Comment Thomas acquiert la connoissance de Dieu", in which he discloses that the chapter was "presque tiré tout entier d'une Dissertation que j'ai faite, il y a quelques années, qui est imprimé dans un recueil de l'Académie de Berlin, & à laquelle je n'ai pas mis mon nom". But Condillac—the "French Locke"—also took considerable pains to conceal his authorship of the evidently Leibniz-inspired *Les Monades*; with what success is apparent from the fact that the discovery of authorship is presented for the first time in this current work.

and community" in mid-nineteenth century Wales is the most important contribution in the book. He shows clearly the vital role of the Welsh language in shaping the popular culture of the mid-Victorian years, above all in the cyclonic growth of the nonconformist chapels. Welsh was the language of worship—and, by extension, of politics, public debate, and of moral and spiritual values as well. English, by contrast, was the language of infidelity and secularism, of extreme radicalism and of aristocratic betrayal ; it was the vessel of ethical corruption. But it was also the language of "getting on". Economic advance eroded this Welsh-language culture from above ; in time, "English" socialism undermined it from below. Yet Ieuan Gwynedd Jones's sensitive inquiry shows how the native language remained central to Welsh values, with all their contradictions. An extension of his research into the years of more rapid anglicization from 1880 onwards (including the impact of state education) would be fruitful indeed.

Another senior historian, L. J. Williams, the leading authority on the Welsh coal industry, also provides a thoughtful contribution on a neglected topic, the role of the long-hated coal-owners in the later nineteenth century. The provision of capital, techniques of management, patterns of social mobility, forms of social and political control, are all examined. On the whole, his conclusion is a positive one, rightly emphasizing the constructive contribution made by this class to community life. And yet it is noticeable that his essay begins with a hint of apology for taking on such a subject. Were he able now to extend the story, to examine the coal-owners' quite appalling record during the years of depression after 1918, as well as the period of industrial growth before the war, his reasonable and charitable judgments might well be much modified.

These, then, are senior figures, masters of their craft. But an equally encouraging feature of the book is the presence of younger scholars, asking new questions, perhaps with new, insistent urgency. Brian Davies offers a colourful analysis of Dr Price of Llantrisant usually thought of as a kind of mad anti-druid obsessed with cremation, but presented plausibly here as a radical critic of the ethos of late-Victorian empire. Peter Stead deals most intelligently with the language of politics in Edwardian Wales (really the industrial coalfield rather than the Lloyd George territory further north) between 1906 and 1910. He shows how the rhetoric of debate changed in style and content, in the face of the social and economic tensions of the Tonypandy period. He is equally interesting on the public image of Keir Hardie and (more surprisingly) of C. B. Stanton, that "primitive rebel", who rose without trace from syndicalist militant to neo-fascist xenophobe.

Emlyn Sherrington breaks vital new ground in treating the impact of French right-wing Catholic writers, Barrès, Maurras and the rest, on conservative Anglo-Catholic circles in Wales before 1914 and on the early ideologues of Plaid Cymru after the war. This is a difficult theme and queries arise on points of detail. How influential the Anglo-Catholics really were in a largely low-church body, how direct the links were between pre- and post-war nationalists, whether Saunders Lewis is not somewhat atypical (in contrast, say, to Ambrose Beeb, another Catholic nationalist whose attachment to France led him to break with Plaid Cymru's neutralism in 1940) are questions that suggest themselves. But Sherrington deserves warm commendation for something of a breakthrough in the realm of the history of ideas and of cultural transmission. So, too, does Hywel Francis, who shows how oral history can be used with profit to gain new insights into the world of the Welsh miners, for instance, on attitudes towards English and other immigrants. Perhaps only Francis, the scion of a distinguished Welsh mining dynasty, could have drawn all this out. Merfyn Jones's clear and authoritative analysis of class and social relationships in Gwynedd whets the appetite for his forthcoming study of the North Wales Quarrymen's Union between 1874 and 1922.

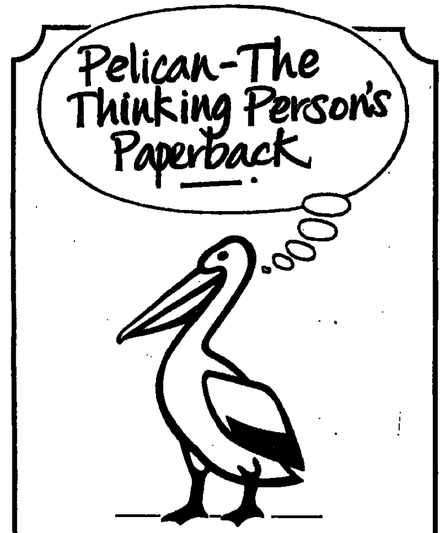
Finally, the editor himself, David Smith, provides a most sparkling finale, written with Cobb-like *brio*, on "Wales through the looking glass", the relation between images and reality in Welsh life over the past hundred years. Smith has already written standard works on the Welsh Miners' Federation and the Welsh Rugby Union ; both these highly important bodies appear here to bolster his arguments. His essay is really a series of questions, but they are questions of such originality and introspection that they will surely keep him and others going for years to come.

A few marginal criticisms of the book might be offered. At times, an artificial attempt is made to introduce Marxist stereotypes into this quite inappropriate milieu. We are even given a singularly impenetrable quotation from the prophet himself, as a preliminary to discussing Lord Penrhyn's views on fox-hunting. But the book as a whole is impressively open-minded and free from ideological commitment. The two studies based on oral history might have indicated some of the hazards, as well as the rewards, of using this kind of material. In two essays, we are really offered a series of fragmentary notes rather than a coherent analysis. It is a pity, too, that there are so many printing errors, including an inaccurate table of contents.

But the virtues of the book far outweigh these small blemishes. Here is a work on British social history of much general interest. The overall effect is to present a picture of Wales radically different from that offered in the late 1950s, when the modern period of Welsh historiography began. This book is neither an anthology of clichés nor a bundle of sensations. Instead of a monolithic Wales, with predictable class divisions and political alignments, we are shown a pluralistic society shot through with sectional and local differences. Instead of an isolated stagnant backwater, another Africa waiting to be discovered and civilized by the late Victorians, we are shown a proud, vigorous populist nation, with its own traditions, values and institutions, quite distinct from those of the governing master race across Offa's Dyke. Theories of "internal colonialism" get short shrift. Instead of a land becoming inexorably more anglicized in the wake of mass industrialization and mass education, we are shown a place where a rooted sense of cultural and linguistic identity lives on to shape the social parameters of the mid-twentieth century.

Even after this book, many aspects of modern Wales still await their historian. The history of religion is one, a theme given incidental treatment here in several essays, but really deserving a complete examination all on its own. The social base of nonconformity and its political influence from the 1870s, for instance, remains most mysterious. The precise nature of the process of anglicization in the present century also requires much more analysis. Many features of the Welsh economy, other than coal, remain wrapped in Stygian obscurity. The history of women in Wales is in urgent need of attention, though Angela John has begun the task ; after all, we know virtually nothing about half the Welsh population. A social history of Welsh music and a new critique of the literati of the *Llenor* would also be rewarding. Finally, the concept of nationalism needs fuller investigation. The authors here tend to be hostile ; there are two fierce onslaughts on Saunders Lewis. Certainly Mr Lewis has said many foolish things and given many hostages to fortune in a long and controversial, if distinguished, life. But the rhythms and continuities of national identity—shown, for instance, in workers in the supposedly "anglicised" coalfield, turning to a kind of nationalism in the 1890s and then in the late 1960s—remain a puzzling story, deserving of further research.

But these themes may safely be left to the future vineyard labours of the authors of this splendid collective book. They have enabled us to pose new questions about the Welsh past and present. It may be one way of enabling Wales to have a future as well.



A classic study of the art of the novel
ASPECTS OF THE NOVEL
E.M. FORSTER
'I say that I have never met this kind of perspicacity in literary criticism. I could quote scores of examples of startling excellence' — Arnold Bennett
This edition also includes a number of Forster's related writings and reflections. £1.25

An invaluable and unique critical treasure house
THE PELICAN GUIDE TO ENGLISH LITERATURE
Edited by BORIS FORD
This much-praised seven volume Guide offers a general and very readable survey of the history and traditions of literature from Chaucer's age to the 20th century, including detailed studies of the chief writers and major works of each period.

A guide to discerning sense from nonsense, sincerity from affectation and beauty from dead decoration
LITERATURE AND CRITICISM
H. COOMBES
'A very useful book for sixth forms, first-year undergraduates, and adult education classes... A sensible and sensitive book' — *The Times Literary Supplement*
95p

The definitive single volume history of man upon this planet
THE PELICAN HISTORY OF THE WORLD
J.M. ROBERTS
'A stupendous achievement... the unrivalled World History for our day' — AJP Taylor
£3.95

A novel and lively introduction to a significant subject
LINGUISTICS
DAVID CRYSTAL
The benefits and problems of studying language in a scientific way, placing modern linguistics in a historical perspective and tracing its development and dominant themes. £1.25

The controversial bestseller
FREE TO CHOOSE
MILTON and ROSE FRIEDMAN
"Friedmanism" has become a central — perhaps *the* central — issue in British domestic political debate' — Peter Jay
£1.95

A scholarly narration and investigation of classical mythology
THE GREEK MYTHS
ROBERT GRAVES
A dazzling two-volume retelling of the legends of Ancient Greece, with full commentaries, explanations and interpretations in the light of today's archaeological and anthropological knowledge.
Volume 1: £1.75. Volume 2: £1.75

WALTER LIPPMANN
and the
AMERICAN CENTURY

Ronald Steel

'This is not only a life of Walter Lippmann but also a remarkable survey of American politics over a period of forty years. It is one of those books in which one gets really close to the subject. Lippmann emerges as a great intelligence and with absolute honesty of purpose. People who tend to decry the US should read this book.' LORD CLARK

'Ronald Steel's important biography . . . he has mastered an enormous amount of material and presents it with clarity and pace . . . the result is a fascinating book: on journalism, on America in the world, on a mysterious human being.' ANTHONY LEWIS, *New York Review of Books*

'Both an engrossing biography and a splendid primer to six decades of turbulent political life.' PAUL GRAY, *Time*

0 370 30376 8 Illustrated £8·95

The Art of MAURICE SENDAK

Selma G. Lanes

This sumptuously illustrated book is the first major retrospective study of Maurice Sendak, the best-known children's book illustrator of our time and the creator of such internationally famous books as *Where the Wild Things Are*, *In the Night Kitchen*, *Higglety, Pigglety Pop!* etc.
94 plates in full colour, 167 illustrations in black and white, 3 folding plates, tip-in facsimile of first dummy of *Where the Wild Things Are*, pop-up Red Riding Hood toy.

0 370 30386 5 £25·00

The Officina Bodoni

Giovanni Mardersteig
Introduction
by Hans Schmoller

This book is a detailed illustrated catalogue of the work of the famous private press established by Dr Mardersteig in Switzerland at Montagnola in 1923 and which was moved to Verona in 1927 where Mardersteig worked until his death in 1977. *The Officina Bodoni* contains a 47-page Introduction by Hans Schmoller who has edited and translated the book, which gives as thorough and detailed an account of the work of the scholar-printer-publisher as has yet appeared. Bound in buckram boards
348 pages 87 illustrations, many in colour
0 370 30389 X £40·00

BODLEY HEAD

commentary

After the tiger

By Christopher Wintle

Lulu
Royal Opera House, Covent Garden

Few first performances of an opera in England can have been so elaborately heralded as *Lulu*, the second and last opera of Alban Berg. Composed and all but completed in the 1930s, the work is based on two controversial plays by Frank Wedekind, *Erdgeist* and *Büchse der Pandora*, dating from the turn of the century. Until recently, only two of its acts had ever been performed, the third having been suppressed at the instigation of Berg's widow. Following her death, however, the final act was assembled and completed by Friedrich Cerha and performed at the Paris Opera two years ago. This performance was subsequently televised and recorded, and was followed by others in Europe and America. Already there have been a great number of articles about the work—even in its truncated state—and the complete music has now been published.

All this means that the central issues have had a good airing: the interpretation of the libretto, the explication of the elaborate formal structure, the description of the labyrinthine musical processes, the identification of the allusions and cross-references, as well as much speculation over the more biographical questions. As a result, a particular onus rests upon the producer—in this case Götz Friedrich—to realize effectively what is, from many points of view, a difficult work. Not the least of the difficulties concerns what the piece is all about.

A number of strands run through it, each of which calls for special treatment. First, there is the figure of Lulu herself. According to Wedekind, she incarnates the "essence" of woman. She is the *Erdgeist*, a mythic figure of uncertain origin, raised in, but not born of, society, an innocent who is carried, like Don Giovanni, from seduction to seduction, a Dionysiac whose energy both vitalizes and destroys. She has been taken out of her true milieu, the dance, and feels as a consequence like a "beast". At this level, the opera observes her in various stations of society, through which she rises and falls. This society is portrayed satirically as a menagerie: a commercially oriented world that seeks to exploit Lulu's eroticism, but which avenges itself upon her as she destroys its members. It blackmails her, drives her into prostitution, and eventually murders her.

But there is also the more complex interaction between Lulu and those who are not simply society's ciphers (as are the Athlete or the Marquis), but who feel in her vitalizing presence an inadequacy that calls for a special kind of dedication. Both Alwa (Berg's *alter ego*) and the forlornly loving but intellectual lesbian, Countess Geschwitz, are transfixed and blinded by Lulu's sensuality, but are treated shamelessly by her and eventually pay for their dedication with their lives. Lulu herself, however, loves and needs only the most powerful man, Dr Schön ("the tiger"), who has found her and brought her up and who understands—and hence—fears her most. She pursues him relentlessly and compels him to marry her. When he discovers her infidelities, he still refuses to acknowledge her true nature, but demands that she shoot herself. Instead she shoots him. Left without him, she falls prey to society's vultures, but when he returns as a kind of ghost in the form of Jack the Ripper, her love finds its fullest expression, before receiving its grim and tragic recognition in death.

Friedrich rises to the opera's challenges with a highly stylized production, in which he finds and tenaciously pursues visual correlatives for most of these concerns. It is by no means an inappropriate way of interpreting Wedekind, whose drama (not without its own elements of surreal stylization) foreshadowed aspects of Brecht's. En route, he achieves some splendid *coups de théâtre*, notably the unravelling of Lulu at the opening to reveal a commercialized, 1930s-style image of woman: the intimate dance-of-death between Lulu and the Ripper that replaces the prescribed off-stage murder; and the final abandoning of Lulu at the footlights, exploited and spent. Indeed, he makes the most of the work's satiric features through the use of sets, costumes and movements.

In the role of Lulu, Karan Armstrong achieves an effective transformation from the light, otherworldly figure of the opening to the dark, beaten one of the close. But in Act II especially, the production does not always help her to straddle both the satiric and the tragic strands of the work. When Dr Schön returns unexpectedly to find his house full of his wife's lovers, led by Alwa, the farce is overplayed and the father-son tension is trivialized. Elsewhere, in the Lied der Lulu, in Alwa's Hymn, at Lulu's return from prison, or at the conclusion where the Ripper desecrates Lulu's portrait during the love-music, either the excessive stylization or the stage business dissipates the menace and the passion of the music. And this is to strike at the heart of the opera. For whatever is the balance in Wedekind's plays, it is these scenes and characters that are central to the wonderfully lyrical, expansive score of Berg, who felt the keenest identification with the predicament of Alwa. It is perhaps symptomatic that the conductor should have remarked, in a recent interview, that he felt "almost no connection between what's happening on stage and what I'm doing in the pit".

Beyond this, Friedrich's production, though full of telling touches, fidgets too much, allowing an obsession with detail to distract our attention too readily from main issues. Schigolch's wheezing is overdone; Geschwitz's revealing ping irritates; the extras steal too much of the show. Things depicted musically (the rain, the doorbell) are needlessly duplicated on stage. The action is sometimes too complex to be able to respond amply to changes of tone in the music; this is particularly the case with the various returns of the Sonata-Coda theme, depicting Schön's bond with Lulu. And all this is a pity. For the approach itself is stimulating, some of the singing is very good, and the music is handled with an especial warmth and suppleness by Sir Colin Davis.

Behind the safety curtain

By Timothy McFarland

Karl Valentin's Komiker Kabarett
Half Moon Theatre, Whitechapel

The pictures in the foyer convey more of the personality of the great Munich *Volkssänger* Karl Valentin than anything to be seen on the stage. The tall, angular figure with the thin face, spreading nose and huge mouth, a gift to caricaturists and photographers, appears in a mobile assortment of preposterous roles, male and female. All of them are utterly *kleinbürgerlich*, and all display the same desperate seriousness, the same determination not to be put upon or defeated by the pettymindedness of others or by the treachery lurking in everyday objects. As Brecht observed in 1922 when comparing Valentin with Chaplin, a man like this does not make jokes, he is the joke.

The distinction sprang to mind during this programme, pieced together from nine of Valentin's two hundred-odd sketches and presented by the eight players of the Umbrella Theatre under the direction of Colin Granger and David Lavender. (An earlier version was an Edinburgh Festival fringe production in 1979.) Most of the pieces present the audience with a cabaret sketch or variety number thwarted by mechanical defects, human incompetence or officious interference. A medal-covered pilot unfolds an ingenious small aeroplane in which he intends to carry out stunt flights in the auditorium; after an alarming bout of engine trouble he is stopped on the brink of take-off by an irate manager, who is not satisfied by his indignant assurance that an accident would kill two or three of the audience "at most". In another sketch, an awful minstrel feels that his midnight serenade has been ruined by a literal-minded lighting technician, who keeps flooding the moonlit stage with lurid primary colours. In a good theatre the safety curtain would have been lowered to save him from such shame, he shouts, and launches vehemently into a technical explanation of how a safety curtain could be installed in the modest space of the Half Moon Theatre.

These and other sketches have the kind of absurd logic with which we are now familiar. In this production they are played in a relaxed fashion for the laughs in the script, and Valentin's own roles are shared out among the cast. This obscures the central distinction between the really comic figure and the surrounding stooges, and reduces the evening to a mildly amusing comedy programme, lacking the ferocity and self-righteous indignation with which the author filled his performances.

The problem is also linguistic. Valentin's Bavarian dialect is the ideal medium for his kind of communication. It is strong in articulating the almost-inarticulate emotional response, but not so suited to generalized abstraction or discursive lucidity, and these are the areas where he ties himself into virtually untranslatable pseudo-logical knots. A line of thought that seems only too inevitable in Bavarian dissolves in English, as it does in standard German, into a quainter, emotionally less charged stylo.

Some of it, but not enough, survives in the tirade proposing that the scandal of empty rows of seats should be overcome by making theatre-going compulsory by law, like school; a measure which would have moral consequences as beneficial as universal education. The title of this piece, *Zwangsvorstellungen*, means primarily "hallucinations", rather than the punning meaning of "compulsory performances" superimposed upon it here; and it points neatly to the obsessive character of much of Valentin's work.



Karl Valentin

Karl Valentin's Komiker Kabarett is at the Bedlam Theatre, Edinburgh, on February 27 and 28.

A nursery world

By Lindsay Duguid

A Life Kept Always Young
BBC Radio

Eleanor Farjeon, 1881-1965
Burgh House, Hampstead

Eleanor Farjeon is the quintessential children's author. She lived just long enough ago (1881-1965) to be an Edwardian, and just recently enough to benefit from the spread of children's literature. She had the requisite happy childhood—a nursery world with her brothers, plenty of books and visits to the theatre, and an encouraging Papa ("I have hopes of you Nell"). She never married, but spent her life being hospitable, devising magic happenings for the children she knew, producing crisp and funny occasional verses and, of course, writing such classics as *Martin Pippin*, *Kings and Queens* and *The Little Bookroom*. This charming and jolly maiden aunt also flirted with socialism, art, the women's vote and sex, knew Rupert Brooke and D. H. Lawrence and had a "significant friendship" with Edward Thomas for four years, up to his death in 1917.

Anne Harvey's radio portrait *A Life Kept Always Young* (Radio 4, February 22) brought in all these elements. Personal reminiscences and quotations from Eleanor Farjeon's letters and poems spoken to the background of the music of *The Silver Curlew* played on what sounded like the schoolroom piano, created a positive image of the writer. She was variously described as "big, jolly and pleasant", "like a large friendly frog" and "a very large lady in flowing dresses keen on gardening". As much as the parties and amateur theatricals, the conversion to Catholicism and her relationship with George Earl gave the impression of a life that was, as she once wrote, "so full of pretty incidents that I shall have to be careful not to write about them, they are so much the sort of things I might have made up myself".

The exhibition at Burgh House, Hampstead (until March 8), which also marks her centenary, has the same inconsequential air, though some of the effects are rather more concrete. On display is the original art-work for her books by artists such as Edward Ardizzone, Marjorie Walters and John Morton-Sale, ready for the engraver but already looking familiar and well-loved. The pictures are beautifully clean and simple—they show how much more sophisticated children's illustrations have become. The copies of the early editions of her work also show a marked difference in publishing standards: the wide white margins and thick black letterpress have an almost antique air. It seems right that they should be displayed in glass cases along with the faded letters, the hand-written sonnets and the original manuscripts. Hers was a long working life, also exhibited are her stately Remington (c.1920) and a copy of the Cat Stevens LP "Morning Has Broken".

The Jews in Weimar Germany
Donald L Niewyk
"... a solidly researched, well-[illegible] book..." THES
0 7190 0828 X £12.50

The missing half
Girls and science education
Alison Kelly editor
"...e model of calm, clear [illegible]ument." The Guardian
0 7190 0763 4 paper £6.95 [illegible]31 X cloth £18.00

Politicians and defence
Studies in the formulation [illegible]itish defence policy
I. F. Beckett and John Gooch
0 7190 0818 2 £18.50 approx

Manchester University Press
Oxford Road Manchester

manchester

commentary

The passions of a superfluous man

By Henry Gifford

A Month in the Country
Olivier Theatre



Ilya Yefimovich Repin, "Portrait of Marussia in a Garden" (1924), for sale at Sotheby's with other Russian paintings, drawings, watercolours and sculpture on March 5.

Meyerhold, objecting to Turgenev's stage technique, seized on an expression of Rakitin's in the first act of *A Month in the Country*. "Under the lime trees of neglected alleys and in portrait galleries they weave at leisure the lace of endless dialogues. . . ." The lime trees and the portrait galleries have been swept away in Peter Gill's production, to be replaced by the geometric simplicity Alison Chitty has contrived, mainly with a vast slatted screen hung above and tilted for indoor scenes. A few pieces of furniture, or a fence with raspberries for Katya to pick, or a bench and some garden accessories, these are the only relics of the early 1840s—these, and the beautifully evocative period clothes. The lace is more prominent than ever, but it has been trimmed in Isaiah Berlin's supple translation.

Berlin has explained that he "wanted something neither Victorian nor modern". The quality he admires in Turgenev's writing is naturalness, an "absolutely authentic" use of the spoken language which Turgenev brought into Russian literature. It must be added that Turgenev owes almost everything to Pushkin, and that the incomparable ease of Pushkin's letters to his friends surpasses Turgenev's achievement. There can be no doubt which had the finer intelligence, the quicker response, the more flexibility. But Turgenev was an accurate listener and he worked very carefully upon the speech of his characters. The effect is not only lifelike, it has the "new element" for its time that Meyerhold noted—musicality.

Musicality can be too highly rated. There is no trace of it in Dostoevsky's dialogue, and he among Russian writers of fiction was the born dramatist, always pressing towards "scandal", confrontation or sudden catastrophe. Turgenev has a little of Addison in him, though he can be ravaged, in this play, as Addison was not. His idiom never grasps at the inexpressible. It preserves a certain composure even under stress; it is even at times a little boring in its lucidity. *A Month in the Country* has long been recognized as pointing towards Chekhov's mature plays. When the Moscow Arts Theatre produced it successfully in 1909, they had behind them the experience of *The Cherry Orchard*, which gave a better insight into Turgenev's procedure. But his "poetry" is not Chekhov's. However delicate the notation, it does not rely on half-developed hints, and has no place for a sub-text.

Berlin's translation is closer to the bone than Constance Garnett's, which he confesses to having found not "Edwardian and stilted" but "disappointingly good". He knows Russian with an intimacy never possible for Garnett, who was neither born to the language nor equipped with the excellent dictionaries of today; and accordingly he allows himself greater freedom. Turgenev is speeded up: the pace of the dialogue is modern and translator and director between them have cut out some unnecessary explanations, and shortened a few speeches for the stage (the full translation will be published later this year by the Hogarth Press). Thus Doctor Shpigelsky's take-over bid for the lady's companion (much enjoyed by the audience) loses his mimicry of Natalya Petrovna and the little Polish song about the goat. Likewise, his earlier conversation with Rakitin about Bolshintsov's proposal and the bribe of a troika team is much shortened.

There are many felicities in the phrasing, and Berlin copes neatly with the peasant girl Katya's colloquial speech. No attempt is made at rusticity: instead Berlin goes for "the body's life"; "the *heat* today! I think I felt rain." And he catches beautifully the gabble of Bolshintsov, the irresolute suitor. In short, this is a very workable translation, current English with a slight patina of the nineteenth century. It is adapted to the contemporary voice, lighter and more nervous than in Turgenev's time. If a certain spaciousness has gone out of the talk, the translator could hardly restore it without pastiche. In what threatens to become a nation of antique dealers it is pleasing to be spared this.

The closeness of the play's situation to Turgenev's own with the singer Pauline Viardot gives it that seriousness which also marks the comedy of Griboedov and Chekhov. The attendance of Rakitin on the capricious young married woman Natalya Petrovna in her country house follows the pattern of Turgenev's own life. As he did not hesitate to tell the actress Savina (whose performance as Vera greatly moved him), "Rakitin is myself. Always in my novels I depict myself as an unsuccessful lover."

It has also been pointed out that the student Belyev—a disciple of Belinsky, the critic with "a warm heart" whose essays he prefers to poetry—already foreshadows the conflict between the "new men", the "thinking proletariat" in Pisarev's phrase, and Turgenev's own class, the dilettante offspring of once powerful magnates. Belyaev, indolent perhaps but energetic when he likes and a man of his hands, humiliates the "superfluous man" Rakitin by being irresistibly attractive to Natalya Petrovna. Thus the play bears upon the meaning of life for Turgenev himself, a "superfluous man" were it not for his art. Romantic love, Rakitin warns the student, is "a catastrophe if you surrender yourself to it wholly" in the way he has. Belyaev must avoid discovering how "those little hands can torture you and with what solicitous tenderness they can rend your heart into little pieces . . ."

Natalya Petrovna's infatuation with Belyaev spreads devastation through the household. It scatters them all "like partridges", as her bewildered husband puts it. Some of the partridges are wounded. It is possible to see a connection between this play and L. P. Hartley's *The Go-Between*, also concerned with a house party in summer heat, the ruthless course of a woman's love, and the disastrous consequences for an innocent child. True, Belyaev the ephemeral lover survives: he faces the future confidently after the sudden flare of Natalya's attraction has died down for him. There is no death in this comedy, but Verochka has her life ruined perhaps as effectively as Leo's. Natalya, absorbed as ever in her own experience, tells the suffering witness of this new love, Rakitin, "it's as if I'd been poisoned . . . everything's destroyed, scattered, gone—and he's frightened of me". With reason: she has become a primitive force out of control.

The dramatic impetus of the piece, then, is concentrated in Natalya. Structurally the play is almost naïve. The characters succeed one another on the stage like so many cricketers—and the set makes it a long walk to and from the pavilion. So it all depends on the actors. When Turgenev himself saw it performed he was surprised to see what could be made of a minor character like Bolshintsov, nor had he apparently realized the potentialities of Vera.

Berlin has said that he was anxious that his text should retain a Russian flavour. "If one is a Russian writer, one is not an Englishman." The characters cannot be English people, though Turgenev's being the wholly acceptable Westerner—he was awarded an honorary degree at Oxford—might seem to condone such an approach. Francesca Annis as Natalya Petrovna and Nigel Terry as Rakitin are Russian in their animation. Natalya is played with an excited and glowing self-awareness; she becomes an actress to herself, her cadences sometimes bordering on recitative. Rakitin's emotions are close to the surface, with a Russian fluency in contrast to which his old friend Islaev (Robert Swann) seems almost an embarrassed English squire in his unwillingness to explore what Natalya is feeling.

Belyaev (Ewan Stewart) is pleasantly frank and sturdy, more perhaps a boy from the village—his father does live in the country—than a Moscow student whom Turgenev had originally made more consciously political. Vera (Caroline Langrishe) has to grow from a little girl to a woman in a single day, but achieves a convincing maturity and is broken neither by Natalya Petrovna nor by the disgusting old doctor who sells her prospects of happiness for three horses. Shpigelsky (excellently played by Michael Gough) knows how to survive in this world of individuals who cannot so many cricketers—and the set attend for very long to others. Nobody spares a thought for Verochka, apart from Katya and the student, but he has been dazzled by Natalya Petrovna and is taken up largely with his return to Moscow and work. The lace is spread over a pit of despair.

Oxford University Press

The Short Story in English
Walter Allen

The Short Story in English aims to isolate the essential qualities of the modern short story, showing how it differs from and what it has in common with the older form. Walter Allen deals with the rise of the genre in late nineteenth-century England, and with its somewhat earlier development in the United States. He examines the work of Kipling – in his view the finest short story-writer in any language – and the work of the most eminent practitioners of the form since Kipling. He further charts the development of the story in the United States and in other English-speaking countries.
£9.50

Our Elders
J. A. Muir Gray and Gordon Wilcock

This study of the special physical, social, and legal needs of the elderly has been written in the knowledge that neither money nor additional staff will be available to meet their increased need for care, and in order to help make people more aware of a sector of society growing in numbers, not only in Britain but in every developed country in the West. £8.50
Oxford Paperbacks £4.50

The Personal Life of the Christian
Arthur W. Robinson

This elegant little book, written more than eighty years ago, remains fresh and compelling today. It gives advice on the essential ingredients of the spiritual life and of its principal difficulties. Bishop John Robinson, the son of the author, has contributed a preface to this new edition. Paper covers £1.95

The Ecclesiastical History of Orderic Vitalis
Volume I
Marjorie Chibnall

This volume completes the publication in six volumes of *The Ecclesiastical History*, which has been called 'the greatest of all medieval chronicles'. It includes the general introduction to the whole edition, with a detailed account of Orderic's work as a historian, his training in an eleventh-century monastic school, the nature of his sources, and his style and language. £35
Oxford Medieval Texts

Paved with Good Intentions
The American Experience and Iran
Barry Rubin

This book chronicles American foreign policy in Iran from before the first days of the Pahlevi dynasty. It sheds light on much behind-the-scenes dealing, like the CIA's involvement in the Shah's return to power in 1953, and gives new insight into many of the central characters in a modern tragedy which threatens the stability of the world. £8.95

Hospital Clothes

We dress our female patients rather well,
In spotted prints to match the spotted chairs.
Next door, they put their girls in floral clothes
To harmonise with curtains, vases, urns.
People arrive in such a shabby state,
With holes in coats and tea-stains on their skirts,
Their blouses torn, their jerseys full of moth,
All smells, no buttons: only fit for rags.
We've solved this problem with economy,
Sharing out fabric with the sewing-room.
Now clean, neat patients decorate our wards,
Matching our cushions and our coverlets.
One day I sat down on a sleeping girl!
My ward is pleasing for the eye to see.

Ruth Silcock

Male chauvinist bull

By Andrew Hislop

Raging Bull
Various cinemas

"Now, sometimes, at night, when I think back", remarks Jake La Motta in his autobiographical book, *Raging Bull* (1970), "I feel like I'm looking at an old black-and-white movie myself. . . . Not a good movie, either, jerky, with gaps in it, a string of poorly lit sequences, some of them with no beginning and some with no end". His "true story of a champ" has all the ingredients of a classic Hollywood fight movie—a bum Italian boy from the Bronx making good twixt God and the mob. It is not only the understanding priest from the reform school who turns up with welcoming arms to watch him win the world middleweight crown, but also the bookie whom La Motta thought he had murdered years before. There are, too, elements in the life of this brutish man, whose periods of impotence and abstinence were followed by bouts of sexual indulgence and violence, which would make a savage exploitation movie.

Martin Scorcese's film is neither a Hollywood *story*, nor a celebration of sex and violence, but a work more akin to La Motta's "cinematic" perception of his past. Shot in black and white, it *is* a string of sequences, some without beginning, some with no end: excerpts of fights, stills from them or merely their dates, and episodes from La Motta's life outside the ring (but not from before his fighting career) with the minimum of narrative explanation. His first wife disappears from the screen as soon as he meets Vickie (Cathy Moriarty), the beautiful young girl he was later to marry. Even the fight sequences, which do not form a large proportion of the film, are broken up by slow motion and the sudden contrasting of claustrophobic close-up shots of punching with a wide-angle view of the ring that gives it an eery, spacious emptiness. Inside and outside the ring, the camera sometimes lingers in fascination on the motion of water on the human body—Vickie's legs in a swimming-pool, La Motta dipping his hand in a jug of cold water, his back being rubbed with a blood-soaked sponge.

In La Motta's "film" there is "no musical score, just sometimes the sound of a police siren or a pistol shot". Scorcese's soundtrack, by contrast, a blend of romantic strings, period songs, loud animal grunts (as opposed to the often quiet speech) and amplified blows, provides vital binding to his film's fragmentary form, orchestrating a view of La Motta which ranges from the balletic to the brutal. And unlike La Motta's, Scorcese's is a good film, his best since *Mean Streets*, which also depicts the New York Italian community. Technically brilliant, at times almost too controlled in its manufacture, it contains a central performance of terrifying power by Robert de Niro, the rage of "the Bull" matched almost by the "madness" of the method actor, scourging his body into fighting fitness only to bloat it to play La Motta in later life, fat and fallen from grace.



For Scorcese, however, La Motta's life is not without redemption. There is no reform-school priest (or resurrected bookie) in his film, but he ends it with the words of the man in John's Gospel, "Once I was blind, now I can see." He has also spoken of La Motta's showing us that we have metaphorically to break our hands to get out of some of our states of mind, and of his having "to go through his mother's womb again in order to achieve some kind of sanity". We are shown La Motta literally breaking his hands against the wall of his cell after he has been convicted of allowing under-age prostitutes into his club.

But the redemption of this man, pathological in his jealousy, savage to his women, is not made explicit. All we are given of his life after his release from prison is a scene which opens and closes the film, in which he is rehearsing his performance as a stage monologist. His reciting the famous "I could have been a contender" speech from *On the Waterfront* marks the distance of Scorcese's film from Elia Kazan's, rather than any spiritual change in La Motta, who shows most remorse when he denies his aggressive instincts by deliberately losing a fight.

What is made explicit in the film is not La Motta's return to the womb but his central incestuous relationship with his brother and manager Joey (Joe Pesci). The screenplay by Paul Schrader and Mardik Martin transposes to this relationship many details of the real La Motta's stormy, sexually-jealous friendship with Peter Savage (who, with Joseph Carter helped him write his book) in particular his assaulting him in the belief that he had had an affair with Vickie.

In the film, Joey is subservient to his brother. He procures Vickie for him, fights over her when she goes out with a mobster, but also adds to La Motta's sexual insecurity—"A little more 'fucking' and a little less eating" and there will be "less trouble upstairs," he remarks. The brothers stop seeing each other after La Motta's attack on Joey. The "incest" of their relationship is given a comic poignancy when La Motta rings up Joey but cannot bring himself to speak to him. Joey, in the strident Bronx philadelphianism which permeates the script, imposes a sexual familiarity with an elephant to the matter of the unknown caller. There is a reconciliation with Joey in the film, as there was with Savage in the book. The real Joey is suing the film company.

Everybody's Boswell
Abridged by FRANK MORLEY
Illustrated by E. H. SHEPARD
"Open this volume at any page and the chances are that one will be hooked."
Ian Trevin
£6.95

Thomas Hardy
The Writer and His Background
Edited by NORMAN PAGE
"This new collection of essays is an excellent work . . . there is justification for such a volume on Hardy: his background is always perceptible, and the contributors delineate it exactly . . . It is among the best of its kind." *Keith Fielding*
£12.50

Barclay Fox's Journal
Edited by R. L. BRETT
"His abundant charm, vitality and restless intelligence won over everyone who met him, and it will win over his readers." *John Kenyon*
£11.50

Bell & Hyman
Denmark House,
37/39 Queen Elizabeth St,
London SE1 2QB

Simple hindsight

By Peter Clarke

Saint Joan
Arts Theatre, Cambridge

Of all Shaw's plays, *Saint Joan* has probably established the most direct popular appeal. Its success depends to an unusual extent upon how the title role is handled. As that experienced actor, Ronald Reagan, likes to say, the problem is not easy but it is simple. This is the spirit in which Julie Covington tackles it in Nancy Meckler's Cambridge Theatre Company production, and her inspiration leads the company to a well-sustained triumph over the lurking difficulties of the text. She adopts the Maid's Way, setting attack as the basis of the strategy and showing a fine courage in stating the obvious. The result is a lively and faithful rendering, with common sense, irony, idealism and laughter all allowed their place.

This is not a truly historical play, but rather an encounter with historical figures impersonating certain forces and ideas which appealed to Shaw. It conveys little understanding of fifteenth-century France but instead speaks to the concerns of the twentieth-century mind. The discussions between the Earl of Warwick and Cauchon, Bishop of Beauvais, depend for their effect on the audience's complicity in the understanding that the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries are about to happen. In short, this is the little-did-they-know school of history. Thus Warwick, all bland cynicism in David Lyon's accomplished performance, is given to musing on the threat Joan represents to the status quo. He is concerned with the political challenge to persons like himself which the appeal to French sentiment poses, and archly coins the term "nationalism" to express his meaning. Cauchon, played with impressive weight and dignity by John Phillips, is slower to catch on about the spiritual threat from a pious peasant girl whose soul he would like to save. But pretty soon we see him pondering the implications of "what the Earl of Warwick calls protestantism".

Characters who step in and out of the present in this way are well served by Patrick Robertson's set, which dominates the production visually. Stark tubular metal units are wheeled into a versatile series of plans, and always enclosed by a mesh surround. The image is interacately of a scaffold and a concentration camp. It allows considerable freedom of movement in developing the action and is used to freeze a tableau at the end of each scene in a generally unforced way. This stylization is particularly effective in the dream scene at the end. The ghost of Joan reappears before Charles VII, transformed from his miserable status as Dauphin by his coronation in Rheims Cathedral at her urging. He remains, of course, a lightweight, conveyed in a rather camp, inconsequential way by Ronnie Letham, who times his lines well for the laughs we need here. Joan is in turn rebuffed in her actual presence by all those who posthumously claim to be her admirers. A dead saint is evidently a much less awkward proposition than a living one. This is not a solemn and tragic Joan, but it is a poignant one for all that.

Making new

By Craig Brown

The Stalker
Academy Cinema, Oxford Street.

Often in Tarkovsky's new film, the camera follows the back of a character's head as if it is trying to poke itself inside. Whatever is looked at, however ordinary, has a strangeness about it. The opening shot prowls around a bedroom. A glass of water is seen from above, in the manner of those "What-is-it?" children's competitions, and the camera travels on to reveal a recognizable humdrum perspective on the glass and a man in bed, from a side-angle.

The man is the Stalker, a guide to a prohibited area known as the Zone. "What is it?" a famous scientist has asked,

> A meteorite, or a visitation from Outer Space? Whatever it was, there appeared in our small land a miracle of miracles: the Zone. We sent in troops. None of them returned. Then we surrounded the Zone with police cordons. We did right . . . although I'm not sure . . .

The Stalker meets the professor and the writer he is to take on his illicit journey into the Zone, explaining that if they manage to reach the Room within it their most profound desires will come true and that the whole of this long film follows the three temperamental men on their extraordinary journey towards this grail, a journey made all the more difficult by the volatility of the surroundings—"at each moment it's as if we've made it up by our state of mind", one of them says.

It is so common to need only half an eye and a fraction of the brain when watching a film, that to stay with the unusual visual and intellectual range of *The Stalker* is initially an effort. Each splash of water, each insect crawling along a blade of grass is scrutinized and in a peculiar way re-created, and the farther the trio gets from the everyday world and the closer to the heart of the Zone (a transition marked by a change from black and white to colour) the more complex and diverse become its motives and fears; but there is such conviction in Tarkovsky's slow and relentless searching that very soon the mind finds itself hunting wherever he hunts.

The idea that their deepest desires might soon be realized becomes less attractive to the writer and the professor the closer they come to the Room. Bored with his own world, the writer was always sceptical of interest in any other. His voyage is from scepticism to fear. The quieter, less destroyerous professor fears for different reasons: if any man can have his desires, any tyrant or rogue may eventually dominate and transform the world. So the professor carries with him, hidden away, a bomb to destroy the Room.

The Stalker has made the journey a number of times before, but is not allowed to enter the Room. In the final, very moving, argument he justifies his existence to the two others: he is the source of hope to the wretched, the man who can deliver people to a knowledge that the world as it is generally understood is a slight and rather miserable portion of the world as it is, that though desires for the future may be agonies for the present, the existence of those agonies can, with faith, be proof of a life beyond, mysterious and unrevealed. One of the deepest satisfactions of the film is the way in which the innocent, inquisitive camera, always seeing normal things anew—a fish, a bowl of milk, a hand—becomes an indefinable part of the metaphysical yearnings of the travellers. Towards the end peace is a shot of the Stalker's crippled daughter's head as she seemingly walks across a field. After a long while, the camera draws back to reveal that the child is being carried on the shoulders of her father.

Among this week's contributors

JOHN BAYLEY's books include *The Uses of Division: Unity and Disharmony in Literature*, 1976.

T. J. BINYON is a Fellow of Wadham College, Oxford.

WILLIAM BOYD's novel *A Good Man in Africa* was published earlier this year.

JAMES CAMPBELL is the editor of the *New Edinburgh Review*.

TERENCE CAVE is the author of *The Cornucopian Text*, 1979.

PETER CLARKE's books include *Liberals and Social Democrats*, 1978.

PATRICIA CRAIG's critical study, *The Lady Investigates: Women Detectives and Spies in Fiction*, a collaboration with Mary Cadogan, is reviewed in this week's *TLS*.

G. R. ELTON's books include *England Under the Tudors*, 1955, and *Reform and Reformation*, 1977.

D. A. FARNHOUSE was a winner in the recent South Bank Show and *The Observer* Poetry Competition.

APRIL FITZLYON is writing a biography of the opera singer Maria Malibran.

ROY FOSTER's *Lord Randolph Churchill: A Political Life* will be published later this year.

ANTHONY GIDDENS's books include *New Rules of Sociological Method*, 1976, and *Studies in Social and Political Theory*, 1977.

HENRY GIFFORD's books include *Tolstoy: a Critical Anthology*, 1971, and *Pasternak*, 1977.

ANDREW GRAHAM is a Fellow of Balliol College, Oxford.

GEOFFREY GRIGSON's most recent collection of poems, *The Piesta*, was published last year.

DONALD HALL's most recent collection of poems, *Kicking the Leaves*, was published in 1978.

JEREMY HARDIE is Vice-Chairman of the Monopolies Commission.

ROBERT HEWISON's *Under Siege*, a study of British literature in the 1940s, was published in 1978. Its sequel, *In Anger*, will be published later this year.

DOUGLAS JOHNSON is Professor of French History at University College London. His books include *A Concise History of France*, 1970.

P. N. JOHNSON-LAIRD is Professor of Experimental Psychology at the University of Sussex. He is co-editor, with P. C. Wason, of *Thinking*, 1977.

PHILIP LARKIN's most recent collection of poems is *High Windows*, 1974.

TIMOTHY MCFARLAND is a lecturer in German at University College London.

AVISHAI MARGALIT is a Professor of Philosophy at the Hebrew University of Jerusalem.

BRIAN MONTGOMERY is the author of *A Field Marshal in the Family*, 1973.

JANET MORGAN is the editor of Richard Crossman's *Diaries of a Cabinet Minister*, 1976-7, and *The Backbench Diaries of Richard Crossman* which is published next week.

KENNETH O. MORGAN's *Wales 1880-1980* will be published later this year.

PAUL MULDOON's most recent collection of poems, *Why Brownlee Left*, was published last year.

JOHN ROSS is a Senior Lecturer in French and Socio-Linguistics at the University of Essex.

T. A. SHIPPEY's books include *Beowulf: Studies in English Literature Series, Number 70*, 1979.

ROWLAND SMITH is Professor of English at Dalhousie University. His books include *Lyric and Polemic: the Literary Personality of Roy Campbell*, 1972.

R. L. STOREY's books include *Chronology of the Medieval World*, 1973.

GILLIAN WILCE is on the editorial staff of the *New Statesman*.

CHRISTOPHER WINTLE is a lecturer in Music at Goldsmith's College, London.

DAVID WRIGHT's most recent collection of poems is *Metrical Observations*, 1980.

to the editor

Irish History

Sir,—Roy Foster in his dislike of linear history seems to have gone round the bend (Commentary, February 13).

He writes: ". . . recent scholarship suggests that the Fenians were inspired as much by contemporary European movements and the Anglo-French crisis of 1859 as by any native tradition of nationalism. . . ." As *much* by? It has been known for years that such influences had some lateral bearing on Fenianism—a cursory reference was actually made to this in the BBC series—but in a television programme about the native roots of a still active Irish nationalist conflict such details are distracting footnotes. Dr Foster may well argue that history is too delicate a study to be exposed to the necessary over-simplifications of television, and on a strict academic level I would agree with him, but then is history to be allowed to make sense to no one but academics?

Again: ". . . the *old* idea [my italics] of apostolic succession from Tone to Parnell to Pearse . . ." I am sorry, but there was such a succession and for extreme Irish nationalists there still is, as Dr Foster could have been reminded if he had bothered to wait for the last BBC programme. Would details of O'Connell's cooperation with the Whigs, or of Gavan Duffy and the Tenant League—interesting *impasses* in the development of Irish political nationalism—have been suitable material for disquisition in such programmes? Or is the development of anything in history too linear a concept for Dr Foster?

And again: ". . . the idea that [the Famine] inspired later nineteenth-century nationalism, while teleologically attractive, is not borne out by detailed study. . . ." Anyone with any knowledge of the particulate public emotion which Irish nationalist activists had to work on in order to give eventual popular substance to their political theories will rub their eyes in amazement at such a statement. In this context I quote a letter received from a viewer after the Famine programme, typical of a number of others: "... My father [before the First World War] had an interest in a salmon fishery at Teelin, Donegal, and as a result we had a succession of Catholic domestics. During winter nights my sister and I heard many tales of famine from them. Folk memories are long in Ireland and you would have thought from these girls that the Famine happened only a short time ago."

The Famine (and it was not *just* a folk-memory in the early twentieth century any more than the memory of the Great Depression is today) became a most important part of the background to many Irish men and women's resentment against British rule in Ireland. Or must we be so un-linear that nothing can even have a background?

In this context Dr Foster's criticism of the Thames Television programme's use of modern folk-memory of the Famine is particularly inept. The old man said he had heard of corpses with their mouths stained green by eating grass and nettles. Dr Foster says this is a folk-memory actually imbibed by anyone unfortunate enough to have been educated out of Carty's *History of Ireland*. Well, why not? What is unfortunate about that particular piece of education? Corpses *were* found with their mouths stained green by eating grass and nettles, as contemporary newspaper accounts attest.

Dr Foster says that "the weight of careful research by social and economic historians" since Cecil Woodham-Smith wrote her book *The Great Hunger* has "implicitly questioned many of her generalizations". This is true though the bulk of such research was in fact done before she wrote it. But one generalization this has not questioned is that hundreds of thousands of people in Ireland died as a result of the Famine and that Irish people in all parts of Ireland *at the time* were appalled at what was happening and blamed British government. What relevant question then does reference to the Dublin mayoralty (not mayor's) ball in the midst of plenty "beg"? The possibility that an Irish Parliament in Dublin would have been no more effective in dealing with the economic and social catastrophe is not relevant to a narrative of the way in which Irish popular resentment of Westminster rule eventually achieved a coherent political form. But then of course narrative (and it really isn't necessary to quote Carlyle to tell us this) is linear.

The need to show that he knows more than the straightforward facts leads Dr Foster into many other similar absurdities. The Birmingham pub bombing *was* analogous to the Clerkenwell explosion in that both actions were carried out for their cause by men who called themselves the Irish Republican Army and in that both profoundly shocked British opinion about Ireland; the Treaty *was* a surrender to terrorism just as withdrawal by Britain from Northern Ireland would be in a different historical context today (though it was not officially called that at the time and would not be today); and surely Dr Foster, whose work on the young Parnell I much admire, is of all people aware that the only typical thing about any of Parnell's speeches was that they were unpredictable. This was made clear in the programme about him. The speech about "no man putting a boundary to the march of a nation" is—unless one is obsessed by the need to make one thing *not* follow another—a particularly relevant one in tracing the development (*pace* Dr Foster again) of Irish nationalism. Which presumably is why it is graven on the statue to Parnell in the main street of the capital of the Irish nation which eventually developed. Or are statue, street, capital and nation simply not there?

There are many other points made by Dr Foster on which I would wish to take issue, but his silliest comment is understandably reserved for a field in which he is not familiar. He suggests that the BBC's later programmes may have been altered after seeing the excellent ITV programmes which began after the BBC transmission had started and which ended before they finished. Anyone with any knowledge of how a television series is made (quite apart from a knowledge of the integrity and independence of mind of the BBC's series producer, Jeremy Isaacs) would know that the structure of, and choice of film for, the BBC's later programmes must have been decided on long before Thames Television went on the air.

ROBERT KEE.
5 Wetherby Gardens, London SW5.

Sir Albert Richardson

Sir,—Gavin Stamp in his observations on Simon Houfe's *Sir Albert Richardson: The Professor* (January 30) singles out for special praise Richardson's *Monumental Classic Architecture in Great Britain and Ireland*. Your readers may be interested to learn that this "magnificently illustrated book . . . surely the most handsome twentieth-century British publication on architecture", according to your reviewer, will be reissued this year by Classical America and W. W. Norton and Company with the aid of the Arthur Ross Foundation of New York.

HENRY HOPE REED.
Classical America, Box 821, Times Square Station, New York, NY 10036.

Edward Thomas

Sir,—In his stimulating review of Andrew Motion's *The Poetry of Edward Thomas* (January 23), C. H. Sisson repeats the statement that it is the "first full-length study to devote itself entirely" to Thomas's poetry. For the sake of completeness, may I refer your readers to Hans Ulrich Seeber's thesis *Moderne Pastoraldichtung in England* (Frankfurt am Main, 1979), the second part of which is a full-length study of Thomas's poetry entitled *Edward Thomas (1878-1917): Auf der Suche nach der verlorenen Heimat*.

BOUWE POSTMUS.
English Department, University of Amsterdam, Spuistraat 210, Amsterdam.

Reading Henry James

Sir,—It was gallant of Frank Kermode to rush to Susanne Kappeler's defence (Letters, February 20). I was chiefly worried by her inability to write clearly; I had privately assumed, until reading the Professor's letter, that this partly sprang from the fact that English was not her first language.

Professor Kermode may have reasons for disagreeing with my review, but what are they? He does not provide an answer to my chief objections: that the book is full of factual errors, that it is obscurely written, and that it only occasionally refers to its subject, Henry James.

Also, I did not mention *The Genesis of Secrecy*, a book by Professor Kermode. Perhaps I should have done? He manages to infer, none the less, that I have got this book wrong in some way and that its argument "is approximately the precise opposite" of the view I attributed to him. Since I did not mention the book, I do not know whether my words were the opposite, the precise opposite or only approximately the precise opposite of the received doctrines. But when Professors of English can write in this way, what hope is there for those of us who belong to the "leisured class of critics"? And what, incidentally, can this phrase mean, if it does not apply as much to the fellows of King's College, Cambridge, as to anyone else?

A. N. WILSON.
16 Richmond Road, Oxford.

Dante

Sir,—David Robey in the course of his review of my book *Dante the Master* (February 13) tries to sum up the theory of poetic inspiration expressed there in the following words: ". . . its basic propositions being that true poetry depends for its effect on the intensity of the experience from which it derives and that the experience is likely to take the form, in the first instance, of a visionary message from the unconscious."

This is strange because I ascribe no such function to the unconscious anywhere in the book. On the contrary in at least eleven different contexts I say that inspiration comes in states of higher consciousness. I say, for example, on page 295, "True inspiration comes to the artist in a state of enhanced consciousness"; on pages 297-8 I write of the effect of states of higher consciousness in fusing together associations, memories, and images into new insights and inspirations; on page 408, after discussing older theories of the unconscious in relation to Dante and creativity, I specifically state that "the most interesting point about artistic creation is its conscious rather than its unconscious origins".

WILLIAM ANDERSON.
40 Sheen Road, Richmond, Surrey.

Jutland and After

Sir,—Paul C. Kennedy in his review (January 2) of *The Great Gunnery Scandal* has revived the ancient controversy as to whether our failure to win decisively at Jutland affected the course of the war and has done so with the challenging comment that it is a nonsense to say that it did so. In support of this opinion he states categorically that the war could be won only on land, and that in consequence the role of the Navy was "secondary" and negative—just a matter of not losing control of sea routes.

The truth is that in 1914, as in 1939, there were two major battle areas—one at sea, one on land. Defeat at sea, in either case, to the point that our supplies were cut off, would have led to immediate unconditional surrender. Defeat on land, on the other hand, as we saw in 1940, would have led merely to a temporary stalemate with the issue of the war still wide open. No question then as to which of the two battles was secondary.

In June 1916, after Jutland, the strategic situation in your reviewer's opinion remained "unchanged". Yet on October 29 Admiral Jellicoe felt obliged to warn his First Lord, Arthur Balfour, that our losses in merchant ships might by the early summer "force us into accepting peace terms which the military position on the Continent would not justify, and which would fall far short of our desires".

By the end of the year our losses were rising catastrophically. For four months we remained defenceless against the submarines. The Navy on which we depended for survival had failed us. In May, at the eleventh hour, Jellicoe withdrew his objections and adopted convoy. The tables were then turned. The Navy fought back, won their battle against the submarines and while doing so escorted a million men from America to help our own hard-pressed armies in France.

Would it not therefore be more true to say that in winning the war the Navy played not a secondary but a dual role, having both to win their own war and give vital aid to the army in theirs?

ANTHONY POLLEN.
Lime Tree House, Upper Strand Street, Sandwich, Kent.

Forrest Reid

Sir,—In his review of Brian Taylor's *The Green Avenue* (February 13) Francis King attempts to adjust the received notion of Forrest Reid's private life by suggesting that Reid did achieve sexual congress with Kenneth Hamilton. Moreover, he states that: "In the case of at least one other of Reid's youthful friends, there is the probability that sexual intercourse, however furtive and fumbling, also took place." As Mr King says elsewhere, *The Green Avenue* "errs on the side of reticence", and if only for the sake of biographical accuracy (not, after all, an unserious consideration) any substantiated information about such private matters is of interest. Since, as far as I know, there is no published confirmation of what Mr King alleges, his manner of simply asserting it serves only to confuse the biographical impression with rumour and speculation.

AIDAN HOLLANGHURST.
47 Cobden Crescent, Grandpont, Oxford.

Eric Ambler

Sir,—Eric Ambler's *The Mask of Dimitrios* was published in the United States in 1939 as *A Coffin for Dimitrios*. The "slip" is neither intentional nor Freudian, but solely the reviewer's (David Lodge, February 20).

ERIC HOMBERGER.
University of East Anglia, University Plain, Norwich NR4 7TJ.

'Castle Dangerous'

Sir,—Before correcting A. N. Wilson about *Castle Dangerous*, Alan Hindle (Letters, February 13) should have looked at a map. Both in his introduction to the novel, and in the first chapters, Scott—with references to Douglas Water, the Cairntable hill and the Kirk of St Bride—made it clear that *Castle Dangerous* was the one at Douglas in Lanarkshire and not (as Mr Hindle supposes) Castle Douglas, the town in Galloway fifty miles to the south. The latter is indeed, as Mr Hindle says, in the county of *Guy Mannering* (and of *Redgauntlet*); *Castle Dangerous* is in the country of *Old Mortality*.

JANET ADAM SMITH.
57 Lansdowne Road, London W11.

Byron, Shelley and Keats

Sir,—The answer to Richard Gordon McCloskey's inquiry (letters, February 6) is in his own country. The verse (not a limerick) is from *A Pig's Eye View of Literature* by the late Dorothy Parker. It reads:

Byron and Shelley and Keats
Were a trio of lyrical treats.
The forehead of Shelley was clut-
tered with curls,
And Keats never was a descendant
of earls,
And Byron walked out with a num-
ber of girls,
But it didn't impair the poetical
feats
Of Byron and Shelley,
Of Byron and Shelley,
Of Byron and Shelley and Keats.

ELIZABETH BURTON.
10 New Yatt Road, Witney, Oxon OX8 6NZ.

'The First Moderns'

Sir,—I don't know why Dame Frances Yates in her review of Joseph Rykwert's *The First Moderns* should suggest (January 16) that until she published a book in 1969 "it was assumed that there was no evidence of any influence of Renaissance architectural theory in England until the advent of Inigo Jones in the early seventeenth century". Chapter 3 of Sir John Summerson's *Architecture in Britain 1530 to 1830* in the great Pelican series, published in 1953, is entitled "Elizabethan Architects: Influences and Methods". Sir John discusses there the "substantial influence" of Serlio, of Alberti and, of course, of Vitruvius and gives a long list of the books "available to Englishmen at the time", in Latin, Italian and French, as well as "the strapwork" Flemish books. (I quote from Sir John Summerson's book because it is so easy to refer to.)

As for what got built, it was not, as she suggests, only "the wooden public theatre". Sir John, writing about Dr John Caius, describes him "as one of the first of those Renaissance scholars to whom antique architecture was important and who deliberately stimulated its introduction into the buildings of the two university towns" (page 108): Caius had travelled and taught in Padua, and had begun his quadrangle at Gonville Hall in Cambridge in 1565, which includes the thoroughly *classicheggiante* Gate of Virtue and the Gate of Honour.

The second half of the sixteenth century was a dry period for church building, but classical monuments and porticoes were being built all right.

ELIZABETH YOUNG.
100 Bayswater Road, London W2 3HJ.

THIRD EYE CENTRE
350 Sauchiehall Street, Glasgow
7 Poets
Iain Crichton Smith, Robert Garioch, George Mackay Brown, Norman MacCaig, Hugh MacDiarmid, Sorley MacLean, Edwin Morgan.
Exhibitions, videotapes, publications and readings
Until 14th March, 1981.
Exhibitions
Paintings and drawings by Alexander Moffat (a group portrait of all the seven poets, and portrait paintings and 24 drawings and studies).
Photographs by Jessie Ann Matthew.
Colour videotapes
Interviews with and readings by the poets (with the exception of Hugh MacDiarmid)—six 30 min. programmes shown daily throughout the exhibition.
Interviewer: Marsha Weiser.
Exhibition publications
An 88-page exhibition book with colour plates, articles, interviews and poems; eight full-colour postcards; and a poster print.
Free brochure containing full details of the above may be obtained by sending a 9in. x 4in. S.A.E. to: Third Eye Brochure at the address shown.
The exhibition and related projects have been funded by The Scottish Arts Council. "Poets" is part of "Scotland Glasgow".
Opening times—
Tues.-Sat. 10 am-5.30 pm
Sun. 2 pm-5.30 pm. Closed Mondays

Donald Rayfield
CHEKHOV: THE EVOLUTION OF HIS ART
Elek Books
". . . the best commentary on his plays and stories to have appeared in English."
Russian Lit. Triquarterly
Students will find this book invaluable and the general reader will find new light in this scholar's intimacy with his subject.
V. S. Pritchett
Copies from the author,
Tall Oak, Baughurst, Hants.
Only £5 inc. p. & p.

NEW BOOKS FROM EYRE METHUEN

Fiction

Marianna
NANCY BUCKINGHAM
A moving historical romance which traces the turbulent face and fortune of its remarkable heroine. This warm and affecting novel marks an exciting development in Nancy Buckingham's writing. *£6.25*

And in March:

Hawk of May
GILLIAN BRADSHAW
The first in a trilogy which dramatizes Britain's early history is a compelling story set against the romantic backdrop of Arthur's Britain. 'This is a most intelligent and imaginative exploration of Dark Age Britain; even the magic convinces.' Mary Renault. *£8.50*

When the Music Changed
MARIE RENO
Against the sweeping panorama of a divided nation, Marie Reno unfolds the spellbinding story of Miranda Chase — her search for herself and her romantic destiny. This novel of the American Civil War has the sweep and power of *Gone With the Wind*. *£6.95*

The Baltic Emerald
EDMUND WARD
A tense novel of international crime and terrorism which erupts into violent action. Edmund Ward joins the Eyre Methuen list with a thriller which will delight all connoisseurs of action, plot and character. *£8.50*

Non-Fiction

A Century of Modern Painting
JOSEPH EMILE MULLER and FRANK ELGAR
A lavish, large format book containing 518 full-colour reproductions which presents the movements and artists who have had the most marked and original effect on contemporary painting. *£12.50*

Mediations
Essays on Brecht, Beckett and the Media
MARTIN ESSLIN
A collection of essays which extends and deepens Esslin's work on Brecht and Beckett. The essay on Brecht stems from Esslin's life-long critical interest in the man and his work; the section on Beckett from personal admiration, as is clear from the fascinating account of Beckett's relationship with the BBC; and this in turn leads to the section on the Media, including discussion on radio drama, television commercials and television series. *£8.50*

Eyre Methuen

Simply severe

By G. R. Elton

MICHAEL VAN CLEAVE ALEXANDER:
The First of the Tudors
A Study of Henry VII and his Reign
280pp. Croom Helm. £12.95.
0 7099 0503 3

Michael Alexander begins rather ominously by telling us that Henry VII has only rarely received "the recognition he deserves". Since just about every modern historian who has looked at that king has expressed marked respect, we might expect a powerful debunking attack, but in fact Alexander's favourable assessment differs hardly at all from standard views. He sends rather embarrassingly with a naive construction of a league table in which Henry VII is judged to stand above the Conqueror, Edward I, and so forth. In between the book does rather better, though not very much: there is much simplicity in it.

This is a straightforward account, mainly derived from other historical studies, of the king's life and work; its most original section makes more than is justified of the age's contribution to learning and the arts. Alexander is good on court pageantry and deals well with diplomatic affairs; on problems of the king's domestic government and policy he says sensible things where his guides illumine his path, but where they falter or get difficult he tends to betray a lack of real understanding. If he felt it necessary to comment on the tax called the Fifteenth and Tenth, the origins of Star Chamber and Requests, the records of the treasuror of the chamber, provisos to bills in parliament, and similar tricky technical matters, he should have got them much more nearly right than he does.

Alexander's method lacks sovereignty. Far too many footnotes assemble general accounts of very varying ages which in many cases merely repeat one another, and even then this primitive method of citation quite often offers poor support for what is said in the text. He litters his account with references to named historians whose heads he tends to count when he has to decide between conflicting views. A passage in which Pope, Audon and Robert Graves are called in as consultants, to decide on the quality of Skelton's poetry, reads like self-parody. There is something appealingly medieval about all this, but it hardly constitutes the novel and independent assessment of Henry VII promised in the preface. On the other hand, Alexander keeps blaming unnamed historians when he thinks he discerns in them an inadequate enthusiasm for his hero, though it is rarely apparent that the sins so darkly hinted at have actually been committed.

These defects allowed for, however, the book has its uses, as a quite respectable, rather gentlemanly account of its reign. It is worth not for the claims to originality and weight made in the preface one could leave it there. As it is, the question remains whether it was enough to put together this mosaic of facts and opinions culled from others. That Henry VII needs the historian's attention is certainly true: the king, his reign and his purposes retain far too many mysteries. Unfortunately, none of them can be brought nearer clarification from the printed materials available since the state of this evidence is responsible for our present knowledge. Anyone seriously concerned to understand Henry VII and his reign must still spend long hours in the Public Record Office in the study of manuscript sources which are massive and difficult and can be repulsive; probably they should not be approached by anyone so ill equipped in the problems of Tudor law and finance as Alexander is.

What virtue inheres in any assessment of Henry's alleged restoration of law and order unless one can digest D. J. Guth's demonstration that the seemingly formidable apparatus of repressive laws remained virtually unenforced? How can one preserve notions of the king's dominant activity when J. H. Baker has shown how the whole common law underwent a transformation in which royal or even parliamentary edicts played no part? How can one judge any aspect of policy without a good look at the politics of the court and its factions, at the aristocracy and its manoeuvres, at the daily pressures under which Henry operated? Henry's complex use of his council and of commissions stands at the very heart of his rule and its success, and while it is true that there are problems crying out to be investigated, an account which is not even aware that the problems exist really will not serve.

A great deal, after all, depends on whether we can really identify the king with the actions done in his name, or done often enough without calling in that name: until that question is answered we really have no idea how to judge Henry. Alexander solves the problem by the time-hallowed devices of simply taking his initiative and action for granted, and of equating supposed intention with the structured achievement. If he encounters doubts raised by others he dismisses them by vouching an older account in warranty: thus for Henry's supposed production of statutes he refers himself to H. L. Gray's long exploded study of legislation. But riding, head in the air, over these difficulties only means that we remain on the familiar surface and shut our eyes to all the realities.

It must be emphasized that Alexander has put together a recognizable individual, even if some parts of the picture are made of cardboard; what cannot be accepted is that he has fulfilled his claim to have presented a person very different from that found in all the textbooks. Typically enough, for instance, he accepts the traditional view of Henry's last years, with their supposed decline into extortionate avarice, and he seems to accept it on the strength of a kind of majority vote rather than because he has investigated the problem for himself. This, of course, is an ancient and well-roasted chestnut, but it deserves a word because it indicates the sort of work that needs to be done on this reign if we are ever to gain a better security than is obtained from *stare super vias antiquas*.

Many years ago I pointed out that the prevalent view of Henry's change of policy and character was derived from contemporary accounts demonstrably affected by selection and self-interest, and I suggested that the king's policy had not so much grown savage as always been severe. The first point has never been refuted and the second has not been heeded. I was then told that, according to the record evidence, Henry in his last years employed various devices to extort unjust payments. I analysed those devices and concluded that an informed view of their meaning removed in effect all the appearance of novel and unjust oppression; I also drew attention to the fact that many of the king's alleged extortions appeared to spring from private men's feuds. The first point has never been refuted and the second has not been heeded.

Next we learnt, quite correctly, that Henry's policy of taking bonds, especially from the aristocracy, imposed dangers and burdens on a large number of people. I asked whether the uninvestigated circumstances in which these bonds arose should not be considered, and whether the evidence that Henry never intended to collect on them should not be taken into account; I asked for an informed understanding of what that bonding policy meant. No real answer has been attempted — least of all by Alexander, who once again laments the fate of the earl of Northumberland, heavily fined for the abduction of a royal ward, without noting that the girl died in the earl's hands. I ask again, as I have asked for years; how justified was the so-called reaction of 1509-12 when it gave way so quickly to a resumption of the earlier policies? Why, in 1536, did the Pilgrims of Grace feel able to look back upon the first Tudor's reign with quite passionate nostalgia? Why, in 1550, did Hugh Latimer urgently lament the abandonment of one of Henry VII's devices which, according to the chronicles, roused most hatred for his rule—the use of paid informers?

I am not, as Alexander seems to suppose, trying to whitewash the king: I have never had any doubt that he ruled throughout with a heavy hand. But I am concerned that questions fundamental to a real understanding of Henry VII and his reign should be so blithely shoved aside by an author who claims to be illumining our darkness. The reign of Henry VII still awaits its historian.

Severely simple

By R. L. Storey

BERTRAM WOLFFE:
Henry VI
400pp. Eyre Methuen. £19.95.
0 413 32080 4

A biography of Henry VI is a great challenge. His reign (1422-61, 1470-71) was one of the longest in English history. The volume of formal records surviving is immense. In contrast, the literary remains which might provide personal observations are few and jejune. Henry's posthumous reputation is a further handicap. The simpleton of Yorkist chroniclers became the "holy creature" of propagandists for his Tudor heirs. He could thus be held blameless for the loss of Henry V's French conquests and for the ensuing Wars of the Roses.

With dispassionate scholarship, Bertram Wolffe provides a more sophisticated assessment. As a work of art, his book deserves high praise for its well-proportioned structure and unpretentious clarity of exposition. Much learning, skilfully deployed as here, evokes pleasure as well as admiration. Numerous illustrations enrich the text, although one must regret the reduced scale of manuscripts in black and white.

This is not a history of Henry's reign, although its major events in which he was concerned are fully considered. Dr Wolffe's perspective is wider in his useful survey of Henry's minority. Here his purpose is to show that the government of Henry's two kingdoms was soundly conducted by his uncles and other councillors; they faithfully strove to preserve his inheritance. The loss of both crowns can therefore be attributed to Henry's own incompetence during the period of personal rule. This second phase began with the gradual transfer of power to the young king, seemingly completed in 1437. It effectively ended with his breakdown in 1453. This central period is thus of crucial importance in assessing Henry's record as king, in seeking some clues to his personality.

Examination of diplomatic correspondence, French as well as English, has persuaded Wolffe that decisions with calamitous results were made by Henry alone, secretively deceiving his council. He let the wily Charles VII ensnare him into marriage with Margaret of Anjou and a commitment to surrender Maine. Further bungling gave Charles justification to end the truce so dearly bought and thus expel the ill-provided English garrisons from France.

For these disasters parliaments blamed Henry's advisers. If there was then a convention that "the king can do no wrong", as Wolffe suggests, it was unknown to Fortescue and other Lancastrian judges, as it was to the assembly which had deposed Richard II fifty years earlier. A constitutional fiction which was observed was that all acts of government were ordered by the king.

Having demonstrated Henry's active participation in affairs of state, Wolffe can refute Tudor hagiography. Henry was vindictive. His uncle Humphrey, duke of Gloucester, conveniently died soon after arrest. His duchess had been sentenced for treason without trial. Wolffe wrongly states — she had been convicted by a jury of knights and squires. The same London chronicle acquits Henry of another false indictment: the Greenwich woman was not pressed to death because she had reviled Henry, but because she had refused to plead in court — an example of *peine forte et dure*.

Even Henry's piety is questioned. His ultimate motive in founding Eton and King's Colleges was selfish concern for his spiritual welfare after death. His statutes required the dismissal of scholars if the revenues dwindled, leaving the chaplains to celebrate masses. This was not a unique provision. Henry's commissioners who drafted the statutes modelled them on Wykeham's: he had made that provision for New College, as did Henry's contemporaries, the founders of All Souls and Magdalen Colleges, Oxford.

Wolffe observes that there is less clear evidence of Henry's involvement in domestic than in foreign policies. His extensive understanding of bureaucratic procedures and archives, however, enables him to illustrate the administrative chaos caused by Henry's profligate acquiescence to suits for crown patronage. Courtiers fared best: "so poor a king was never seen, nor richer traitors ever been".

After the loss of Normandy and popular insurrections in 1450, Dr Wolffe discerns signs of firmer control in England's government. It is surely mistaken to praise Henry for this change. He had lost six leading ministers in 1450, four by murder, and the veteran councillors who took their places must deserve some credit. Moreover, the drift to anarchy had already begun with the outbreak of formidable baronial feuds.

Henry emerged from eighteen months of stupor at the end of 1454. He was then only thirty-four years of age, his physical health still robust. According to Dr Wolffe, however, there is no proof that Henry had fully recovered, nor that he thereafter took an active rôle in public affairs. Amiable and harmless, he lingered as puppet or prisoner until his murder in 1471. "Holy King Henry" was soon credited with miraculous cures and rescues, but Tudor suits for his canonization foundered on the uninspiring record of his reign.

At the Memorial Service

(After Thomas Hardy)

The treasured poems and thoughts in prose,
The favourite music, yes;
By turns voiced out, stringed over, those
That brought him happiness.

The self—oh yes—assembled too;
Kindness and skill and wit
In friendsome hush recalled anew—
Nor lost one charm of it.

Ah yes. Our man is gone away.
In proof whereof he leaves no trace.
A perfect stranger here today
Already takes his place.

John Bayley

Puddling away through life

By Geoffrey Grigson

The Letters of Edward FitzGerald
Edited by Alfred McKinley Terhune and Annabelle Burdick Terhune
Volume 1, 1830-1850. 0 691 06383 4
Volume 2, 1851-1866. 0 691 06386 9
Volume 3, 1867-1876. 0 691 06387 7
Volume 4, 1877-1883. 0 691 06388 5
Columbia and Princeton University Presses. £21.80 each. £82.80 the set.

From the huge collection of Edward FitzGerald's letters, over a thousand of them previously unpublished, are we likely to discover a man, or a writer, more exceptional than we know him to have been already? As long ago as 1947 the co-editor of these letters, the late Professor Terhune of Syracuse University, published a life of FitzGerald (the second attempt at a full biography), which half explained him, though without asking or answering, or even approaching, the one question of human and literary concern; which, naturally, is how an amateur author of such eclectic abilities came suddenly to write, and almost as suddenly to forget a poem so extraordinary as the hundred and one stanzas of his *Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám*?

In the second of these four volumes, we reach and pass by the Suffolk-cum-Persian preliminaries to the poem, its private and quasi-secret publication on FitzGerald's behalf by Quaritch the bookseller (in 1859), and the famous episode of its delayed "discovery" or at least celebration by Rossetti, a younger man and poet-chaser of the pleasures or some of the pleasures of sensation, the poet least likely among the Victorians to be upset by its distanced epicureanism. Clues, faint at first, and never very direct or strong or unevasive—unevasive vis-à-vis FitzGerald himself—begin to appear. They accumulate; but even so each reader will need to be fascinated enough to tie them into an explanation.

The evidence of the letters—of FitzGerald's life and character—is both positive and negative. The letters begin at the close of his years at Cambridge, when FitzGerald was well off, independent and unsure, undecided on a calling; half English, half Anglo-Irish (his father Edward Purcell had taken his wife's name, FitzGerald), and more than half-rooted in East Anglia.

About this young man, and the old man of middle-aged man, and the old man he became, there is very much that is half and half. Whom he was old, Charles Keene drew FitzGerald huddled at his organ, back view; the sketch seems to say as much as (and more than) the sketch of FitzGerald, young and prim, by his friend Thackeray. Thackeray's sketch (reproduced in Volume One) suggests withdrawal as if from the small of average life. Keene's drawing (reproduced in Lionel Lindsay's *Charles Keene*; 1934) seems to say —after interpretation as this may be—"Well, it is all but over", and, head down, face invisible, hair long, shoulders drooping, but favourite notes coming from the organ, "What have I done, after all?"

From Thackeray's sketch it is a step back to school and university, to the first and later friends FitzGerald made and kept. At that remarkable East Anglian institution, Bury Grammar School, (which he loved) FitzGerald made friends of James Spedding, who was to be Bacon's editor, J. M. Kemble the Anglo-Saxon scholar, and W. B. Donne, who became head of the London Library. Superior mediocrity of that kind, and tepid orthodoxy, marked most of his slightly distant intimates—dons, parsons, scholars, and the like. Thackeray, whom he encountered when they were undergraduates, was an exception—an exception of extra significance?—and so were the eccentric Tennysons, Frederick and Alfred.

The letters—as well as the *Life* by Professor Terhune—show (however much Professor Terhune would have objected) a lazy, easy-going, well-to-do individualist, who was retreative, and bedded—with slight or not too persistent, nor at all public questioning and unease—in the defensive and respectable orthodoxy proper to someone born in 1809 and so in his unambitious forties and fifties at the critical time. It is no good imagining secrets—or at least secrets of action and event. It is no good asking what FitzGerald was up to —young, and less young, bachelor dilettante, in London, in Paris, so much on his own (he wasn't one for associating much with his family, brothers, sisters, parents; he wasn't given to introducing parents to friends, or friends to parents). The answer to what he was up to is surely nothing.

Yet as one reads the letters, and especially the letters to young Edward Cowell, who instructed him in a dilettante's Spanish and then, in the 1850s, in a dilettante's Persian, a small flame of possible illumination or revelation begins to strengthen; one begins to glimpse a possibly growing strength in FitzGerald, in spite of himself, of unacted and nagging desire, exploding in the *Rubáiyát*—and then subsiding for ever with age and quiescence.

First one has to understand—and in this Volumes One and Two of the letters afford plentiful instruction—how FitzGerald valued himself as writer, as poet in particular. He valued himself not at all. Here he was enabling in curves as slow and blind as a Suffolk river, amiable, kind, and middling. Again and again he says, and he means it, and he shows it in his intermittent verse, I am no writer, I am no poet. "I have not the strong inward call, nor cruel-sweet pangs of parturition, that prove the birth of anything bigger than a mouse", he wrote in 1842, to Cowell. Then to Cowell again in 1849, seven years or so before he was first attracted at all to Omar Khayyám, "You know how little I think of my verses. I never wrote more than twenty good ones in my life". In a letter of 1851 to Cowell's wife (with whom he seems to have been dimly in love at one time) he says "I am no Poet, but a good Critic."

As the letters go by, he seems less a good critic than an erratic appreciator. He comes on Blake (by way of Benjamin Heath Malkin, his old headmaster at Bury?), and on Vaughan, and is no more than superficially entranced. Comments on one modern and another, though perhaps the currency of his generation, strike one even as rather nasty as well as imperciplent. He was not care for Hawthorne or George Eliot. He refers always to Wordsworth abominably as "Daddy Wordsworth". "I have rather a wish to tie old Wordsworth's volume"—the 1820 volume which includes among the Duddon sonnets one of Wordsworth's supreme poems—"about his neck and pitch him into one of the deepest holes of his dear Duddon". He extended a dislike of Victor Hugo, whom he called the beginner of the "Gurgoyle School", to Browning. "The great Prophet of the Gurgoyle School"; and it is ironic—seeing what Rossetti did for his fame—to find him asking Tennyson "Is Mr Rossetti a Great Poet like Browning and Morris? So the Athenaeum tells me. Dear me, how thick Great Poets do grow nowadays." Crabbe's poems he loved, though not without a degree of patronage. Even so his pious book of selections from Crabbe is no adequate guide to Crabbe's strength and felicities.

And Tennyson? Worshipful as he was of Tennyson he disliked almost all Tennyson's verse after the earlier poems. (He said of *In Memoriam*, when it appeared in 1850, that it contained "fine things", but was monotonous and had "the air of being evolved by a Poetical Machine of the highest order."). Setting Tennyson and FitzGerald together points to a nearly entire lack in FitzGerald of any sensuous relationship to the physical world. About as much in the perceptive line as FitzGerald can manage is a complaint about "the same level meadow with geese upon it always lying before my eye; the same pollard oaks with now and then the butcher or the washerwoman trundling by in their carts", or "The Chestnut trees are in their usual glory at this season, crowned over with blossom; and I never saw the fields so rich." Really there is little to contradict the summary of himself written to his early intimate John Allen "I have no strength of mind and very little perception."

When and how—and why—does the seedling of *Omar Khayyám* appear? What happens, what stirs in this languid, moneyed Suffolk poetaster and dilettante, whose later tranquillity—according to his friend Spedding—was to seem "like a pirated copy of the peace of God"?

The happening is the languid attraction to the study of Persian, proposed to him by his friend, Cowell, Ipswich merchant's son and scholar of languages, who had already encouraged him in his reading of Spanish and of Calderón's plays. The letters indicate how things went, stop by step. Cowell urged, in effect, why be idle, why not do something else, why not try Persian, with me as instructor? That was at Christmas 1852, Cowell (his junior by seventeen years) then a late-coming twenty-six-year-old undergraduate at Oxford. Cowell found his Omar Khayyám manuscript in the Bodleian in 1856, and copied it out for FitzGerald, just

Father in the Railway Buffet

What are you doing here, ghost, among these urns,
These film-wrapped sandwiches and help-yourself biscuits,
Upright and grand, with your stick, hat and gloves,
Your breath of eau-de-cologne?

What have you to say to these head-scarfed tea-ladies,
For whom your expensive vowels are exotic as Japan?
Stay, ghost, in your proper haunts, the clubland smokerooms,
Where you know the waiters by name.

You have no place among these damp and nameless.
Why do you walk here? I came to say goodbye.
You were ashamed of me for being different.
It didn't matter.

You who never even learned to queue?

U. A. Fanthorpe

February Books

The Beaker Folk
Copper Age Archaeology in Western Europe
R. J. HARRISON
118 illustrations 9¼ × 6¼in (24.1 × 15.9cm)
Ancient Peoples and Places
ISBN 0 500 02098 1 £12.00 *February 2*

Britannia Triumphans
Inigo Jones, Rubens and Whitehall Palace
ROY STRONG
59 illustrations 8¼ × 5¼in (21.0 × 14.8cm)
Walter Neurath Memorial Lectures
ISBN 0 500 55012 3 £3.50 *February 2*

Foundations in the Dust
The Story of Mesopotamian Exploration
SETON LLOYD
80 illustrations 9¼ × 6¼in (24.1 × 15.9cm)
Revised and enlarged edition
ISBN 0 500 05038 4 £12.00 *February 2*

Lefkandi 1
The Iron Age (Text)
EDITED BY M. R. POPHAM, L. H. SACKETT AND P. G. THEMELIS
27 illustrations, 1 in colour, and 6 charts
8 × 6in (20.3 × 15.3cm)
British School of Archaeology in Athens
ISBN 0 500 96014 3 £46.00 *February 2*

Ezra Pound and his World
PETER ACKROYD
111 illustrations 9¼ × 7¼in (23.2 × 18.1cm)
Pictorial Biographies
ISBN 0 500 13069 8 £5.95 *February 9*

A Reader's Guide to D. H. Lawrence
PHILIP HOBSBAUM
8 × 5¼in (20.3 × 13.3cm)
The Reader's Guides
Hardcover ISBN 0 500 14023 5 £6.95
Paperback ISBN 0 500 15017 6 £2.95 *February 9*

Greek Art and the Idea of Freedom
DENYS HAYNES
90 illustrations 8¼ × 5¼in (21.0 × 14.9cm)
ISBN 0 500 23331 4 £6.95 *February 16*

The Noblest Roman
Marcus Brutus and his Reputation
M. L. CLARKE
8¼ × 5¼in (21.6 × 13.8cm)
Aspects of Greek and Roman Life
ISBN 0 500 40040 7 £10.00 *February 16*

The Thracians
R. F. HODDINOTT
168 illustrations 9¼ × 6¼in (24.1 × 15.9cm)
Ancient Peoples and Places
ISBN 0 500 02099 X £12.00 *February 16*

An Introduction to Islamic Cosmological Doctrines
SEYYED HOSSEIN NASR
9¼ × 6in (23.2 × 15.2cm)
Revised edition, in paperback
Paperback ISBN 0 500 27216 6 £4.95 *February 23*

Megastructure
Urban Features of the Recent Past
REYNER BANHAM
222 illustrations 10 × 8¼in (25.5 × 21.3cm)
First edition in paperback
Paperback ISBN 0 500 27205 0 £5.95 *February 23*

Thames and Hudson

before leaving for a professorial job at Calcutta, where he stayed until 1864.

Early in 1856 FitzGerald writes to Tennyson that he is still "puddling away faintly at Persian". Later in the year, writing again to Tennyson, just before Cowell went out to India, he mentions that he and Cowell are reading "some curious Infidel and Epicurean Tetrastichs by a Persian of the eleventh century—as savage against Destiny, etc, as Manfred—but mostly Epicurean Pathos of this kind—'Drink—for the Moon will often come round to look for us in this Garden and find us not'". He goes on asking the absent Cowell about points of interpretation of this "curious Infidel", not at all sure that serious Cowell will approve of his continued interest—"You would be sorry to think that Omar breathes a sort of Consolation to me! Poor Fellow, I think of him, and Olivier Basselin, and Anacreon; lighter shadows among the Shades, perhaps, over which Lucretius presides so grimly" (1857).

He does not quite approve of his own concern and interest—to Crabbe's son, George, Suffolk vicar and neighbour: he has not been reading much, "only looking from time to time at a poor little Persian Epicurean, who sings the old standing Religion of the World: *Let us make the best of To-day,—who can answer for To-morrow?*". Then to George Borrow, a month later, in June, he is calling Omar "the best Persian I have seen". He is coming round. To Tennyson in July: "I have really got hold of an old Epicurean so desperately impious in his recommendations to live only for Today that the good Mahometans have scarce dared to multiply MSS of him. . . . One of the last [? best] things I remember of him is that —'God gave me this turn for Drink, perhaps God was drunk when he made me', which is not strictly pious. But he is very tender about his Roses and Wine, and making the most of this poor little Life."

In August he writes to Cowell that he sees "how a very pretty *Eclogue* might be tesselated out of his scattered Quatrains: but you would not like the moral of it". The poem is progressing; and by January 1858 it exists, in its first version; and rather timidly he sends thirty-five not too objectionable stanzas to *Fraser's Magazine*, which neither accepts nor declines them. He recovers the stanzas after a year or so, and with stanzas added, he has the poem, the "eclogue", printed for him by Quaritch the bookseller, and published—Victorian moralism and religiosity or no—price one shilling, 250 copies—without his name.

What followed is well known—how the pamphlet-poem went unnoticed, how in the end it was "discovered" in the penny box outside Quaritch's shop in what afterwards became a portion of Charing Cross Road, on the Leicester Square side, and how it was preached by Rossetti, Swinburne, Morris, Meredith and the rest of them. The discovery was in 1861. By that time FitzGerald had abandoned his Persian studies. He had given away a very few copies of the *Rubdiyát*, kept a few, tossed the rest of them to Quaritch, and by 1861 had more or less forgotten these "very little affairs".

A reading of the letters, previously unpublished or published only in part, confirms in my judgment that explanation already suggested. When he was taking more and more to his "poor little Persian epicurean", impious, yet tender, FitzGerald was very much feeling the inconsequence and lassitude of his own existence. He was nearly fifty. Friends were dying off. FitzGerald (in 1856) had made his dutiful, yet bizarre match with ugly and dull Lucy Barton, after seven years of an impersonal engagement from which she would not release him. They parted after eight months, in that year when FitzGerald also lost the Cowells, such dear and necessary friends, to India. He was seeing much of Thackeray, who lived with an epicurean or hedonistic freedom for which one may suspect FitzGerald had an underlying inclination, mainly censored in himself; and now, at a last moment, balding early, fat and grey-haired, he was himself celebrating a defiance, which soon died away, under the romantic cover of a Persian poet of centuries past, unknown either to his own eminent and less eminent friends (except Cowell, to whom he wrote in so gingerly a way about Omar Khayyám's lack of the strong weave of Victorian morality and piety) or any readers his poem might find.

In a letter to Cowell, some two months after his *Omar Khayyám* was printed, he speaks rather wearily of death and doing one's best and rounding things off with print, and his "own stupid Decline of Life".

He had once written, when he was an undergraduate, of taking the coach from Cambridge to London and dozing off to visions of the "Lady of Shalott", which he had read in a manuscript copy,—"really, the poem has taken lodging in my poor head". Now it is as if that youth and that early absorption in Tennysonian poetics had risen in him again, in his rich quatrains of the pathetic and the passing of days, a strong, brief possession of the suppressed fundamentals of his life, a strong regret, accounting for the sudden timbre of his pseudo-Persian, or semi-Persian quatrains.

There it is; and assuredly his *Omar Khayyám* remains almost the sole interest of these letters, more than 2,000 of them, which go on and on till his last year (he died in 1883, when he was seventy-four). We do learn a scrap or two about Tennyson, his look, his walk, his taste in the classics. He clings to Tennyson—from a distance; and debases himself in his annual letters to his "dear old Alfred", who does not bother to reply, leaving answers to Mrs Tennyson. But then Tennyson must have been bored by his old friend's repeated declarations of how superior Tennyson was to vulgar cockney Browning, and by the way he harps on the virtues of "my eternal Crabbe", whose poems Tennyson liked, after all, as much as he did.

FitzGerald's worshipful humility towards Tennyson-on-his-throne was such that he had never sent the Tennysons—never dared to send them—a copy of Edition One or Edition Two of the *Rubdiyát*; and how surprised he was to discover, in 1867, that Tennyson admired his stanzas so much—surprised, too, that Tennyson had ever come across them. In 1872, when he was contemplating Edition Three, he rather fearfully asked the Great Man whether it had been Edition One or the enlarged Edition Two he had encountered. For that inquiry all he had from His Majesty was a short note both dismissive and gratifying: Tennyson didn't know whether it had been Edition One or Two, he had mislaid his *Omar*. Yes, he admired it; but he coupled admiration with a complaint that FitzGerald had stolen one line from his "Gardener's Daughter". Tennyson, one may think, had never quite forgiven him for liking only his early poems (how would he have taken to FitzGerald's remark apropos the inferiority of "Lucretius" of 1868 to "Locksley Hall" of 1842: "But once get a name in England, and you can do anything"?)

The truth is that FitzGerald's merit as a letter writer has been much exaggerated. In that role he fitted the Age of Essays, but his letters are not intimate, valuably introspective, or expressive, or more than slightly illustrative or informative. In himself FitzGerald condemns a "visionary inactivity" and his failure to grow up, but the vision is vague; except in that contradictory break-through to sonorous, unforgettable poem which will always be read, in spite of changes in taste and value.

Eighteenth-Century British Books

An
AUTHOR UNION
Catalogue

extracted from the
British Museum General Catalogue of Printed Books
and the
Catalogues of the Bodleian Library
and of the
University Library, Cambridge
by
F.J.G. ROBINSON, G. AVERLEY
D.R. ESSLEMONT and P.J. WALLIS

Prospectus available on request from
DAWSON PUBLISHING
CANNON HOUSE
FOLKESTONE
KENT CT19 5EE

Seasonal greetings

By David Wright

JOHN WAIN:
Poems for the Zodiac
12 booklets, Pisces Press, 77 Burghley Road, NW5. Limited edition of 100 copies. £2.50 each, £27.50 the set.

Here is a set of twelve little paperback pamphlets, each containing two pages, of which one is a drawing by Brenda Stones from a French Book of Hours of the fifteenth century, and the other (facing) an illustrative poem by John Wain—for in this case the poems are based on the drawings, and not, as is more usual, vice versa.

The drawings come in paired panels—on the left one of the signs of the zodiac, on the right panel an illustration of some human activity appropriate to the season. Thus, for Pisces (February) the right-hand panel shows a seated figure warming hands in front of a fire; while for Leo (July) the zodiacal lion is paired with a picture of a man reaping a field of corn with a sickle. The drawings are attractive; and the verses no less so, as this excerpt from the Leo pamphlet may perhaps indicate:

The great cat's mane is a field of
wind-stirred wheat:
he is the lion, who knows death but
not defeat.
The man with the sickle bends to
work with a smile
happy that hunger and death are
held off awhile
for the Maker has blessed the
ground with resurgence of crops.
The two hands of His power were
the sunlight and the raindrops,
and the lion, imagined by this
painter who had never seen one,
smiles too, as if glad that a gold
season has flamed from a green
one . . .

Or better, here are the verses from "Aquarius", twinned with a picture of Janus feasting at table:

The richly-clothed man looks both
ways: his dual
palate tastes wine and meat, his
brain defines
north-south, east-west, his delicate
renewal.
The almost naked man, whose toil
combines
humility with mastery, seems
content:
he tilts his generous urn, while
Janus dines.
Water, the indivisible element,
moves without strain wherever it
is beckoned.
This tells us what the world's
creation meant:
the seas were the first feast, the
rocks the second.
Janus is right to smile in two
directions,
for water made his sunny fields
grow fecund:
rain-cloud and harvest are the two
perfections.

There is little to be said about those agreeable and accomplished verses in the way of criticism: they indicate a warm heart and an amiable wit. I have one or two quibbles. The lion in the drawing for Leo seems heraldic rather than realistic, but I wouldn't necessarily agree that the painter had never seen one; in medieval times quite a few were kept in captivity in the royal courts. As for the Aquarius poem, one might object that water isn't an element in modern terms—after all the poet refers to the stuff as It, in this poem on Pisces—and that in any case the whole point about an element is that it is indivisible. But one sees what is meant.

At least Mr Wain's zodiacal necklace can bear comparison with David Gascoyne's "A Little Zodiac for K.R.."—not that the latter *jeu d'esprit* is particularly representative of that very good poet.

They glitter, but they sing
Seldom; rather than swim
They slide through that thick
element the waves
Roof in; swing the slow loop
Of a lasso through which
In reflex they can swoop
And thus with cunning catch
In their own track themselves . . .
(Gascoyne)

Two fish, connected by a loving
cord.
They love each other, and they
praise the Lord
who shaped them clean and cool
and undramatic,
not mammal, not amphibious, but
aquatic . . .
(Wain)

To sum up, these are elegant little books, containing elegant poems, elegantly designed, produced and printed; and as the edition is limited to a hundred copies all signed by the author (which involves 1,200 individual signings, quite a job) the verses are obviously aimed at the plushier end of the collector's market: and good luck to them. But they will, one must also hope, appear some day in the next collection of Mr Wain's poems, no longer gift-wrapped but backed by a more substantial work.

Biographical brevities

By Roy Foster

LEON O'BROIN:
Michael Collins
156pp.
7171 0968 2

PATRICK BUCKLAND:
James Craig
Lord Craigavon
143pp.
7171 0984 4

T. RYLE DWYER:
Eamon De Valera
156pp.
7171 0964 X

PETER COSTELLO:
James Joyce
135pp.
7171 0986 0

HUGH HUNT:
Seán O'Casey
153pp.
7171 1034 6

PAUL BEW:
C. S. Parnell
152pp.
7171 0963 1
Dublin: Gill and Macmillan. £7.95 each (paperback, £2.50).

Ireland has no *Dictionary of National Biography*, and the one-volume biographical compendia produced over the past hundred years by Webb, Crone and Boylan are no substitute. The current vitality and imaginativeness of Irish publishing, evidenced in the lively new periodical *Books Ireland* as well as in the mushrooming crop of small presses round Dublin, is further testified to by Gill and Macmillan's project of a series of short *Lives* aimed at a "popular" readership; to the subjects under review will later be added Shaw, Cosgrave (*père*), O'Connell, Tone, Carson, Lemass and Griffith. The undertaking must be welcomed, even if quart measures too often slop rather uncomfortably out of these pint pots.

Such works encounter primarily the difficulty of working in the shadow of recent magisterial treatments. Peter Costello's *Joyce* operates uneasily, with Richard Ellman looking over his shoulder, and Paul Bew's *Parnell* might seem to follow too hard upon F. S. L. Lyons. The approach to this inevitable difficulty, however, sorts out the nimble and imaginative biographical feats from the straightforwardly plodding sheep.

Dr Bew's reaction is to produce an oblique and challenging essay on Parnell as "Protestant" leader (although he often really means "landlord" or even "Anglo-Irish", not coterminous epithets). His is the only one of these books to have any claim to brilliance; but it would, one imagines, be rather unsettling for the lay reader unfamiliar with the recent historiographical developments which enable Bew so confidently and off-handedly to refer to Parnell's conservatism, or to portray the 1886 Home Rule Bill as a mere rhetorical exercise on both sides. This probably does no harm; but it hardly presupposes the same public as does Ryle Dwyer, with his laborious references to "the famous British leader David Lloyd George", and even "Adolf Hitler, the German leader".

Careless words cost space in excess like these; and a determination to spell out the elementary means that the author must economize elsewhere by avoiding interpretation. This is an especial pity in the case of de Valera, whose life cries out for imaginative treatment; the elements of Rousseauist, Jesuit and shaman which made him such a curiously exotoric figure to three generations are never explored here. With only a hilariously straight-faced official biography in the background, a wide-open opportunity for a stimulating essay in revisionism has been flunked. And this seems to negate much of the argument for such a series in the first place.

However, some of the shortcomings in these books are inevitable from the very nature of their brief; and they are not least interesting in showing how the several biographers try and come to terms with the strictures of a 150-page format. Paul Bew is reduced to didactic italicization in the Leninist mode; Patrick Buckland opts for uncharacteristic exclamation-marks; Peter Costello favours one-sentence rhetorical paragraphs. Leon Ó Broin handles the format best; "this little book", as he engagingly calls his life of Collins in the first sentence, is wonderfully well-paced, while not sacrificing the ironic details which make his work such an abiding pleasure to read. (A particularly piquant picture from 1916 is "Ireland's first standing army since the days of Patrick Sarsfield" invading Dublin on a commandeered tram with the officer in charge, George Plunkett, insisting on his troops paying the normal fare.) But this never becomes either condescending or contrived; and the same acute approach, used to illuminate the geographical detail of Collins's underground life as well as bringing in conversations with survivors to unique effect, has produced a study as stylish in its very different way as Dr Bew's.

Detailed comparisons of these books are of less interest than a survey of the manner in which five of the six build up a view of the same events from the standpoint of different participants, like an Irish *Alexandria Quintet*. Both Ó Broin and Ryle Dwyer, for instance, use de Valera's extraordinary letter to Joseph McGarrity describing his strategy in choosing the doomed team who negotiated the Treaty. The one sees it as deliberately manipulative, the other balks at any such judgment. Similarly, Collins's impatience with the ineptitude of British politicians like Churchill over the Northern situation in 1922, treated in sympathetic detail by Ó Broin, becomes in Patrick Buckland's study a "hysterical interest in the treatment of the Northern minority" on the part of someone who "as a poor judge of character never trusted Craig, whom he once described as 'a wily bird'". And each of the twentieth-century studies is linked by the figure described in one of Collins's less circumspect and more characteristic epithets as "that long whoor", de Valera.

This is no less true for the literary than for the political biographies; for the cultural ethos imposed by the de Valera dispensation had much to do with the artistic fortunes of Joyce (born in the same year) and O'Casey, neither of whom is treated particularly well here. More integration with the historical background would have served Hugh Hunt well, at least preventing him from describing the Irish economy as "almost feudal" in the early twentieth century. There are, however, useful correctives to O'Casey's great autobiographies, too easily accepted at their vivid face value: Hunt tronchantly lays the "slum-child" legend. O'Casey's life is a difficult subject for "popularization", unsuccessful as it was in exile; much like Joyce's, whose story can none the less be claimed to have more elements of the truly heroic than any of the other lives surveyed here. Costello's study, however, does not convey adequately the image of the artist in adversity, even leaving aside the questionable nature of generalizations such as that Carleton and Griffin are the only Anglo-Irish novelists still read into the twentieth century, and a proliferation of grammatical and syntactical infelicities which would appal his subject. A major weakness is the lack of connection between Irish and European culture which any treatment of Joyce's life demands; and this is, in fact, a failure in several of the studies, probably contingent upon their restricted length—though Ryle Dwyer reminds us that de Valera's sympathy with the German ambitions for the Sudetenland in the early 1930s was founded on the belief that it was analogous to Northern Ireland.

Whatever the merits of this view, Ulster is the inevitable theme recurring in most of these books; including that of Paul Bew, who is particularly interesting on the question of Parnell and the North (while, here as elsewhere, laying too much emphasis on the Chief's manic pronouncement of 1890-91). Like the Treaty delegates in 1921, Parnell in 1886 concentrated on the abstract issue of sovereignty rather than the concrete difficulty of Ulster and its identity. The appeal to irrelevant abstractions to the Irish mind might form another linking theme between these studies; and though he bitterly complained that de Valera spent their vital meeting complaining about 700 years of injustice, this weakness affected James Craig as much as any other Irishman.

Dr Buckland's study well conveys the uncomprehending dislike of North for South, nurtured by the events of the Parnell split as much as of the Civil War; it was concentrated in Craig, who found Collins appallingly like "the hero of an American film drama". This cut both ways, and in both ways reflected ignorance as well as suspicion. For all Buckland's reiteration of Craig's "utter kindliness", the emphasis remains, correctly, on his colossal failure of political imagination and his defective sense of political possibilities, even within his crippled province: the fatal mixture of "immobility and dynamism" by which Professor Lyons has characterized that Protestant culture. To comment upon his "failure", of course, presumes the existence of a problem that could be solved. (And his biographer's charitable supposition that Craig's "heart was in the right place" recalls the common Dublin reaction to the death of his silly Brookeborough, which was to express the hope that they remembered to put a stake through the same organ.) In contrast to the lack of comprehension between North and South evidenced by several of these Lives, one is struck by the importance, in the conditioning of figures as diverse as Collins and O'Casey, of their love for English literature. Perhaps it was in the long term a political misfortune for Ulster, if an advantage for Craig, that his education (Ulster and Edinburgh) was untainted by any Saxon softening.

A series such as this should build up a composite picture of the lives of extraordinary men, and thus help towards anatomizing the ordinary. There is some evidence that this may happen, and one can only wish the venture well. It is, however, a pity that so many minor mistakes have been allowed through. Paul Bew's characterization of Harcourt as a Unionist in 1886 may be a slip for Hartington, but should have been spotted. Peter Costello has let through some appositely Joycean misprints which give us "friend bread" (for fried bread) and students who "pour over" critical editions. Hugh Hunt seems to locate the film of O'Casey's autobiography in the mid-1950s instead of the mid-1960s, and mis-spells its title; and the quotation from Tennyson which (rather bathetically) closes his work contrives an existentialist *envoi* by requesting "no meaning" instead of no moaning of the bar.

Most of the books have more than their fair share of typographical errors, not always as entertaining as these. They are, however, avatars of a project which promises well, if its contributors can avoid piety on the one hand and levity on the other. (The subversive thought occurs that perhaps later volumes might be assigned less predictably (one reference of Dr Ó Broin's to de Valera's "restless, rather effeminate emotionalism" made me wish he had taken on an extended treatment of she was instead of she more obviously sympathetic Collins; and Dr Buckland is so patently well versed in administration and politics at Stormont that one would like to see his acute analysis brought to bear on Dáil Éireann). One hopes too for treatment of the less obvious figures; T. W. Russell, Hugh Lane, T. M. Healy, all come to mind as subjects demanding up-to-date popular biographies. Meanwhile, as authoritative and accessible series of short *Lives* should do much to counter the mendacious repairings on Irish history, fictional and non-fictional, which currently dominate the "popular" market; if, indeed, such a market can ever be safely identified.

HMSO Spring Books—a selection

The Industrial Archaeology of Northern Ireland
Dr W A McCutcheon, Director of the Ulster Museum
A massive survey of international importance, whose methodology and technical approach can be applied to any area. Magnificently illustrated throughout.
ISBN 0 337 08154 9 276mm 616pp illus hardback February **£55**

British Intelligence in the Second World War Vol. II
Prof F H Hinsley et al
"This major and authoritative book... is required reading."
The Guardian
So the Press acclaimed Volume I; its sequel covers the crucial period 1941-43.
ISBN 0 11 630934 2 246mm 800pp hardback April **£15.95**

Arts and Living
An original and lively series from the V & A Museum, looking at the relationship of art and design to everyday life. Well illustrated in colour and black and white.
Mourning Nicholas Penny
ISBN 0 11 290288 X 64pp
Going to Bed Eileen Harris
ISBN 0 11 290287 1 72pp
Writing Leonee Ormond
ISBN 0 11 290282 0 72pp
Getting Dressed Edward T Joy
ISBN 0 11 290285 5 64pp
Each 186mm illus paperback May **£2.95**

Britain 1981
The Official Handbook on Britain and the British; a fascinating collection of essential facts and useful information.
ISBN 0 11 701004 9 246mm 500pp illus hardback March **£11**

Dandy-Cart to Diesel
Jack Simmons
The history of the National Railway Museum, from the germ of the idea in Victorian times to the current collection, education and conservation.
ISBN 0 11 290299 5 216mm 76pp illus paperback March **£3.95**

A copy of HMSO's Spring List is available from:
PM1C, HMSO, Atlantic House,
Holborn Viaduct, London EC1P 1BN

HMSO BOOKS

Controversial and Original

Three books by
COLIN MacCABE

James Joyce and the Revolution of the Word
'. . . the most exciting and original book on Joyce to have appeared for many years . . .' Terry Eagleton, *New Statesman*
196 pp £8.95 0 333 21648 2

The Talking Cure: Essays in Psychoanalysis and Language
a new look at the importance of language in the theory and practice of psychoanalysis
245 pp £20.00 0 333 23560 6
Both in the Language, Discourse, Society series

Godard: Images, Sounds, Politics
The book itself is a visual treat — a blend of photographs and text 'an admirably informed assessment of the film-maker and his work' Stuart Hood, *New Statesman*
176 pp £12.00 hardcover 0 333 29074 7
£4.95 paperback 0 333 29073 9 256 illustrations

Macmillan Press, Little Essex Street, London WC2 3LR

Criticism in the Wilderness

The Study of Literature Today

Geoffrey H. Hartman

In this eloquent new book, Geoffrey Hartman takes a historical and evaluative look at the wilderness of positions growing out of the collision between Anglo-American practical criticism and Continental philosophic criticism. In close readings of nineteenth and twentieth century texts, he puts avant-garde literary theory in its historical context and seeks to mediate between the two critical traditions.
£11.40

Yale University Press New Haven & London
13 Bedford Square, London WC1B 3JF

British Government & Its Discontents
by Geoffrey Smith and Nelson W. Polsby
How far are Britain's current ills caused by the inflexible nature of her political institutions? Authors Geoffrey Smith of *The Times*, and Nelson Polsby discuss possible remedies to restore Britain's confidence in her leaders.
Basic Books
£7.95 0633701 6

The Zero-Sum Society
by Lester C. Thurow
"An extraordinarily good and lucid examination of current economic difficulties." J.K. Galbraith.
"He writes in a clear, concise style which non-economists can appreciate ...each one of his ideas is challenging and worth arguing about."
The Economist
Basic Books
£7.95 465 09384-1

A Difference in the Family
Life with a Disabled Child
by Helen Featherstone
Using her knowledge as a teacher as well as a mother of a disabled child, the author combines personal narratives from parents, with the observations of professionals.
Basic Books
£7.95 06 337015 8

Pre-Columbian Art
by Joe A. Parsons
A fascinating survey based on one of the most complete and distinguished Pre-Columbian art collections in the world, at the Morton D. May and St. Louis Art Museum.
450 black and white illustrations, 40 pages in full colour.
£17.50 06 437000, 3

Helen Frankenthaler Prints: 1961-1979
The only book to cover the prints of one of the most influential of modern artists working in this medium.
180 black and white illustrations, 12 in full colour.
£12.95 06 434020 1

Crowell's Handbook of Classical Literature
by Lillian Feder
A modern guide to Greek and Roman drama, poetry and prose, with biographies of their authors.
£9.75 06 173273 7

Funk & Wagnall's Standard Desk Dictionary
New updated edition
Over 100,000 entries offering concise and clearly worded definitions, with British and American alternative spellings.
£4.95 06 180284 6

HARPER & ROW

The novelist as character

By James Campbell

JAMES and SUSAN KENNAWAY:
The Kennaway Papers
142pp. Cape. £5.50.
0 225 01865 5

JAMES KENNAWAY:
Some Gorgeous Accident
Introduction by Melvyn Bragg
194pp. Mainstream Publishing. £5.95.
0 906391 13 X

Household Ghosts
Introduction by Magnus Magnusson
187pp. Mainstream Publishing. £5.95.
0 906391 14 8

James Kennaway would have made a good fictional hero himself. He had class, a glamorous personality, achieved early success, and his life resulted in a premature and tragic conclusion when he was killed in a car crash while returning from Peter O'Toole's house one night in 1968. In *The Kennaway Papers*—a collection of James's diaries and letters, with a commentary by his wife—his messages to Susan often have the tang of letters which are written by characters in novels, not in life: "Tears, my darling, are for a life unlived, for a love unfulfilled or for a house that is not thick with voices. I begin to believe in our eternity." Kennaway's image of himself as someone tempestuous, daring and celebrated was the image which, self-consciously, he put into his diaries. When someone's "private" notebooks are found to have been intended for publication (as Kennaway's were) it becomes clear that the author was able to regard his inner life with one eye only; the other one being reserved for the outside world's reaction. This appears to have been the extent of Kennaway's examination of his own actions. His continual self-dramatizing and self-justifying, coupled with boasts of sexual conquests, add up to an unattractive personality blinded by a sense of his own importance.

The Kennaway Papers relates the story of the triangular love affair which began in 1963 when James introduced Susan to David, at that time a young novelist and now a very famous one. Susan fell in love with him; "To complicate matters further I still loved James. I believe also that David fell in love with me and know now that James and David loved each other in the way that David and Jonathan were brothers." James had previously been unfaithful to his wife on scores of occasions, often using his infidelities later to taunt her; as if that were not enough, when she began the affair with David, James threw a series of tantrums and fled to the Continent, from where he wrote that he had been considering a plot to kill her ("I know the breast where d'd put the knife"). Mrs Kennaway appears to be aware that her husband was trapped in a maze of self-deception, that he manipulated the other people involved in the triangle, and that he intended everything to happen which subsequently did, "except the part which hurt him". Yet she refrains from criticising him or heavily and indeed her continuing belief in him is signified by the publication of these papers. I can only say that the most engaging parts of the book are written by Mrs Kennaway herself. Her writing has a frankness and simplicity and a sense of humble regret which her late husband evidently never achieved.

While the three-sided affair was going on, Kennaway was writing *Some Gorgeous Accident*. The names of the leading characters are James (Link) and Susie; also involved is Fiddes, who it comes as no surprise to learn is based on David. Link is in love with Susie, who is in love with him, and Fiddes is friend and lover to both. "How wonderfully close fiction and life have suddenly become", Kennaway wrote in his diary; "And all moving to reality. It seems a blessing suddenly". It is one more curious aspect of Kennaway's mind that he preferred his corpses warm, the majority of novelists being unwilling, or unable, to use their experience until it is long past and is, therefore, less likely to be affronted by the transformation into art. Moreover, when life and art are made to collide as brutally as they were here, the result is likely to be not only a shameless manipulation of others' emotions, but also a bad novel. *Some Gorgeous Accident* is written in an oblique, showing-off style, with short, cinematic scenes and italicized headings which represent an unnecessary, intrusive authorial voice: "*And now, forwarding Link's dirty plot . . .*" "*Enter Fiddes, in long tweed coat*", and so on, these do little to move the narrative forward which could not have been done better by conventionally integrated sentences, but do something to confirm the suspicion that Kennaway may have been best suited to writing for films (although when he went to Hollywood he claimed to detest it).

Household Ghosts, published six years earlier in 1961, actually was made into a film, *Country Dance*. It is a better novel (although his best, *The Cost of Living Like This*, was only published posthumously) despite the fact that it too suffers from an oblique, shorthand style which never succeeds in rounding the characters out. However, the theme is well developed: it is the ancient one of the sins of the fathers being visited on the children. In this case the hereditary guilt, symbolised by a father's cheating at cards, brings dishonesty and dissipation, and a consequent loss of reality, on the younger members of the family. Desperate for the stability of love, it is their fate to be deprived of it. The ultimately desolating triangle is there also, and at one point a wife is reduced to pleading "Let's pretend we are in love".

Household Ghosts is set in the Lowlands of Scotland and there can be little doubt that Kennaway wished his canvas to be broadened, imaginatively, from that of the dissipated family on which he focuses to the nation of which it is a part. The compulsive liar Mary, the alcoholic Pink and the weak, incompetent Stephen are prevented from gaining a true sense of themselves not only on account of their wretched personal history, but also, more remotely, because of a torn national history. Had not Kennaway chosen as his subjects a group of Anglicized members of the upper-class the Scottish dimension might have proved to be an extremely fruitful one. The implications of this peculiar immaturity have yet to be fully explored by Scottish writers. Kennaway glimpsed them in this novel and it is a pity that, instead of pursuing his vision, he allowed his egotism to lead him up so many blind alleys.

Impressions of impenetrability

By Gillian Wilce

SYLVIA ASHTON-WARNER:
I Passed This Way
499pp. £12.
0 86068 160 2

Spinster
269pp. £2.95.
0 86068 161 0

Teacher
With a new introduction by Dora Russell
224pp. £2.95.
0 86068 162 9
Virago.

Sylvia Ashton-Warner's *I Passed This Way* is a highly successful autobiography in the sense that one feels one is genuinely making the acquaintance of the author, an experience at once maddening and invigorating. The book is not a controlled artifact, not a wise, considered or guarded summing up of a life. It is much more an intense reliving, seemingly spoken aloud rather than written, with all the messiness and contradictoriness that implies.

Late on in the book, at a point after her husband's death when she is in America as a visiting tutor, Sylvia Ashton-Warner says of herself:

> You'd never recognise me as that girl from the past habitually playing the limelight, talking too much, throwing around my music gratis and flaunting my art; I was becoming that someone I'd always been interested in—a contained impenetrable spinster, an indispensable unit of society.

She does indeed seem to change before our eyes, though without ever becoming as impenetrable as she might have liked. It is the balance between romanticism (bordering at its very worst on gush) and the ability to be self-mocking that has shifted.

Early in the book she does flaunt her art and talk too much, sprawling across the pages in a way that demands the reader have leisure to meet her. And in fact the best introduction to Sylvia Ashton-Warner may still be her first novel, *Spinster*, which, while expressing much of her personality, is held in check by its fictional shape. She wrote it, she says, because she could find no other way to make known the key-word reading scheme which she developed out of her frustration with the traditional white teaching methods imposed on Maori infants; and she followed it up with the non-fictional *Teacher*. The liveliest passages in both books are the obviously verbatim transcriptions of conversations with the children.

The irony of Sylvia Ashton-Warner's life is that she hated teaching yet became famous as a teacher. She went to training college only in order to get away from a home-life tied to the schools where her mother taught; and turned to teaching only because her marriage to a teacher took her to places where nothing but a school existed: what she really longed to be was an artist. Yet she could not dislike the infants she taught; they inspired her with enthusiasm and it was through and for them that she began to write. One of the major sadnesses of her life was that it was outside New Zealand, especially outside the narrow New Zealand education network, that she was appreciated.

Her own childhood is fully recreated here. There is enough of it for a book in its own right—a story of rural school-houses, of being taken into schools from babyhood by her teaching Mumms, of the quiet presence of her handicapped Puppa, of games with her many siblings, of poverty, of the wild country and the trapped, flat feeling she experienced when first forced to live in a town, of riding miles to school only to be ostracized there. Her youth in Wellington and Auckland is equally copiously displayed. The young Sylvia is innocently flirtatious, oscillating between her desire to live alone in a studio and paint and her desire to be conventionally attractive and find romantic love, dancing and bedding men a dance, needing desperately to be admired and adored but not for a minute believing that men might have similar feelings.

Reticences set in with her marriage and her children. But she is still unaffectedly honest about herself, particularly about her continuing desire to be everything to someone. One may be irritated when she talks of her resentment that she is not "first" with a particular friend, but she is only saying the kind of thing most people feel. She doesn't, however, say much about the nervous breakdown she suffered when tending and teaching small children in a remote, entirely Maori community at Heroora. She is rather reserved about her husband, much loved but also the agent of what she often felt to be her captivity, and rightly, quiet about her children. All this is acceptable; it becomes infuriating only when hints are thrown out of emotional complications about which she cannot speak.

Anyone with an interest in education, or in New Zealand, or in how a woman can forge a life from resented circumstances, will find *I Passed This Way* well worth reading.

Keeping going

By Brian Montgomery

JOHN ELLIS:
The Sharp End of War
The Fighting Man in World War II
396pp. David and Charles. £8.95.
0 7153 7775 2

Outright panic now spread among the American troops. . . . In the belief that our positions had been infiltrated by German infantry they began to shoot each other. . . . Perhaps it is better to gloss over the rest of that day. . . . By midnight the small roads were full of frightened (British) soldiers, many retiring pell-mell regardless of officers.

Thus John Ellis in *The Sharp End of War*, quoting extracts from American and British writers on the behaviour of Allied troops during the bitter fighting on the Salerno beaches in September 1943; the position was so critical that a total withdrawal appeared likely, though eventually the bridgehead was secured.

Every soldier, professional or conscript, who has seen active service, well knows that the reality of war, once battle is joined, particularly at close quarters, is stark, grim and highly dangerous. Fear, in high or low degree, is seldom absent, including fear of loneliness—generally exacerbated by acute hardship and mental strain. This is the age-old setting of war; but all our history shows that occasions in battle when units of British armies, or units in British-led armies, have mutinied, deserted, panicked or otherwise lost their discipline and morale, are rare.

Ellis's evidence comes from many sources but is presented in an unfortunate way, because he gives the impression that Anglo-American troops frequently broke down under battle conditions in the Second World War. He includes numerous statistics to show the percentage rate of "psychiatric failure" in different campaigns. He contends that what kept men going was their comradely love one for another, more than duty or loyalty to a cause.

The argument is mistaken. It is leadership, from the army commander down to the lance-corporal who orders his section to fix bayonets and advance under fire, which keeps men going in battle, and there is no leadership without discipline and training. Leadership sustains men's loyalty, courage and stoicism, skill and daring, its morale, example, and sense of humour. The successful, and decisive field commanders in the last war were Alexander, Montgomery and Slim for the Army, Cunningham and Mountbatten for the Navy, and Dowding and Harris for the RAF. First and foremost these men were all leaders. Their soldiers, sailors and airmen followed them without question, because they knew beyond doubt that by their commander's professional knowledge and skill their lives were as safe as possible in battle conditions.

The whence of grammar

By P. N. Johnson-Laird

MASSIMO PIATTELLI-PALMARINI (Editor):
Language and Learning
The Debate between Jean Piaget and Noam Chomsky
409pp. Routledge and Kegan Paul. £9.75.
0 7100 0438 9

In 1975, Jean Piaget and Noam Chomsky got together with various colleagues and a mixed assembly of scientists to debate that perennial and intractable issue, how children acquire language. Piaget was nearing the end of his distinguished career as founder and principal exponent of the putative discipline of Genetic Epistemology—the study of the genesis of knowledge in childhood. He had demonstrated experimentally a mass of interesting phenomena about the way in which infants and children conceive the world. But, he had somewhat neglected the role of language, and believed that general intellectual development was a necessary precursor to progress in acquiring language. Chomsky was in the middle of his career, but had already revolutionized linguistic theory. He had reacted against the prevailing Empiricist school of the 1950s, demolished Behaviourist analyses of language, and championed the Cartesian doctrine of innate ideas. It seemed that the debate between the two might be a heroic clash.

Language and Learning reports the outcome. It opens with statements by Piaget and Chomsky of the views they held before the meeting. There follows a series of papers by the principals and others delivered in reaction to these opening remarks. Massimo Piattelli-Palmarini, the editor, has raised the reporting of conferences to a high art. Each paper is followed by a vivid account of the subsequent general discussion. The discussants were allowed to edit the transcripts, and these alterations were then shown to the other participants, who could then change what they had said, and so on . . . almost *ad infinitum*. Not surprisingly, this artifice yields a discussion that is Olympian by comparison with the usual conference tedium of misunderstandings and pointless questions: it is worth the sacrifice of fidelity. The editor also provides an extensive running commentary on the debate, which adds to the fun. Every now and again, he breaks in with a paragraph or two—one visualizes him sitting in a commentary-box in the "gods", speaking in hushed tones—to spell out the current status of the debate with apposite reminders of what X had said earlier, and forewarnings of what Y will reveal later. The whole proceedings are embedded in various forewords, introductions for the lay reader, afterthoughts, explanatory appendixes, and post-conference contributions. Indeed, to review the book is almost supererogatory; doubtless, the second edition will contain its own reviews.

What, then, is the outcome of the debate? The one certain result is to confirm—if confirmation were needed—that Chomsky is a polemicist of genius. He chooses the battleground and dictates most of the course of the action. At the end of the day, he has bulldozed Piaget's theoretical edifice to the ground and then ploughed what remains of it into the soil. One cannot help feeling sorry for the grand old man, who clutches in vain at every possible compromise only to be rebuffed time and time again. Yet, he contributes handsomely to his own demise. In his opening remarks, he incautiously observes that there are no innate cognitive structures. The claim immediately enables Chomsky to fix the locus of confrontation. There must, he says, be an innate representation of the class of possible grammars for natural language. Without this knowledge, children could not possibly acquire the grammar of their native language from their fragmentary and varying experience of discourse. Piaget tries to argue that the evolution of innate linguistic structures would be biologically inexplicable, and that in any case the job of constraining the class of possible grammars to a learnable size can be carried out by "the constructions of sensori-motor intelligence". What he means here is not entirely clear. He seems to think that intelligence has a number of innate functions that lead, as a result of interaction with the world through the senses and motor activity, to the construction of a series of cognitive structures. Most of Piaget's own research was devoted to characterizing these structures, which he claimed gave rise to the successive intellectual stages through which children pass.

Both of these arguments lead Piaget into trouble. He cannot accept that language, logic, and mathematics, might all ultimately owe their origins to random mutations, and he attempts to put forward his own brand of Lamarckianism. To make such a case before an audience including such notable biologists as Jacques Monod is to court danger, and these scientists try politely to disentangle some of the confusions in Piaget's mind. They spell out the properties of natural selection—some mutations survive, others do not—and the lack of any known means by which acquired knowledge could be encoded in the genes. Likewise, Chomsky points out that there are no substantive proposals about how the Piagetian cognitive structures could constrain the set of possible grammars. Indeed, there are no substantive proposals about how one cognitive structure develops into another in the process of intellectual growth.

At this point, the debate between Piaget and Chomsky is really over, though a number of contributions follow from other participants. Monod makes the cogent observation that if Piaget is right, then children who are paraplegic should have difficulty in acquiring language. There is no evidence that those who are prevented from interacting with the world, either as a result of blindness or motor disability, necessarily suffer from linguistic deficiencies. Jerry Fodor advances the thesis that, contrary to Piagetian doctrine, there is no way in which any organism can acquire a more powerful logic by learning from experience: the original logic must be rich enough to represent the more powerful system. This thesis leads Fodor ultimately to embrace the view that *all* concepts are innate. To these additional thrusts, the Piagetians have no effective answer.

The only serious challenge comes in a post-conference contribution from the philosopher, Hilary Putnam. Against Chomsky, he argues that the learning of grammar is likely to be dependent on the learning of semantics: meanings can help children to work out the underlying structures of sentences. Against Fodor, he makes a number of serious criticisms including the charge of having assumed what has to be proved. The subsequent rejoinders and Putnam's final reply make highly engrossing reading. Like most entrenched academic arguments, the discussion grows ever more technical, and disinterested readers are likely to find themselves in agreement with whichever author they happen to be reading.

What ultimately stays in the mind about the debate between Piaget and Chomsky is the strength of Chomsky's critique. He is right that Piaget's theory, for all its involuted terminology, and "escape clauses" in fine print, never seriously attempts to specify the machinery by which children progress from one stage in their intellectual development to another. Yet, Chomsky's own theory rests on a somewhat insecure foundation. He assumes that grammar must contain rules that modify the internal structure of sentences—the so-called "transformational rules" that can shift grammatical constituents from one position to another. This is a plausible assumption, but has yet to be proved to be a necessary one. Moreover, since the conference, a number of linguists who work within the Chomskyan tradition including Michael Brame, Stanley Peters, and Gerald Gazdar, have argued that transformational rules are unnecessary. This simplification of grammars for natural language renders them theoretically easier to learn.

There can be little doubt that language depends in part on innate factors. Certain locations in the brain are specially devoted to linguistic processing, and this localization of function can only be determined genetically. What is uncertain is whether there are innate constraints specifically concerned with the class of possible natural languages, or merely innate constraints on what is learnable which, as a by-product, naturally delimit human grammars. It is hard to see how this issue can ever be decided, since there is no clear boundary between language and general intelligence. It is also difficult to believe that knowing the answer would necessarily advance our understanding of the mental mechanisms on which language depends. Some questions are indeed premature. As Chomsky himself remarks in an uncharacteristic access of nescience: "I cannot believe that any detailed hypothesis that I can propose today, or that anybody else can propose, is likely to be true."

Acquiring the lingo

By John Ross

DAVID CRYSTAL:
A First Dictionary of Linguistics and Phonetics
390pp. André Deutsch. £12.95.
0 233 97067 8

A good deal of the recent growth of linguistics can be attributed to an increasing awareness that the science has been around in one form or another for the past three thousand years or so: there are genealogies to be traced and a whole history to be written. The "rise" of linguistics, its spread across disciplinary boundaries and into general culture, may be linked to the near accidents by which two powerful intellectual currents—structuralism and generative theory—were first developed in the context of the study of language. Certainly the subject has had its share of scientific revolutions.

Another factor puts linguistics in a situation dramatically different from, say, biology or cell biology: the general reader does not expect instant access to these subjects and accepts that they may safely be left to the appropriate specialists; their terminology may be obscure, but the specialists will be able to cope with it. Where language is concerned, however, we are all experts: we spend most of our waking hours speaking, reading, writing in, or listening to, at least one language. Consequently, we acquire our own ideas of what it is and what it is about, set terms on worse, everyday words used in perverse ways, feel entitled to ask just what those linguistic people think they are doing to our language in the name of science.

Undeniably, general readers who inadvertently plunge in at the deep end of linguistics are in for some nasty shocks; they must come to terms with exotica like *pseudo-cleft sentences*, *wugs* and *exophora* and, as if that were not bad enough, adjust to a new world in which *PM* has nothing to do with Downing Street, *bleeding* is neither pathological nor expletive, and *trees* grow upside down. Wiser by far to start again at the shallow end, as this case by turning to one of the many excellent introductions to the subject, which will lead the reader to a point we could think of as somewhere near A level. Not a bad start, but what next?

That question is tackled by David Crystal's *A First Dictionary of Linguistics and Phonetics*. The work, we are told in the preface, is intended for people "who, for private or professional reasons, have developed more than an incidental interest in the subject". Its purpose is to pilot these readers to a deeper understanding of the areas of linguistics in which they are interested. Put in these terms, the *first* of the title seems superfluous; once at ease with, say, psycholinguistics, readers will no longer need specialist dictionaries. However, *first* has a further significance; Professor Crystal writes of the need for a comprehensive, detailed *dictionnaire raisonné* of linguistic terminology, a vast enterprise that has been attempted before, but has never come to fruition. By comparison, the present work is small-scale, almost a stop-gap. To put it bluntly, Crystal is being far too modest.

Obviously, for such a dictionary to appear at all, and for it to be a useful work, the topics and terms covered have had to be chosen carefully. Items that are dealt with adequately in specialist dictionaries have been left aside, and quite rightly, as have specialist terms that are not specific to linguistics (for instance, those used in electronics or computing). Crystal also claims to have excluded the fields of "applied language studies"; fortunately he is less ready to confer "applied" status than are many of his colleagues, so that the dictionary treats most of the "hyphenated disciplines" that for some would be beyond the pale. In any case, the material relating to his generously defined core subjects provides a more than adequate grounding in most applied fields. While some of the more basic technicalities (those that appear in most primers) do not appear, there have to be exceptions; thus we find *competence/performance* and *langue/parole*, treated clearly, so as to indicate the similarities between the two pairs, but making it absolutely clear that they should not be taken as interchangeable. Stress is laid, wisely, on the potential *faux amis*; *bleeding* is an extreme example, but it is useful to have precise glosses on, among others, *accent*, *form*, *feature*, even *family* and *new*.

For all the author's claims about the limitations of the work, it covers an impressive range of subjects. Crystal takes us through all the main areas of articulatory and acoustic phonetics and phonology, and when we come to linguistics, we are offered concise, but remarkably comprehensive accounts of all the principal schools of thought and, despite the preface's disclaimers, most of the less popular ones. One example: if we take the headword *grammar*, we are oriented towards *generative*, *systemic*, *stratificational*, *case*, *valency*, *dependency*, and, even *traditional*.

It is difficult to imagine a clearer way of presenting the entries. Cross-referencing is generous, comprehensive and accurate; an easily assimilated use of type faces refers us to related general concepts or to more detailed treatments of precise subtopics. But this referencing is not achieved at the expense of intelligibility; key definitions and explanations are repeated whenever this is required to ensure smooth reading. Depending on the entry point, a reader following the cross-references could build a do-it-yourself curriculum in most branches of linguistics. For example, turn to the pivotal entry on *language*. Follow through to *diachronic* and the whole areas of the history of language and language change open up before you. Follow up *universal* and you will be at the core of general theory; and so on. What we have here are definitions and explanations covering the main areas of twentieth-century linguistic thought, presented in language as clear and elegant as one could hope for.

One word of warning: this is not a work calculated to flatter: recent converts to whatever orthodoxy, Crystal maintains remarkable objectivity, expounding the terms and concepts in accordance with the intentions of the original proponents, not as potential heresies to be tried and found wanting by comparison with flavour-of-the-month. I must confess to having felt inclined to challenge what seems an over-generous treatment of some of the (to me) more arbitrary aspects of case grammar—until I imagined the outrage some hard-line generativists will doubtless feel about the space allotted to sociolinguistics. Probably the work's outstanding quality—certainly the one most useful to its readers—is its resolute fair-mindedness.

INTRODUCTION TO THE READING OF HEGEL
Lectures on the Phenomenology of Spirit
ALEXANDRE KOJEVE
Edited by ALLAN BLOOM
304pp, £4.75

TURGENEV'S RUSSIA
From Notes of a Hunter to Fathers and Sons
VICTOR RIPP
256pp, £8.75

THE LEGEND OF BRYNHILD
THEODORE M. ANDERSSON
288pp, £13.50

THE SHORT SEASON OF SHARON SPRINGS
Portrait of Another New York
Text by STUART M. BLUMIN in collaboration with DEBORAH ADELMAN BLUMIN
Original Photographs by HANSI DURLACH
128pp, £11.95

PRAGMATICS AND SEMANTICS
An Empiricist Theory
CAROL A. KATES
304pp, £10.50

THE DISINTERRED MUSE
Donne's Texts and Contexts
DAVID NOVARR
264pp, £11.75

THE POLITICAL PHILOSOPHY OF THE FRANKFURT SCHOOL
GEORGE FRIEDMAN
320pp, £10.50

CORNELL UNIVERSITY PRESS
Ely House,
37 Dover Street,
London W1

The ciceronian ideal

By Terence Cave

MARC FUMAROLI :
L'Âge de l'éloquence
Rhétorique et "res literaria" de la Renaissance au seuil de l'époque classique
882pp. Geneva : Droz/Paris : Champion.

At first glance, one might be forgiven for taking Marc Fumaroli's remark "Il vaut la peine quelquefois d'oublier momentanément les arbres pour voir enfin la forêt" with a touch of irony. With its 700-odd pages of text, its 130 pages of bibliography, its eighteen-page *table des matières*, and a section of annotated illustrations for good measure, *L'Âge de l'éloquence* has the awesome proportions of those *doctorat d'état* dissertations in which, all too often, nothing much is visible but the trees. But the irony would on this occasion be misplaced. By means of a *tour de force* of organization, the author has ensured that the vast store of erudition on which he has drawn is properly subordinated to a powerful central thesis.

In an intelligent and lucid introduction, Fumaroli first places his work in context by sketching a history of histories of rhetoric from the Jesuit Possevino's *Bibliotheca selecta* (1593) to the present day. As I pointed out in a recent review in these columns, René Bray, in his *Formation de la doctrine classique* (1927), sets rhetoric aside as irrelevant to a study of classical doctrine: the tables have now been decisively turned, and *L'Âge de l'éloquence* demonstrates overwhelmingly—if demonstration is still needed—that a historical understanding of the major literary achievements of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries is impossible without a detailed knowledge of contemporary debates about the status, aims, and procedures of rhetoric.

It is in this sense, indeed, that the remark about the trees and the forest is intended: in the second part of the introduction, Fumaroli cogently argues that it is wrong to project on to the classical period in France our own assumptions about literature as an autonomous and consecrated domain of culture. Even in the age of Corneille and Racine, and still more in the age of Erasmus and Montaigne, the "republic of letters" embraced virtually every form of discursive writing, neo-Latin and vernacular, sacred and profane, deliberative and imaginative. What we now think of as the great literary masterpieces of the period only had a modest place in this much wider domain: they were individual trees—though fine specimens, no doubt—in a vast forest. Fumaroli does mention Ronsard, Montaigne, Corneille, and the rest from time to time, and says interesting things about them, but he quite deliberately refuses to treat them as the *raison d'être* of his enterprise.

His thesis, put at its broadest, is that French classicism represents the triumph of a form of ciceronianism after the predominantly anti-ciceronian sixteenth century: "c'est autour d'une version française de l'*imitatio ciceroniana* que la cour de France, au xvii^e siècle, réussit à imposer à l'Europe l'autorité d'un style classique". The first part of the elegant tripartite structure of the book is devoted to a history of the ciceronian debate, and is designed to show that what has often been seen as a spasmodic, parochial squabble is in fact the medium for a prolonged and probing exploration of key issues concerning the nature of human discourse. Questions such as the proper relation between wisdom and eloquence, the status of rhetorical ornamentation, the ecclesiastical, civic, and courtly functions of eloquence, the relation of the writer to his models and sources—these questions, which had already become commonplaces by the sixteenth century and which reflect ancient debates on the value of rhetoric and poetry, are shown to recur in ever-shifting contexts and to be answered in many different and fruitful ways.

Part One, then, is a history of the ciceronian *ideal* of eloquence: Fumaroli is not concerned with the technical detail of rhetorical pedagogy (although different stylistic possibilities are characterized) but with the history of an idea, of the institutions which promoted it, and of the individuals who gave it expression. What emerges in the seventeenth century, foreshadowed by humanists such as Bembo and Dolet, is the notion of a kind of rhetorical heroism, of a ciceronian "sublime", dependent not on rhetorical tricks or baroque extravagance of style but on an intuitively perceived power to move and persuade. The France of Richelieu thus becomes the inheritor of the Rome of Cicero, the Renaissance Rome where Christophe de Longueil delivered his ciceronian speeches, and the Counter-Reformation Rome of Borromeo and of Urban VIII.

A good deal of the terrain covered in the earlier sections of Part One will be familiar to Renaissance specialists. There are, nevertheless, some important shifts of emphasis. Fumaroli gives prominence, for example, to Tacitus' *Dialogus*; he insists on the importance of the epistolary style as one of the media through which rhetoric was progressively interiorized and personalized; and in a good section on Muret, he counters the thesis of Morris W. Croll, who had paired Muret with Lipsius as an anti-ciceronian, by suggesting that the French humanist was important as a ciceronian precisely because he accepted and went beyond the kind of argument Erasmus had directed against servile ciceronianism. Above all, Fumaroli shows how embryonic features of the ciceronian ideal of the orator evolved under the influence of later sixteenth-century readings of the pseudo-Longinus *On the Sublime*.

Jesuit fathers such as Reggio and Strada appear, in this first part, as central figures in the ciceronian revival of the seventeenth century. But they are active in Rome, not France. Part Two begins by outlining the fortunes of the French Jesuits in relation both to the court and to the Gallican establishment of the Parlement and the University of Paris up to 1643; it then proceeds to trace the rise and decline of what Fumaroli calls their "sophistique sacrée". In attempting to achieve a compromise with the styles in vogue at court in the earlier seventeenth century, the Jesuits succeeded, Fumaroli argues, both in provoking their Gallican adversaries and in lagging behind the vanguard of taste in the 1630s. However, he also shows that the "asiatic" manner of the large majority of Jesuit writers—their flowery and ornate periods, their conceits, their liberal use of *ekphrasis*—was one of the seedbeds from which grew the seventeenth-century notion of a *sublime chrétien*, and that within the Order itself certain leading figures—in particular Denis Petau and François Vavasseur—fostered a simpler, more personal "attic" style modelled on the Cicero of the *Ad familiares*.

Significantly, both Petau and Vavasseur had close connections not only with Rome but also with the *noblesse de robe*, who had in general objected strongly to the Jesuits' pandering to court taste. In Part Three, Fumaroli presents the other pole of the antithesis by examining the humanist and Gallican traditions of the *robins*, which he traces back as far as the fourteenth-century Guillaume du Breuil's notion of a *stilus curie Parlamenti*; in the sixteenth century, Guillaume Budé's conception of eloquence is the most influential point of departure. One of the major themes of this, the longest section of the book, is the establishment of a "rhétorique des citations", a form of chastened, anti-aesthetic eloquence incarnating that humanist reverence for antique sources which is typical of the *magistrature*.

Readers of French Renaissance literature will immediately recognize the importance of the topic: quotation, whether direct or disguised, is one of the most central procedures of prose and poetry alike in this period. There are some excellent pages in *L'Âge de l'éloquence* on the way in which, in the later sixteenth century, the quotation gradually lost its status as a revered citation of authority glossed by a humble commentator; in the hands of Du Vair and above all Montaigne, it was absorbed into the unified discourse of an author whose own utterances claimed priority, if not superiority. Antoine Compagnon's recent study in the theory and history of quotation, *La Seconde Main*, has some interesting things to say on this question, although from a somewhat different point of view.

The great period of the Parlement continued into the seventeenth century. But with the increasingly acute antagonism between *robe* and *épée* and the subsequent decline of the prestige of the Parlement under Richelieu, the ideal of eloquence fostered by the *avocats généraux* eventually passes, in Fumaroli's account, to Port-Royal—the transition being symbolized by the encounter between the *avocat* Antoine Le Maistre and Saint-Cyran.

The three strands of Fumaroli's book thus converge at a key moment in the history of French culture. A series of mediations is sought, under the aegis of Richelieu's policy of firm central control, between the luxurious tastes of the court and the austerity of the *magistrature*, between the flamboyant manner of the Jesuits and the "rhétorique des citations", between the styles of Rome and of France, between *imitatio multiplex* and *imitatio ciceroniana*, and above all between neo-Latin humanism and vernacular *belles-lettres*.

Fumaroli argues that the foundation of French "attic" classicism as a national ideal and a form of eloquence constitutes an extraordinarily successful solution to the problems debated over the previous hundred and fifty years; and that in consequence, despite the dramatic shift from what can be briefly summed up as the Erasmian rhetoric of *copia* to a simpler, more concise, and less colourful style, the continuity from the Renaissance to the classical period remains unbroken. At the end of a masterly Conclusion, Fumaroli leaves us with the figure of Guez de Balzac, representing *par excellence* the achievement of a synthesis between the *respublica literaria*, sacred and secular, and the elegance of the court.

A wealth of historical information about institutions and individuals, based on materials which are in many instances little known, fills in the broad outlines of this thesis; not the least useful function of *L'Âge de l'éloquence* will be to serve as a copious work of reference. Some important topics are, inevitably, omitted. "Literature" recedes into the background for strategic reasons; so also does the history of poetics.

This latter decision is a little harder to justify: if the significance of Scaliger's *Poetics* as a fusion of the ciceronian and the virgilian models can be emphasized, why not also its contribution to the revival of Aristotle's treatise? and why, from another point of view, should Vida's *Ars poetica*—admired by Scaliger and Boileau—be neglected, since it too incarnates a "ciceronian" cult of Virgil? One might also question the virtual exclusion of the Reformation as a force in the history of rhetoric: the Calvinist aesthetic and the flood of writings based on it are perhaps no less important than the *stilus curie Parlamenti* in determining the range of rhetorical options available towards the end of the sixteenth century, and Peter Bayley's recent *French Pulpit Oratory 1598-1650* stresses the contribution of the Protestants to sacred eloquence in the seventeenth.

A difficulty of a different kind arises from the very nature of Fumaroli's undertaking. He shows enormous skill in attaching the endless permutations of broad conceptual categories ("ciceronianism", "the sublime", the alliance of wisdom and eloquence) to verifiable historical evidence, and thus in giving them a local precision. He also refrains from suggesting that his largely external history of debates and institutions is a *sufficient* cause of French classicism; he would only claim that these are among the conditions which made such a solution possible.

But one might perhaps question the very notion of a "solution". By stressing the conscious intentions of great men shaping the destiny of the nation and its culture, it conceals all the unconscious forces and all the accidents which contribute to the shaping of myths and literatures. The very problem of rhetoric, as formulated and debated by all of Fumaroli's *dramatis personae*, lies after all in its protean and inescapably devious character. To submit its history to what is in the end—no less than Bray's—a teleological account is to accept at face value the very myth which classicism attempts to construct for itself—in this instance, the "age of eloquence" as a rediscovered Golden Age.

Yet some such complicity is no doubt only the price one pays for the qualities of coherence and lucid organization which make this such a distinguished book. Moreover, Fumaroli is not unaware of the problem: he speaks at one point of "le domaine louvoyant de la rhétorique, où l'on est toujours le sophiste de quelqu'un", and he himself evokes the image of Proteus, if only as a figure of *imitatio multiplex*. The institution of French classicism is no doubt a masterpiece of human ingenuity in the face of a perennial and intractable problem; but it would perhaps not be pushing paradox too far to discern, in the serenely magisterial prose of Guez de Balzac's *De la grande éloquence*, only the most brilliant and powerful of the disguises of Proteus himself.

L'Âge de l'éloquence is an outstanding successor to the seminal theses of Bremond and Dainville, and to the more recent work of Roger Zuber and Jean Jehasse. For many years to come, it will nourish reflexions on the continuities between the Renaissance and the *grand siècle*; and it should be compulsory reading for anyone who has got into the habit of thinking of the masterpieces of seventeenth-century French literature as a select grove of well-pruned trees.

EUROPA PUBLICATIONS

Latest editions in this internationally respected series of reference books.

THE EUROPA YEAR BOOK 1981 A World Survey
3,600 pages Vol. 1 0 905118 59 6 £72 (U.K. only)
Vol. 2 0 905118 60 X The Set

THE INTERNATIONAL WHO'S WHO 1980-81
1,400 pages 0 905118 48 0 £30 (U.K. only)

THE WORLD OF LEARNING 1980-81
2,110 pages 0 905118 52 9 £42 (U.K. only)

THE FAR EAST AND AUSTRALASIA 1980-81
1,350 pages 0 905118 51 0 £35 (U.K. only)

AFRICA SOUTH OF THE SAHARA 1980-81
1,328 pages 0 905118 49 9 £30 (U.K. only)

THE MIDDLE EAST AND NORTH AFRICA 1980-81
980 pages 0 905118 50 2 £27 (U.K. only)

18 BEDFORD SQUARE
LONDON WC1B 3JN

The Chaucerian reality

By T. A. Shippey

LOTARIO DEI SEGNI (Pope Innocent Third) :
De Miseria Condicionis Humane
Edited by Robert E. Lewis
303pp. Scolar Press. £17.50.
0 85967 601 3

NICHOLAS OF LYNN :
Kalendarium
Edited by Sigmund Eisner; translated by Gary MacEoin and Sigmund Eisner
248pp. Scolar Press. £17.50.
0 85967 602 1

One of the gaps of which medievalists have grown increasingly conscious, over the years, is that between the attitudes of modern editors and of medieval scribes. The former try to find the best manuscripts and to emend them where necessary to recover the authors' original intentions; they are in a sense embalmers. The latter, however, were often much more dynamic in their activities, searching through texts for things they could use, and adding, subtracting or conflating accordingly: traces of this kind of behaviour, interesting as it is, are usually expunged before one gets to the clean printed text of the critical edition. The producers of the Chaucer Library have decided to reverse this trend and aim at "faithful reproduction" of Chaucer's books, errors, glosses and all. Only in this way, they argue, can one see what Chaucer really had in front of him (and one might add, with what difficulties he had to contend).

The *De Miseria Condicionis Humane*, by Lotario dei Segni, later Pope Innocent III, edited here by Robert E. Lewis, provides an ideal case for such treatment. Existing in nearly 700 manuscripts, it nevertheless was so popular as a compilation of *contemptus mundi* cliché that scribes felt free to vary its title, its words, its chapter divisions and even its chapters. Chaucer himself seems to have treated it with similar familiarity. He says, in the second version of the Prologue to the *Legend of Good Women*, that he translated it, but it seems doubtful whether he did, and he may have misunderstood even the title, turning *De Miseria Condicionis Humane* into "of the Wreched Engendrynge of Mankynde". Did Chaucer think *condicio* meant "conception, procreation"? Had he at that point only read the first few chapters, which are indeed about the miseries of birth? These and other questions are well considered by Professor Lewis, in an introduction which casts much light both on the way that Chaucer worked and on the strange attractiveness of misanthropy. It may be added that the translation of *De Miseria*, with its vivid pictures of the vanity of human wishes and the world as a horrid mixture of slime, semen, menstrual blood, toothache and earwax, opens up a whole world of medieval bigotry which most modern scholars would rather forget; while the painstaking work on the text goes a long way towards a critical edition, even though that is deliberately not provided.

In the case of Nicholas of Lynn's *Kalendarium*, edited by Sigmund Eisner, things are different. There are only fifteen manuscripts of the work; they vary little; no single one can be connected with Chaucer, though Chaucer certainly used the *Kalendarium*, and it was written in 1386 for John of Gaunt. A critical edition accordingly *is* provided there, though the text printed is certainly close to Chaucer's. It shows the appalling complexity of medieval science, with a farrago of reigns, ascendants and unequal hours mixed in with the observations of sun, moon and eclipses, as well as Nicholas's main original addition, the "shadow-scale" which enables one to tell the clock-time for every daylight hour of the year. Chauntecleer can use such material correctly; elsewhere Chaucer himself seems to make mistakes, only some of which can be explained as deliberate or ironic ones. Having the *Kalendarium* in front of one makes it impossible to blame him, creating indeed a consciousness of the sheer labour needed to master the astrolabes and astrology. Like the edition of *De Miseria*, this book must be useful to many besides Chaucerians. It gives a clear picture of one aspect of medieval thought, interpreted only just enough to make it readily accessible.

The bounds of possibility

By Avishai Margalit

ISAAC LEVI :
The Enterprise of Knowledge
462pp. MIT Press. £19.25.
0 262 120 828

After gambling successfully with truth, Isaac Levi has invested all the dividends in the enterprise of knowledge. The outcome is an impressive epistemological system.

Professor Levi is a pragmatist. This means, among other things, that he takes the metaphorical titles of his two books, *Gambling With Truth* and *The Enterprise of Knowledge*, quite literally. The pursuit of knowledge, for Levi, is less like contemplating eternal ideas and more like running a business efficiently in face of the many uncertainties involved.

He tries not to be faddish. The present philosophical vogue, he believes, is for tracing the sources of knowledge. His retort is that there are no immaculate preconceptions. The problem is not pedigree but progress: how to improve knowledge is the question. In any case this is *his* question. Another philosophical fashion that he objects to is that of modal logics. He is, to be sure, keenly interested in the notion of possibility, but takes its place to be not the semantics of possible worlds but rather the mundane theory of probability. "Thou shalt commit statistics" is Levi's commandment, directed, of all people, to philosophers.

The Enterprise of Knowledge has eighteen chapters, but the epistemological picture is depicted in the first three of these, which are also the most accessible chapters. In them is portrayed the way background knowledge is supposed to guide our quest for more and better knowledge. Levi's leading idea is that one's background knowledge serves as a standard for determining what are *serious possibilities*, namely those possibilities which are to be reckoned with in one's deliberations. Thus, while it is logically possible that a flipped coin may end up landing on Alpha Centauri, this is not a serious possibility. It is not a serious possibility because it contradicts our settled assumptions, ie the assumptions which constitute our body of knowledge. Levi does not explicate the notion of serious possibility, but he seems to take it very seriously indeed. So much so that he assigns probability zero to a non-serious possibility, which is nevertheless logically possible. In this he differs from his rivals, especially the Carnapians, for whom a non-serious possibility is one which deserves a positive, though negligible, probability assignment.

Settled assumptions are settled—for the person who holds them, that is: they are the standard for the seriousness of a hypothesis. Moreover they constitute the evidence by which hypotheses are evaluated. Settled assumptions cannot be doubted by the person who holds them: only relative to one's settled assumptions can one be in doubt.

Does Levi preach dogmatism, then? No. Certainty is no dogmatism. Dogmatism is a belief in the permanent certainty of what one believes. You can believe with certainty that something is true, without believing that it will always be held by you as true. Levi wants us to subscribe to two seemingly incompatible doctrines: Infallibilism and Corrigibilism. However, when understood the way he wants them understood, these are in fact compatible: Infallibilism is the tenet that what one takes to be known by oneself at a certain time cannot possibly be false from one's own point of view at that time. Corrigibilism is the doctrine that what one takes to be known by oneself at a certain time can later on be revised. Now both doctrines are, according to Levi, required for rational inquiry. But if one cannot doubt what is in one's body of knowledge, how can one revise it?

Revision of knowledge, like playing the accordion, is accomplished by expansion and contraction; these are the two dominant ways of revision. The much discussed topic of revision through replacement of one theory by another is reduced by Levi to these two modes: first the established theory is "contracted out" from the body of knowledge, then the new theory is added to it. Expansion of knowledge needs little explanation. Contraction, though, needs a lot—especially contraction for the sake of expansion, which is Levi's way of dealing with the replacement of one theory by another.

Levi's body of knowledge is like the pupil of the eye: the more light you shed on it, the more it contracts. His account of contraction I find unsettling. Suppose you have a theory A in your body of knowledge, and then you encounter theory B which contradicts A. You ought to render B non-serious. Yet, B might look good to you, even promising: you realize that were it true, it would be of considerable explanatory power. What are you to do? Levi suggests the following: first discharge A from your body of knowledge, and then you are free to treat B seriously. But following his advice in such a case means that you are *not* to take Levi's idea of "serious possibility" seriously, since it tells you to ignore the fact that B is not serious relative to your standard of seriousness (namely, it is contradictory to A which is part of your body of knowledge). It turns out that what ultimately determines what is for you a serious possibility is not your current body of knowledge, but rather whether a hypothesis you encounter or discover "looks good"; in other words, when you see something good, forget your pet theories which stand in its way. This is perhaps good advice, but bad news for the theory of serious possibilities.

Levi's book happily expands to include the theory of probability, and in the second part (Chapters Four to Ten) Levi presents an ambitious theory which is meant to be a more comprehensive alternative to the Bayesian one. It is saved from being pretentious by the very high ratio of original arguments per page.

Bayesianism is the view that a rational person's beliefs are representable by a unique and coherent probability function, a coherent function being one which satisfies the classical axioms of probability theory. Bayesianism requires that a rational person commit himself to change his degree of belief in a conjecture only as a result of a change in the evidence, subject to Bayes's Theorem. (This theorem concerns the probability of a hypothesis when relevant evidence is adduced, given the prior probability of the hypothesis and the likelihood of the evidence itself in the light of the hypothesis.) Levi forcefully rejects the requirement of a unique probability function. According to him one can hold more than one probability function. One's functions may diverge in the number they assign to a hypothesis on some given evidence. This does not make the inquirer irrational, as long as he is willing to postpone judgment when the numbers diverge, and wait for more evidence.

The last part of the book is, to my mind, the best. It deals with so-called inductive inferences (from sample to population), the type of inference which concerns statisticians most as they usually have information on a sample of the population rather than on the population as a whole. Levi also deals with direct inferences (from population to samples) and objects in general to current arguments in favour of reducing the former to the latter.

This is a very rich book, both in its constructive part and in its criticism of alternatives. It is hard to do justice to such richness, to praise the book convincingly, in a limited space. Yet praise it certainly deserves. The MIT press deserves praise, too, for its new printing format, which is very pleasing, as well as very helpful to the reader in leaving wide margins which can be used for annotation. I am sure that Levi's readers will make good use of them.

The imagination of animation

By Galen Strawson

ADAM MORTON :
Frames of Mind : Constraints on the Common-sense Conception of the Mental
174pp. Oxford University Press : Clarendon Press. £8.50.
0 19 824607 2

Adam Morton's avowed aim, in *Frames of Mind*, is to discern certain "constraints on the common-sense conception of the mental". But he is not concerned explicitly and directly to differentiate the common-sense conception of the mental from peculiarly or characteristically philosophical conceptions of the mental, whether logical-behaviourist, functionalist, dualist, or whatever. Instead he is principally concerned to give a philosophical account of what he takes to be the common-sense view of the mind considered in one particular respect: as that which lies behind and "animates" action.

Professor Morton is therefore occupied throughout with the topic of action. He first discusses the nature of psychological explanation of action; then undertakes an ambitiously abstract description of our capacity to *imagine* action (when, for example, planning in advance how to perform some action, possibly an action of a kind one has not previously attempted; or picturing what it is like to be someone else, given how they act); describing the conceptuo-kinaesthetic adumbration of action-patterns in psychophysical imagination; the "phenomenology of rehearsing and anticipating".

There follow two chapters on the "Fragility of Belief" and the "Plasticity of Desire", in which discussion takes place mainly within the frame of the standard view which sees desire and belief as the two principal categories into which the mental determinants of actions may be divided. Finally, in a chapter entitled "Characters", he considers how explanation of action in terms of beliefs and desires (where desires are taken to include pro-attitudes in general) may be complicated by the use of the further notions of mood, emotions and character.

Morton proposes, then, a new trajectory over a familiar terrain. Those theorists of action—they are many—who operate with the simple, standard view of action just mentioned, which holds that one introduces no serious distortion and a great deal of clarity into the subject of action if one takes *all* actions to be caused by some combination of belief and desire, may turn to this book in the hope that it will provide not only a new general view of their commonsense presuppositions, but also a useful corrective to any tendency to overestimate the (none the less real) merits of the simple standard view of action.

But they will be disappointed on both counts. There are, it is true, many singly intriguing suggestions, and moments of great delicacy in phenomenological description; there is, for example, a useful (if in places questionable) description of the sustained activity of playing a sonata, in the context of which the point is made that there are significant differences between sustained activities and the cases of momentary actions usually considered in contemporary discussion, such as flicking switches and shooting to kill. But as a whole the book is deeply confusing, and unhelpful; although it purports to form a unity, it simply fails to develop any sustained, consistent thesis.

At several points Morton begins to elaborate a highly abstract structural account of our common-sense conception of the mental, but no consistent terminological framework is ever either fully established and explained, or adhered to, even in an unfinished state. Nor are analogies properly worked through; and the reader is obliged to shift, in increasing bewilderment, from one abstract metaphor to another.

A central claim is that, as a body, our principles of psychological explanation are more like a "scheme" than a (scientific) theory. (An example of a scheme is the distinctive feature matrix of phonologists.) We are told that "the two great points of contrast between schemes and theories are in how they change and how they refer *to* their subject-matter"; and that a scheme evolves like a language (ie, presumably, with gradual shifts and elisions), not like a scientific theory of some phenomenon, which may change abruptly in postulating the existence of some completely new kind of fundamental entity. Clearly, there is a distinction here; but Morton simply fails to make it clear. Indeed he calls his explication of this putatively central distinction a "grand abstract puzzlement", and notes that "the contrast slips away", if one is not careful.

Apart from general objections, Morton's argument seems questionable on a great many points of substance; although time and again he elides by vagueness a point where a definite decision seems crucial—as, for example, when he considers the "aptness" of explanations without squarely facing the question of the relation of this aptness to truth. One considerable cause of theoretical unclarity lies in the uncritical use of material (in itself theoretically diverse) derived from cognitive psychology. The work of Daniel Dennett, among others, has given us reason to expect much greater care and sophistication in the philosophical exploitation of such material. (It is curious that the index contains two references to Dennett, while his name appears neither on the pages there cited nor elsewhere.)

A further source of uncertainty lies in Morton's surprisingly disparate theoretical loyalties. Half the time he appears to be and to intend to be at work on the salutary re-complication of the simple view of action abovementioned; but at other times he is outdoing this view in simplicity, as, for example, when, self-situated under the aegis of the early scientizing and psychomechanical Freud, he proposes a propulsive-cum-irrigation-channel view of the way desires are formed and motivate:

> Any general formulation of our conceptions of desire will have to formulate, as Freud's does, its most basic attribute, that it moves, that in action we find desires pushing and belief guiding. Desire can emerge as a *force* in Freud's psychology because of its plasticity, because like a physical force it can be directed, turned aside, re-routed. . . .

As for Morton's discussion of belief, it seems, for all its complications, like a return to Humean Dark Ages, or to the oddest of Russell. A child who doesn't understand much language and who "disbelieves that Daddy is home . . . relates his representations of Daddy and of presence in a manner of disbelief". Schumann has a "referential connection to Love" (or to "not-loving"), believing Brahms loves (or does not love) Clara. At one point Morton suggests that a mental state's "having reference", or "referentiality", "to a fairly high degree" at least, is a necessary condition of its being a belief. But since he appears in this context to mean ordinary reference to ordinary objects, not to things like Love, his claim is surely refuted by the evident irrefutability (the non-incoherence, at least) of idealism, or—if you prefer—the possibility of life (and experience and belief) as a brain in a vat of fluid. It is very hard to be sure, though, how literally Morton intends his talk of referentiality and representations, and amidst the Russellian atomics and rampant formalism are moments of late-Wittgensteinian sophistication.

Morton's introduction includes an acknowledgement to several people "for helping me think I had something to say". He does have something to say, and this book gives evidence of a truly remarkable and potentially most valuable—although also potentially dangerous—fluidity of conception. But his other work gives us reason to hope for something more deeply considered than this present work.

EP MICROFORM LTD
Academic Publishers of Microfilm and Microfiche

THE HISTORY OF THE ORIGIN AND PROGRESS OF THE COMPANY OF WATERMEN AND LIGHTERMEN ON THE RIVER THAMES

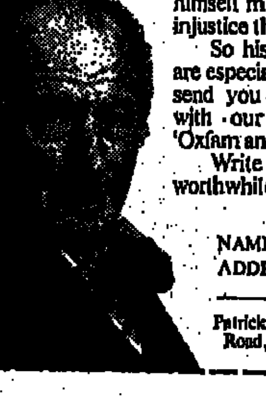
The *History* was compiled by Henry Humpherus, Clerk to the Company from 1849-1882, and first published in three volumes between 1874 and 1886. This has been out of print about 100 years and a new edition, reprinted in facsimile from original copies, is announced as a forthcoming publication by EP Microform Ltd. The *History* will be published as three volumes with a foreword by Brigadier John Constant, Past Master of the Company of Watermen and Lightermen.

Humpherus's *History* provides a unique social document for the historian, filled as it is with circumstantial evidence of the day-to-day matters uppermost in the minds of the participants, drawn from all levels of society. It is of particular interest for all those who have concern for the history of London, as the rise of the Company of Watermen and Lightermen was closely bound up with the development of the city as a commercial centre and with the quality of life of its citizens.

A full descriptive leaflet with particulars of price and available bindings will be sent on request.

East Ardsley, Wakefield WF3 2JN, Yorkshire, England.
Telephone: Wakefield 823971

'I DEARLY WISH OXFAM DID NOT EXIST.'



James Cameron, perhaps the most highly-regarded journalist and foreign correspondent of our time, has seen for himself much of the terrible poverty and injustice that exist in the world.

So his views on Oxfam's role today are especially valuable. We should like to send you his personal report together with our special information wallet, 'Oxfam and you'.

Write to us now. It could be the most worthwhile thing you ever did.

NAME
ADDRESS

Patrick Wise, Oxfam Room TS1, 274 Banbury Road, Oxford, OX2 7DZ. Tel: Oxford 56777.

Revenue without realism

By Jeremy Hardie

NICHOLAS KALDOR :
Reports on Taxation 1
240pp. Duckworth. £20.
0 7156 0794 4

"I am bound to admit that my fellow economists, both inside and outside the Government services, showed a total lack of sympathy (or comprehension) towards these views. . . ." I am sure Nicholas Kaldor is right about his colleagues' reaction to the Selective Employment Tax of 1966 ; after all, he should know. But why did even his fellow professionals, ever susceptible to new devices for social engineering, so cruelly fail to share his enthusiasm ? He did of course have his supporters—Mr Callaghan, the Chancellor at the time ; certain Treasury Civil servants ; and even a few closer SET fans in manufacturing industry, for whom there was no such thing as a bad subsidy. But these people supported him for the wrong reasons—they wanted more revenue ; or a widening of the tax base ; or a stimulus to exports and manufacturing. Even the economists among them sought justification for the SET " . . . on far more pedestrian grounds by reference to the differing degree of 'exposure' of different sectors to international competition ".

The SET, which aimed to tax labour in service industries and thereby release workers to ease the shortage in manufacturing industry, attracted for itself and for its originator a startling amount of hostility during its seven-year life. It offered a variety and range of repulsive features which guaranteed far greater unpopularity even than such promising rivals as the VAT, and ensured it an honoured rank in the demonology of tax reforms. No new tax is ever welcomed. However much its parents point up its virtues by criticizing the inequities of income tax, the clumsiness of VAT, or the anomalies of Purchase Tax, the public sits glumly and grabs at the latest chance to complain about the burdensomeness of the State. If you halved income tax next year, and introduced a modest window tax at £5 a time, the columns of *The Daily Telegraph* would be full of complaint about the anomalous treatment of double glazing, the effect on exports of float-glass technology, and the draconian powers of the window inspectors. Nobody would mention the tax that had been saved. Combine this inevitable prejudice with the then prevalent contempt for Professor Kaldor, and his supposed alter-ego Thomas Balogh, and the SET was plainly doomed from the start. As targets of anti-socialist hostility these two combined in a uniquely efficient package the vices of being foreign, intelligent and intolerant of fools. Few have ever caved that Professor Kaldor has spent most of his professional life not destructively imposing his ideas on Malta, India and other victims of underdevelopment and economic theory, but innocently at play with such unworldly problems as "the widow's cruse theory of the distribution of income, or the emptiness of Professor Clapham's boxes.

The papers reprinted in *Reports on Taxation* I prove how admirably Professor Kaldor has sought to fulfil the economist's duty to pit his theories against the real world, while never conceding that common sense or conventional wisdom is a substitute for clear thinking. His memorandum of dissent to the 1955 Royal Commission on Taxation is a model of how economists should deal with practical problems of reform. Very few people—though the economists who worked on the Meade report in 1978 are among them—are clever enough to struggle with the theory of capital versus income, and transform their conclusions into enactable proposals. That is what thinking is for ; and it saves a great deal of time and aggravation if these two operations can go on in one head at the same time, so avoiding the dialogue of the deaf which ordinarily frustrates cooperation between technicians and men of the world.

But for all Kaldor's virtues, there is something badly wrong with the idea that everyone else was out of step on SET. There may in the Treasury be papers of exemplary clarity which would show even the densest reader wherein lie the unique virtues of his proposals. But for those of us outside Whitehall who tried to understand at the time, and since, there is not much to go on except some hints about milkmen and bottles of milk on a rather different topic in his 1966 Inaugural Lecture, and a variety of more or less incomplete expositions in newspapers and bank reviews.

The second section of Professor Kaldor's paper on the SET, entitled the " Theory of Tax Shifting Under Imperfect Competition ", is designed to analyse how prices are set in service industries, and why therefore that sector " soaks up " labour, or " acts as a sponge which absorbs labour released from manufacturing ". This analysis is critical to the policy prescription enforced by the SET, that labour in services should be taxed to allow manufacturing to get its proper share. Consequently, it is essential reading if one wishes to understand why Kaldor's professional colleagues were unsympathetic and uncomprehending, and whether they deserve the criticism which he makes earlier in the paper.

To make his policy conclusion stick, Kaldor needs to show that the service sector in some sense absorbs more labour that it should ; and he chooses to do so by concentrating on two features of service industries—that labour costs are for them a fixed cost (more or less) ; and that the imperfect competition which is typical of that sector means that an increase in costs will affect supply via a fall in the number of firms in the industry, without any rise in price. It is a matter of fact, to which I return, whether service industries do treat labour costs as fixed, and operate under imperfect competition ; and whether in these respects they differ from manufacturing. But these important issues apart, the analysis qua argument remains extremely obscure, especially when set against its 1930s ancestor, Chamberlin's theory of monopolistic competition, to which it is plainly very close in spirit and in such details of the argument as are given us.

It is common ground that a change in fixed costs has no effect on the price charged by a profit-maximizing firm in the short run ; thus a rise in fixed labour costs will reduce its profits, or put it into loss, but it will be as well off as it can be by keeping its output and price where they were. But in the longer run the industry and the firm will adjust (if only because losses cannot go on forever) ; and the result of the higher fixed costs is that prices are somewhat higher, there are rather fewer firms, and output is lower. This is the orthodox analysis provided by Chamberlin ; and it is contradicted by Kaldor. He may be right ; but if he is, he owes it to readers who seek to be sympathetic and comprehending to say where the orthodox analysis breaks down.

Again, we get very little help on the critical question by what criteria should the amount of labour in services be judged to be excessive. It is no doubt a vulgar error to be prejudiced against services for being unproductive, or not sufficiently export-oriented—Professor Kaldor has a more subtle game to play. And the mechanism for moving labour into manufacturing is, we can see, a more sophisticated affair than just jacking up the cost of labour in services and expecting shops to lay off assistants because they are too expensive to employ. But these problems are secondary to why we criticize services as a sponge in the first place ; after all, manufacturing employs a lot of people, but nobody criticizes it for that. Maybe again we have to refer to Professor Chamberlin—or rather to the well-known notion that imperfect competition creates excess capacity ; so in this case an imperfectly competitive service sector may have too much labour, because the low elasticity of demand facing the individual seller makes it uncommercial for him to achieve as low a level of average (particularly labour) costs as he could. But there is nothing in the theory that says taxation of labour will make this any better.

Above all, the SET argument depends on services being different from manufacturing. Professor Kaldor provides a beguiling if not very novel account of price formation and supply adjustment in imperfect competition. But he gives us almost nothing beyond the odd assertion to show that manufacturing is very different ; or whether it would matter if it differed by being, for example, more monopolistic. As he himself says, his analysis involves " complex (and partly unresolved) issues concerning the functioning of the price mechanism in a modern capitalist economy "; so it is not surprising to find difficulties in what he says. But the questions remain whether these difficulties might not have been better debated if they had been more clearly expressed ; and whether Professor Kaldor's colleagues would have been better able to sympathize and comprehend if they had not been so confused.

Down the grassy slope

By Andrew Graham

ANDREW GLYN and JOHN HARRISON :
The British Economic Disaster
184pp. Pluto Press. £2.95.
0 86104 317 0

However much the British economy has to endure, it somehow retains its essential function. We now have a government which seems intent on testing this reassuring view, on the fiftieth anniversary of the Great Depression. At that time capitalism was widely regarded as a failure. However, the combination of the deep-seated conservatism of the British working class and Keynesian economics so contrived things that the economy not only survived, but even improved. The purpose of Andrew Glyn and John Harrison's book is to argue (from a Marxist standpoint) that this time the system cannot be repaired, except as a short-term palliative. Britain is sinking, and only a working-class socialist revolution can save it.

The book is divided into two parts of unequal length and quality. The longer section consists of a racy and often highly illuminating, interpretation of the economic history of the post-war period. At its heart are three propositions which the authors consider to be largely responsible for our decline. First, the conditions for obtaining high rates for producing surplus value were poor and became worse ; so, secondly, were the conditions for realising surplus value ; and thirdly, capitalist economies tend to suffer from uneven development.

In fact none of these propositions is specifically Marxist and each can easily be expressed in the language of conventional economists or of laymen. The first holds that real wages became too high to that classical unemployment appeared (or, as laymen might put it, that selling prices are too low in relation to wages to allow a reasonable profit) ; the second recognizes that there can also be Keynesian unemployment (or not enough sales at any price) ; and the third proposition focuses, as did Keynes, on the unstable relationship between the savings of households and the investment plans of firms, which give rise to the business cycle.

Many current observers of the British economic scene could agree in part with Glyn and Harrison's description. There is little doubt that profit rates have declined, or that demand has been depressed, or that the economy has exhibited unstable behaviour. Indeed, Roy Harrod's colourful description of the economy—as " . . . a ball lying on a grassy slope. It might take quite a hard kick to move it. But, once moved, it might go far further, especially if the hill was steep, then an initial kick of equal force would have moved it if it had been lying in a flat field. It might go the whole way down a mountainside "—seems highly apposite in 1981.

In Glyn and Harrison's analysis those " facts " appear more interesting because of their interrelation. Thus they argue that employers (or, in their language, " capital ") naturally want both high profitability per unit sale and high sales in total. However, they are unable to achieve both at once. If employers succeed in cutting wages they raise profitability, but in aggregate the same action lowers spending power and thus demand and sales. The government faces a similar conundrum. It can boost demand in aggregate but only at the cost of increasing union bargaining power, which in its turn generates both lower profitability and inflation. From this perspective the post-war period appears as a series of attempts by government on the one hand, and by capital on the other, to pursue mutually inconsistent objectives—in an increasingly difficult world environment and with an increasing tendency towards instability.

Along the way Glyn and Harrison make plenty of realistic observations. They state (in a discussion of the terms of budget deficits on private investment) that policy makers unfortunately have to allow for the irrational fears of the various groups in society, or, as they put it, " Capitalist paranoia can have real effects ", and they are similarly on target when they say, in an attack on Stuart Holland, that " British capital suffers from too much competition rather than too little ". Mrs Thatcher herself, if she understood the economics she espouses, might easily have written the words : " Rising unemployment indicates that trade unions were able to hold real wages above the level they would have settled at in a fully competitive labour market ". Although a Keynesian might well ask how Glyn and Harrison know that the rising unemployment was caused in this way rather than by shortage of demand. But then, of course, Marxist and monetarist economists have always been strikingly similar in their approach to unemployment. In the 1930s the monetarists (who at that time included nearly all economists other than Marxists) regarded unemployment as impossible, while the Marxists regarded it as inevitable (given capitalism). Neither persuasion thought anything practical could be done about it.

Fifty years later the position hardly seems to have changed. For example, in discussing the prospects for the 1980s, Glyn and Harrison consider three alternative strategies : Thatcherism, the policies proposed by the Tribune group, and socialist planning. The first of these is shown to lead inexorably to high unemployment and to renewed conflicts between capital and labour, and the second is shown to fail because it leaves capitalists in control (whose actions make the policies unworkable). Thus, a workers' revolution and socialist planning rise as the single possible solution ; the only flaw being (as the authors themselves admit) that the workers do not actually want this.

When Glyn and Harrison come to discuss alternative policies the weakness and inconsistencies in their argument become most apparent. Thus in their discussion of the Tribunite strategy a series of powerful reasons are put forward as to why import controls will not work, yet when it comes to socialist planning we are simply told, without explanation that " unnecessary imports " will be " prevented ". Similarly, we are told that an expansion of demand which, under capitalism, causes inflation causes an increase in output under socialism.

There is also the matter of time scales. One can understand the authors' reluctance to discuss the minor details of how the revolution comes about and how long it takes before it is complete, but it is a bit much when at the same time the question of whether workers' immediate interests are defended is used as a litmus test of alternative policies.

These weaknesses are particularly unfortunate because they detract from some serious observations on current policy which should not go unnoticed. Glyn and Harrison's analysis of monetarism is almost certainly right in that monetarism's main purpose is not to reduce inflation but to weaken the cohesion of trade unions and so restore profitability. The only reason why employers are relatively calm in the face of such a drastic slump as we now have is because many of them are carrying out rationalizations which have been long delayed by management's fear of its own more nasty employees. Glyn are also right that the risks in the present strategy are, either that it may overshoot (Harrod's ball may have been kicked too hard) or that shop-floor reaction may cause it to backfire ; though present indications give much more support to the former prospect than the latter.

However, the most glaring omission in the latter part of the book is of any serious discussion of incomes policy. This matters not just because incomes policy is the most widely advocated alternative to monetarism but also because, in conjunction with demand management and/or devaluation, it is the one way in which it might be possible to achieve both better conditions for producing surplus value (or to maintain these if they are already adequate) and better conditions for the realization of surplus value. Indeed Glyn, to be drawn might be that, when discussing Mr Edward Heath's policy of combining expansion with wage controls in 1972, " All this added up to a coherent strategy ". Admittedly, as they add, that attempt did not work in practice, but the lesson to be drawn might be that there is a need to achieve voluntary agreement rather than that the whole approach was wrong in principle.

Moreover, if we consider the present position in Britain there can be little doubt that if the trade union movement was prepared to offer its whole-hearted support to an incomes policy then a government (led by someone other than Mrs Thatcher) would be both willing and able to expand demand and output. Indeed, there are so many men and machines now idle that there is clear scope for mutual benefit from an incomes policy ; workers could be better off and profitability could also rise. Until the Labour Party and the trade unions understand this they have no real alternative to offer to the electorate ; nor have the Tory moderates.

In spite of the potential benefits of an incomes policy Glyn and Harrison dismiss it in a paragraph. They do so on the grounds that either it is not socialist or that it would fail to defend the workers' immediate interests. For people more interested in real practical effects than in labels, the first argument hardly carries much weight, while the second assumes that the size of the economic cake is fixed—an assumption the authors deny once socialist planning is at work.

Of course no one can now suppose that agreeing on an incomes policy is easy. Everyone involved (government, trade unions, and employers) suspects that the other parties will not deliver. At the same time each group doubts its own ability to deliver. And there are always those who do not want to deliver. The tragedy of the incomes policies of 1975 and 1976 was not that real wages fell but that the government lost its nerve in the autumn of 1976. This was largely because at that time the Treasury and the Bank of England still did not fully appreciate the need to protect incomes policy. As a result the sacrifices went unrewarded. It was therefore not surprising that by 1978-79 employees would no longer cooperate. Looking back at that episode from the vantage point of 1981 from the 1980s is " Can the present it is clear that the real question to which Britain needs to address itself in the 1980s is " Can some consensus between employers and employees be found ?" Glyn and Harrison assume, before they begin their analysis, that the answer to this will be negative. One can only hope that they are mistaken.

Collectively feeling

By Robert Hewison

RAYMOND WILLIAMS
Problems in Materialism and Culture
Selected Essays
277pp. Verso/NLB. £10 (paperback £3.95).
0 86091 028 8

An introductory publisher's note from New Left Books comments knowingly that " ' Selected essays ' are not uncommon in English-language culture, but their rationale as a form of publication is notably variable, and often indefinite ". This is an invitation to ask what variation of the form these essays represent—" Collected ", " Selected " or " Uncollected "—and what the rationale of their publication is.

The answer lies in Raymond Williams's last publication with New Left Books, *Politics and Letters* (1979). This took the unusual form of a critical autobiography edited from transcribed interviews between Williams and three members of the *New Left Review* editorial committee, Perry Anderson, Anthony Barnett and Francis Mulhern. It ranged over the entire field of Williams's critical, creative and political activity ; the questions were often as long as the answers, and at times Professor Williams appeared to be being given a tutorial, at other times to be under interrogation. Since the discussions were spontaneous he could refer to his published work only indirectly.

Problems in Materialism and Culture supplies some of that material at first hand and is a " reader " to accompany *Politics and Letters*. The rationale of this publication suggests a new category, " Structured essays ", for they follow a very definite programme. Williams states that he has revised every essay in the collection, so that although the selection is made from the work of twenty years, there is no sense of chronology, and we may take every statement as reflecting his present position.

The choice of a brief piece on " A Hundred Years of *Culture and Anarchy* " to open the selection is very deliberate. Its comments on Matthew Arnold are slight, but it acts as a reminder of where Williams's reputation truly began, with the publication of *Culture and Society* in 1958. More importantly, it is a reminder of the shift in his position from the cultural reformism of the early 1960s to the cultural revolutionism he has adopted since 1968. The date is important, for writing in 1969 he makes a neat parallel between the Hyde Park demonstrators of 1866 who shocked Matthew Arnold into beginning *Culture and Anarchy*, and those who so recently had been threatening the American Embassy in Grosvenor Square. In 1866 the radical J. S. Mill's advice to the demonstrators had been to hold their next meeting elsewhere, but Williams places himself with those for whom " it will always be necessary to go again to Hyde Park ". Or, we must assume, to Grosvenor Square.

After this introduction, the two most important essays in the volume explain Williams's approach to the fundamental problems of cultural theory. They illuminate his complex and sometimes vexed relations with what used to be called " orthodox " English Marxism. The first essay is a memorial following the death of Lucien Goldmann ; a brief visit by Goldmann to Cambridge becomes the starting point for an exploration of the problem of the British intellectual, trapped by his social location in the university, a privileged but isolated individual coopted into the ruling class. After Williams's return to Cambridge in 1961, neither the unconsciously ideological valuations of " Practical Criticism " nor the alienating and exclusive language of American critics seemed to justify the argument for English Literature as a focus for humane studies. On the other hand, the over-mechanical procedures of orthodox Marxism appeared to give insufficient acknowledgment to the values of literature. Lucien Goldmann, the Continental Intellectual, showed Williams that it was after all possible to conduct within a Marxist framework the cultural inquiries that concerned him.

With the discovery of Goldmann and Lúkacs, Williams found the collaborators he had missed when working on *The Long Revolution* (1961), and he decided that the Marxist tradition, as mediated by Goldmann, had a firm conceptual centre which English cultural criticism derived from Leavis did not. Although they are not precise equivalents, there is an affinity between Goldmann's " structure mentale " and Williams's " structure of feeling ", a term he had first used in *The Long Revolution* but which has since become an increasingly important element in his methodology. As I understand it, the term describes the empirical and imaginative perception of the world by a group or class, but not an individual, and though this collective world picture finds its most coherent expression in the highest works of literature, the ideas, images and values these express permeate all perceptions of the world, thus constituting a particular ideology. The great works are created, of course, by individuals, but they reflect the group consciousness (and, dialectically, help to shape it) ; thus the conflict between literary criticism and sociology is resolved. Changing structures of feeling, materially reflected by changing forms of art, demonstrate the shifting patterns of cultural history, which is understood to include both socio-economic conditions and aesthetic responses.

Williams would like to use Goldmann as a means of reviving British Marxism. In reviving Marxism he must also change it, and that involves a challenge to the fundamental Marxist principle of base and superstructure, a challenge he elaborates in the essay that follows. Williams convincingly counters the argument that art and culture are no more than superstructure by pointing out that culture is itself a product, and has, as it were, its own " economy ". Culture is a *process* of production, its product constitutes " structures of feeling ". This idea of culture as a product is vital, firstly because it makes possible a genuine " cultural materialism " which can accommodate the economic and social functions of an art form, its institutional history, and its aesthetic autonomy ; second—and this is the great value of Williams's work—it insists on culture itself as a totality. The importance of cultural history is its inclusiveness ; by contrast, the study of literary criticism or economic history, for instance, is one-eyed. The difficulty of cultural history is that as yet no satisfactory method has been found that will hold the separate disciplines in an appropriate perspective. The attempt to evolve such a method is the theme of this book.

Following a brief discussion of " Means of Communication as Means of Production ", which has some wise words on the relations between printers and journalists, Williams turns aside to discuss ideas of Nature. The first of his three essays on this subject is an exercise rather in the manner of *Keywords* (1976), and serves as an introduction to the following essay on " Social Darwinism ", which demonstrates that while Darwin's image of Nature as struggle has been taken over to justify the conduct of all economic relationships, the reasons for Darwin's choice of image lay in the specific struggles of the Industrial Revolution. The irony is that Marx's concept of class struggle, and the Marxist attitude to Nature, stem from the same Darwinian source, a point which is developed in the third essay, on the writings of Sebastiano Timpanaro. Williams admires Timpanaro for his introduction of natural sciences, in particular biology, into Marxist theory. But the chief interest of the essay is his use of Timpanaro to attack the structuralists who have supplanted Marxists like Goldmann. Williams complains of the diffusion of a set of systems which even when they are materialist in character—and many of the most widely diffused are evidently and even proudly not—take on the appearance of general human explanations. Thus one can be asked, in the same mode as for an opinion of a film or a novel, whether one " accepts the findings " of Freud or of Skinner or of Lacan, without any significant realization that all such 'findings' depend on criteria of evidence and on the (contested) theoretical presuppositions of both the evidence and the criteria.

The penultimate section of the book consists of five wide-ranging applications of " cultural materialism ". A lecture on " The Welsh Industrial Novel " reminds us indirectly that Williams is himself the author of a Welsh trilogy. " The Bloomsbury Fraction " shows the value of the theory of " structures of feeling " when trying to define the *collective ideas* of a group, especially one which denied that it existed. A group of writers or artists (or both) may be perceived by outsiders or for the convenience of historians as a group, but the formation often lacks a fixed identity or membership. On the one hand it is too small for sociological analysis, on the other a critical study of individual members tends to miss the dynamics of mutual influence. " The Bloomsbury Fraction " provides a satisfactory model for such group investigations. The only drawback of this section, which includes a long lost chapter from *The Long Revolution*, is that the limitations of space make the demonstrations too reductive.

Finally, as in *Politics and Letters*, Williams writes on politics directly, with " Notes on British Marxism since 1945 " and an essay on Rudolf Bahro. The volume turns full circle, with Marxism back in the political arena ; Williams's intellectual autobiography supplies evidence of the difficulty of evolving an effective political practice to put beside theoretical analysis. The personal element in the final section highlights a major difficulty with the whole volume : Williams's prose makes him very hard to understand. With the exception of the essay " Means of Communication as Means of Production ", which reads as though it had been translated back from the Yugoslav magazine in which it originally appeared, the difficulty is not the result of an excessive use of jargon. It is rather the drab austerity of the prose : Williams uses hardly any imagery, and rarely gives illustrations or examples. Difficult subjects may require difficult expression, of course, but the intellectual isolation of which he at times complains may relate to the material problem of communication. Even the most dedicated readers find his writing opaque.

The difficulty, however, is not insuperable, and the book's autobiographical elements partly compensate for its *Problems in Materialism and Culture*, for all its inaccessibility, does demonstrate that culture is a material product and therefore economically and politically as significant as the organization of the steel industry. The result, as recent events in the English Faculty at Cambridge appear to bear out, is that the term " cultural revolution " is more than just a fading echo from Grosvenor Square.

Collectively distributed

By David Landells

WILLIAM A. GALSTON :
Justice and the Human Good
324pp. University of Chicago Press. £15.
0 226 27963 4

William Galston's *Justice and the Human Good* is a contribution to the recent revival in Anglo-American philosophy of political theory. Prominent figures in the background are John Rawls, Robert Nozick and Ronald Dworkin. Aristotle is the chief influence, however, on Galston's distinctive positive view. Though he contends against both of two extremes, " hyperindividualism " (Nozick) on the one hand and " hyperorganicism " on the other, there is little on Hegel. The state is, metaphysically, our Anglo-Saxon one, and the organicism chiefly to ward off, on the other hand, the Utilitarians' moral mode of subordinating individual to collectivity.

The book is wide-ranging, dispassionate and scholarly. A tropeless prose is relieved by zestful diagnosis of others' excesses, by pleasant passages of personally mediated practical wisdom, and by a dialectical procedure involving copious quotation. This procedure itself gives the book a special usefulness as a compendious introduction to a mass of recent work. We are enabled to consider at large a number of disparate views and arguments, some central and on many matters, but some of obscurer provenance. The frequency and length of quotation mean that we are rarely at the mercy of a commentator's gloss ; Galston represents the positions he deals with economically but on the whole sedulously. The topics of need and desert are excellently expounded. There are pages in criticism of Sartre on the worth of happiness where the continental idiom is anglicised with sympathetic clarity. An analysis of utopian thought is provided which constitutes a valuable starting-point for a discussion of the degree to which the actualization of a utopia must be possible. Similar remarks apply to the consideration of Rawls's coherence model of moral thought, recent ethical naturalism, and so on.

But the pressure of economy has its dangers. The discussion of Dworkin, part of an attack on " right-theorists ", claims that the theory of *Taking Rights Seriously* " has a most ironic outcome " and ends on this note of triumph: " Thus the most systematic recent effort to take rights seriously sets out to combat utilitarianism and concludes by endorsing it ". There are unquestionably internal disharmonies in Dworkin's view and a few condensed but acute pages go some way to locating them. But Dworkin's rights are supposed to be, as Galston notes, " parasitic on the dominant idea of utilitarianism ", and only equivocation on that term could lead one to say in this way that Dworkin is trapped into endorsing what he combats. In short, too little disentangling of the strands of *Taking Rights Seriously* and of the diverse understandings of " utilitarianism " has been done for it to be clear that this defence of rights has been despatched.

This is important because Galston intends to move in the following way from his negative conclusion :

> to take rights seriously is to show how they are linked to fundamental human interests. But once the problem is posed in this manner, it is inevitable that some form of aggregative, teleological theory will emerge in which rights will at best enjoy a derivative theoretical status.

Just as Nozick's internally consistent exploration of a radical individualism is a considerable contribution, true or not, so, true or not, Galston's proposed theory is complex, interesting and novel. (His claim for his book, that its only originality " lies in the arrangement and emphasis given to familiar concepts ", is too modest.) It gives us a theory of justice in which the collectivity distributes " objectively " valuable and valued goods and the means to them ; a theory of ordering of such goods ; a theory of valid claims to such goods. There is persuasive, or at worst interesting, writing on intergenerational and international justice ; equality and equality of opportunity ; and on particular political issues of a more specific nature—national service, capital, entrepreneurship, patents, honours systems, etc. Important additions and amendments to Rawls's theory are argued for cogently, particularly with respect to the whole category of political goods, such as citizenship, and Rawls's emphasis on means to desired ends rather than valuable ends themselves as the good requiring just distribution. This occupies the second half of the book (though there is considerable overlapping). Interest in it will be qualified by the success or otherwise of the first part, which is mainly concerned to make out a basis for the positive view as the fundament of moral-political theory. (Thomas Scanlon's generously acknowledged " rights, Goals and Fairness " is the major modern influence here.) It thus addresses crucial issues where conclusions dictate or preclude avenues of development, and one such is, precisely, the validity of the notion of rights. This issue has wide ramifications, but the nub is the relation of moral teleology to deontology. The structure of his argument requires that Galston's pressure on these matters be sufficient to move us not only *from Flat iustitia, pereat mundus* and absolute rights (Dworkin's rights are not absolute), but to his aggregative teleological theory.

But his urgency at this point seems to me in some respects inadequate. For instance, as far as rights directly are concerned, he says that he will spare us the " now-ritual recitation of the Hohfeldian quadrichotomy " and the " general agreement " about the description of rights " in the strict sense " is not subjected to criticism, as it might properly be. The idea that it can be wrong to exercise a right—an important idea in rights theory—is summarily dismissed ; but a page earlier, where Galston describes what could be as well put " our not exercising a right to punish or deter " a distinction is made which incorporates the essence of that idea : " if we refrain from preventing the commision of a wrong act, our restraint is merely prudential, not something that the actor can demand of us on moral grounds ". One of the immediate ramifications of the matter is the obtaining in morality of distinctions of strength between orders of judgment, such as the one marked in the above quotation by " merely prudential " and " demand ". This is important because of the deontologists' charge that the teleologists evacuate " wrong " of its force, and because of the claim that the sphere of justice is, or is within, the sphere of the rights ; but Galston moves throughout too easily between judgments of such different strengths. There are other weaknesses in the vicinity. The ideas of responsibility and negative responsibility are insufficiently examined. There are too few qualms felt in moving between failure to assist and the causation of harm. The common ideas of a cosmic justice and injustice are broached but not integrated. What relates and distinguishes distributive and criminal justice is under-explored. There is a tension between the view that " just " and its cognates primarily apply to states of affairs and the view that they do not properly characterize states of affairs which are neither caused by nor alterable by human intervention.

These difficulties, though they are not cavils, suggest fissures at a major weld rather than a punctured boiler. The enterprise is not aborted, but we labour somewhat up the incline to Galston's destination.

Point of No Return

One day, without any warning, he wrote
his first poem as an old man. It was
that apparent. No longer the unsatisfied
curiosity of his senses, but an announcement
of tepid matters that didn't excite him.
If it had urgency, it was that of advice.
The state of things in a provincial capital,
not a breathless despatch from the frontiers.

Michael Hofmann